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State Sunday		11 Oregon, Saturday	13
Oregon Friday		13 Columbia, Thurs	18
Columbia, Wed		24 State, Tuesday	23
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The Sunday Oregonian.

THE UNION

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AMERICAN JOURNALISTS.

The Clever Work Performed by Several Noted Correspondents.

By John Quinlan of the Times [illegible] his Brethren on the Virginius Disaster. Gen. Millen's Operations Among Cuban Insurgents.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Some of the cleverest work done by New York newspaper men since the close of the war of the rebellion was done in connection with the Cuban struggle for independence in the latter part of 1873 and during the early months of 1874. There were many highly interesting incidents that followed the surrender of the privateer Virginius, the details of which I have narrated in a previous chapter of these journalistic memoirs, which were known only at the time in metropolitan newspaper circles, but which are worth recording here. The sad suicide of William H. Stephens, of the New York *Herald*, off the coast, while his mind was unsettled by the bitter disappointment consequent on the "beat" which the New York *Tribune* had secured over him and his numerous associates at Key West, with the American fleet and in Cuba, in the Virginius affair, created a profound sensation in newspaperdom, where he was a general favorite by reason of his genial disposition, his strictly manhood and his "whole-souled" character.

It had been supposed when he started from Key West for New York, after the Virginius had been surrendered by the Spaniards that he was convalescent. When the steamer was a day or two out it became evident that his mind was still impaired. The chief engineer of the City of Houston, on which he was a passenger, took considerable interest in him, and poor Stephens spent many hours in the engine room. At dusk one evening when the ship was rounding the North Carolina cape the demented journalist lay, as the engineer thought, peacefully sleeping in the latter's cushioned seat in front of the machinery. The officer stepped into the saloon to get some coffee. No sooner was his back turned than Mr. Stephens leaped to his feet and rushed for the companion way to the deck. He was quickly followed, but too late. Before his pursuers could reach him he had plunged head foremost over the stern. Life buoys were thrown within easy reach of him, but he made no struggle for existence. Before the steamer could be stopped and a boat launched the waves had closed over the correspondent forever. He went down with a meaningless smile on his face. Thus closed most unhappily a journalistic career which had opened full of promise, for William H. Stephens had done some splendid newspaper work with Phil Sheridan on the frontier and had many a time risked his life in the service of his paper among the treacherous Sioux and Apaches.

To return to the Virginius and less tragic sequels of her surrender to our fleet at Bahia Honda at the close of 1873. The arrival of the privateer in tow of the American war steamer Ossipee from Key West was awaited with considerable curiosity in New York, where the public were profoundly ignorant of the disgraceful circumstances under which she had been yielded up by the Spaniards, and which I have already narrated. Her destination was the Brooklyn navy yard, but every New York paper had a trusted man watching for her arrival in the lower bay. It seemed as if the New York *Herald* was doomed to be badly beaten on everything connected with the Virginius affair. The Times had secured the exclusive news of the surrender. The New York *Times* had the exclusive news of her going down at sea, though that paper did not, in the then excited condition of the public mind, deem it prudent to publish what was known to every journalist who was familiar with the details of this strange incident which the Spaniards had offered to the United States, namely: That the Virginius had been deliberately scuttled at sea midway between Key West and New York to avoid the outbreak of popular resentment that must have followed her appearance at the latter port. And the Times secured its great beat by a piece of good luck and the enterprise of one of its staff, the late Mr. John Quinlan, subsequently well known on Wall street as the writer of the financial article on that paper.

During the day all the New York papers had representatives at the quarantine station on Staten Island awaiting the arrival of the Ossipee and her charge. At night they had men at the City News bureau at the Battery looking out for the report that the man-of-war and the privateer had crossed the bar. One stormy night toward the end of December a number of newspaper men were gathered together in a cosy parlor of a downtown hotel. Old Trinity tolled the midnight hour and there was no news from Sandy Hook. One o'clock in the morning came and the majority decided that in such weather the chances were one in a thousand that the Ossipee would cross the bar. There was one gentleman among these who had arrived at this decision who had been around the world for a New York newspaper a few years before and who had already made a name for himself in American journalism. But there was another man who had made up his mind to take that one chance in a thousand. His associates retired one by one. Some of them had arranged to cross over to Staten Island by the first ferryboat that ran at daybreak.

Mr. John Quinlan of the New York *Times* bundled himself up in his overcoat and strolled down to a saloon in the neighborhood of the Hamilton ferry. As he entered the place he saw three figures across the battery on a run. They followed him into the saloon. A glance showed that they were sailors, and man-of-war's men at that. They were drenched through with rain that swept down in a pelting storm outside. The leader of the three replaced the naval cap, which he had removed to shake the water from it on entering the barroom, the astonished eyes of Mr. Quinlan read the magical word, "Ossipee" across the front of it. He was dumbfounded for the instant, but quickly recovered his presence of mind, realizing instantly that he had delicate work on hand. In a twinkling he had thrown aside all trace of a professional inquirer after information, and the sailors had become his guests. He would allow them to pay for nothing in the bar-room and he plied them freely with that which has loosened the tongues of much more cautious men than the average sailor just home from a voyage. Sooth to say, they were not by any means loth to accept his pressing invitations to fortify themselves against the weather and within ten minutes he had learned that the Ossipee was lying off the Battery alone, that the spokesman of the party was the steersman of a boat's crew which had just rowed one of the officers of the vessel ashore with important dispatches for the commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard; that the Virginius had gone down in a gale off that unhappy Hatteras—and here the sailors winked with very great gravity at the delighted journalist, and manifested symptoms of much internal merriment which Mr. Quinlan, in the innocence of his soul, at first supposed was due to rapid acquaintance with Hurst whisky.

On the homœopathic principle, "Similia similibus curantur," he prescribed more Hurst whisky, and he learned, further, that the towing hawser between the Ossipee and the Virginius had parted in a storm; that the Virginius rolled heavily on the trough of the sea in a most alarming way, and naturally went down—"off Hatteras." While the tars were narrating this highly interesting piece of information their thirst became astonishingly numerous, and Mr. Quinlan began to realize that it was time for him to get back to the *Times* office. The sailors, who had taken advantage of their officers' absence to visit the saloon, and they were in a hurry to return to their boat and get on board. The journalist and the jack tars parted with expressions of mutual esteem and good will, and next morning the New York *Times* was the only paper in the United States that published the important news that the Cuban privateer Virginius had gone down in a gale "off Hatteras," and that a threatening international complication with Spain was ended for good and all. There was really much more political significance in the sinking of the privateer at sea than her appearance in port, through the danger of popular uprising in the United States in the event of a possible circumstances under which she was surrendered becoming generally known, ... our government had taken a ground in ... during her release by the Spaniards which had to be subsequently abandoned. The state department proceeded on the theory that the vessel had been regularly registered at the custom house of the port of New York by an American citizen and was making for the neutral harbor of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, when she was captured by a Spanish man-of-war after her failure to land men and arms on Cuban soil. The department demanded a release of the captives who were not executed, the surrender of the Virginius, and that the United States flag be saluted by Spain as a reparation to our government for the insult. This condition was contingent on its being found that the Virginius had the right to fly the Stars and Stripes. Subsequent investigation by the attorney general revealed the fact that the Virginius had been fraudulently registered at the port of New York by an alien, a Cuban, and that she was no better than a privateer, which I have called her in these memoirs. Thus, in "going down in a gale off Hatteras," she neatly cut a Gordian knot and relieved both governments of no small amount of inconvenience and of unpleasant complications in the future.

There was another interesting sequel to this international episode which, by the way, will close my gossipy reminiscences of the Cuban insurrection of a dozen years or so ago. Mr. James Gordon Bennett was, if current reports were true, very much chagrined that his paper had been badly beaten all through the Virginius affair. He was determined to get the real state of things within the insurgent lines in Cuba at any cost of time or money. In his first effort he was badly sold out by a person who represented himself as one of the Southern Swamp Angels, and who volunteered to get inside the lines. This journalistic tyro's terms were accepted and he drew some very lurid pen pictures of the camps of the patriots that were largely suggestive of the descriptions Tacitus gives of the half clad, barbaric, but covered hordes of Arminius. The *Herald's* Swamp Angel letters from the Gem of the Antilles were laughed at by the well informed members of the Cuban Junta in New York, and they were universally discredited by very genuine journalist in town. Then Mr. Bennett, with characteristic perseverance and enterprise, hit on a new and successful policy to accomplish his purpose. The *Herald* for weeks called for volunteers to go to Cuba in its service. A Cuban war correspondence bureau was opened in the *Herald* office and Mr. Albert Pulitzer, the present proprietor of the New York *Morning Journal* and brother of Congressman Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, was put in charge of it. To my personal knowledge hundreds of embryo correspondents, of all races and previous condition of servitude, presented themselves every day at the corner of Broadway and Ann street, in a frame of mind to reach Cuba, fame and shekels by the shortest cut.

While this fantastic diversion was at its hight, and while all New York, and the country for that matter, were wondering what in the world Mr. Bennett meant, a plucky Irish-American soldier, General William F. Millen, was quietly dispatched to Kingston, Jamaica. He was full of grit and had learned to speak Spanish like a native as the agent of the Remington Rifle Company in the South American republics, an absolutely necessary accomplishment for the delicate and hazardous mission with which he had been intrusted by Mr. Bennett. Shortly after his departure the alleged recruiting *Herald* war correspondents was stopped, and with a great flourish of trumpets Mr. James J. O'Kelly, lately correspondent of the London *Daily News* in the Soudan, and one of Mr. Parnell's most devoted followers in the British parliament, of which he is member from the county of Roscommon, Ireland, was sent down to Havana on one of the regular steamers plying from New York to that port. Newspaper men who were not in the secret introduced at the "fresh ness" to use a slang word for lack of a more expressive English term displayed in Mr. O'Kelly's letters. His apparent naivete in constantly calling attention to himself and his personal doings, his criticism of the cuisine on board the steamer going south his frequent iteration of goodbyes and of promises to be heard from within the lines of the Cuban insurgents, astonished those who looked upon Mr. O'Kelly as a cool headed and not over-pretentious veteran who had seen much active service with the Garde Mobile during the Franco-Prussian war only three years before and, knew what war meant.

But Mr. O'Kelly was only playing a part and he played it well. While he was ostentatiously waving adieus to his New York friends preparatory to crossing over to the eastern end of the island of Cuba to join the insurgents, General Millen had chartered a fishing sloop at Kingston, Jamaica, and had got safely within the patriots' lines for the east. And while Mr. O'Kelly was being arrested and ignominiously treated by the Spanish authorities, who had not the faintest suspicion of the existence of any other New York *Herald* correspondent on the island, Gen. Millen was collating the highly interesting information as to the real condition and the prospects of the insurgents which, when published in New York a few weeks later, startled the American continent and added no little to the prestige of Mr. James Gordon Bennett as an enterprising news gatherer.

O'Kelly was subjected to all sorts of indignities by the Spaniards while in Cuba, such, for instance, as being marched across the island by a file of soldiers with his hands tied behind his back, and hooted and jeered at by the Spaniards in every town he passed through. He was finally sent to Spain before he was released by the Spanish government, and he would have crossed the ocean a close prisoner in the hold of the vessel, had not Mr. Bennett literally provided for his creature comforts on the voyage. After his release Mr. O'Kelly made a dash into Morocco, returned to the United States for a brief period, went down to Brazil and came to New York with the Emperor Dom Pedro to that monarch's imperial progress to [illegible] the United States, crossed over to Ireland as the representative of the New York *Herald* during the last famine in that unhappy country, and drifted into parliament and English journalism. General Millen got back to New York by the same route he reached Cuba, and with it a [illegible]

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OUR LONDON LETTER.

Some of the Peculiarities of the London Climate and Seasons.

Sunday Receptions and who Attend Them—The Possibilities of General Gordon Being Alive—The Princess of Wales.

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, June 18.—It is the old story, but with new actors. The London season is something like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It altereth not. It comes and goes, as it always did, on the same familiar lines. Coaching, driving, flirting, dining, dressing, and singing for new amusements. Plenty of money whatever happens. Lots of scandal, be you ever so chaste. Endless pomp and show and glitter. The London season comes in as surely as the spring, and it does not matter how cold or hot our April and May, the trees burst into leaf all the same and the flowers bloom. The seasons march along and repeat themselves as if a blindfold fate turned the handle and wound them out, whatever the state of the atmosphere. In America when it is winter it is winter, when it is summer it is summer. Here in England we were in continual doubt, if we judge by the temperature or by our feelings. It is often summer when the time has come for winter, and I have seen the berry far in a snow storm. But Dame Nature is "all there." It may be as cold as Christmas, but come May we have the hawthorne and the chestnuts in bloom; come June and it is of a truth "the month of roses." And so it is with fashion. The London season takes no check from the weather. It has its levees, its receptions, its garden parties in their regular order, and the hight of the season comes and wanes and dies at about the same dates, and in the same way, despite weather, war, political crisis or trade depression. An earthquake would not stop it. If the last trump should sound at about this time of year the angelic hosts would find London busy in the tents of Vanity Fair. There is, however, at the moment, an attempt to vary the entertainments of the time by a little more outdoor exercise than usual, so we have a rush of international exhibitions and *al fresco* fetes. But success in this direction can only be insured by making the shows "equal to either fortune," as in the case of "The Inventories" at South Kensington. Here you can be made happy under cover or in the open air. The other night, when Sir Frederic and Lady Bramwell received the members of the Institute of Civil Engineers there and had the entire place to themselves, it was a perfect fairy land. A blue sky studded with stars was the "fretted roof" that covered the gardens, the fountains, the bands and the gay throng, the terrestrial part of the show being illuminated by thousands of tiny electric lamps. This kind of thing is repeated on a small scale in the houses and grounds of many a West End palace. In the daytime we have had the usual royal receptions at Buckingham palace and Marlborough house, "high born dames" in gay attire, lordly cavaliers in brilliant uniforms, horses prancing, splendid equipages, flashing their armorial bearings and a confusion of gorgeous display. If the weather is fine the display is a popular treat. The people go out and look at it. Lazarus need not stay at home. He can come into the street and see the sights and be sure of some crumbs. When I mention "the laws of the Medes and Persians," which altereth not, it did not occur to me to wonder whether all this pomp and show and glitter of wealth and pageantry will come to an end; but things that pass into the solemnity and fixity of proverbs even have their day and ending. The laws of the Medes and Persians! Where are the Medes? Persia has no longer any laws of her own. She is a stranger in her own house, eaten up by lawless neighbors, dictated to by Russia, influenced by England, no longer mistress of herself and outside the pale of the very laws that were part of her fame. I had recently a long talk with one of Persia's great officials who regretted that English influence is declining there before the speedy despotic advance of Russia.

SUNDAY RECEPTIONS.

The Sabbath in London is given over to those who go to church and those who do not. There is no middle class who temporize. A vast bulk of the working population spend Sunday in the London suburbs and the country beyond. The artistic classes, painters, authors, actors, receive their friends on Sunday afternoon and evening. This still leaves a large margin for church and chapel goers. Bells are ringing, tolling or chiming all day long. The fashionable churches are crowded. People fill St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Others go to hear such popular preachers as Stopford Brooke and Mr. Spurgeon. I fancy Beecher would have a following here. His evolution sermons would prove attractive. Mr. Talmage came and made money. His terms were $100 a sermon. Last Sunday one of the most famous of London actresses, Mrs. Kendal, gave an afternoon seance. The thought reader on this occasion was Mr. Cupper, and he made some remarkable discoveries of thoughts and concealed treasures. Mr. Bishop has not yet returned to London. He would be much in request, I fancy, if he were here now.

But, said Mr. Robert Wyndham, the famous Scotch theatrical manager, "Heller, the American, poor fellow. I cut all those men right away. Heller and his sister did the most wonderful things. I remember once I took a dinner where I was to meet them, and it ... they could never have seen or heard ... After dinner I placed it in Heller's hand; his sister was quite away in another part of the room, and I said, 'Do you think your sister could tell us anything about that?' He called to her. 'What have I in my hand?' he asked. 'How should I know?' was the reply. 'Guess,' he said. 'A Roman coin,' was her reply, to my utter amazement. 'What color?' 'A brownish green,' she said. 'What is there engraved upon it?' 'Some curious letters, I cannot tell.' 'But,' he said, 'there is a date.' 'Yes,' she answered, and gave the date. None of those present fellows have done anything better than that. I know Miss Heller was a confederate, but such a test as I gave them shows that they had reduced their work to the lines of a scientific principle of the most wonderful character." Mrs. Kendal gave her reception on Sunday afternoon. This conversation took place on the same day, but a little later, at the house of Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), the novelist. Lichfield house, which I described not long since in these columns, has a pleasant Queen Anne garden at the back, and last Sunday it was a picture of English life. The turf was rolled down to the fineness of plush, the borders were full of peonies, roses, marguerite daisies and other old English flowers, and strolling about upon the grass was a company of ladies and gentlemen that included Mr. Marcoll of the *Illustrated*, Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyndham of the Criterion theater, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wyndham (late of Edinburg, now in aristocratic retirement), Mr. and Mrs. Hartman of the *Morning Post*, Lady White, Sir Frederick Perkins and Lady Perkins (madame is an American), Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the author, Mme. Pfeiffer, the famous traveler, and many other interesting people. Mme. Pfeiffer (who has written many remarkable books) reminds me of Lola Montez when I last saw her, nearly twenty years ago. She is handsome as a young oak in the fall, or an ash with the first frost of winter upon its leaves. Labouchere is much graver since last year. He looks more serious than usual today. I wonder if he is nervous about the fate of the government which is doomed to a serious defeat. You have heard all about it by cable ere this. I was in the house of commons, and will tell you something of the scene before I conclude this letter. Mrs. Labouchere tells me she is anxious to take "Labby" (as everybody calls him who cares for him) to America this fall or next. "And he has half consented to go," she says. "I know he would enjoy the trip, he is fond of Americans and is curious to see how the country has improved and advanced since he was attached to the British embassy at Washington." Then I inquired about the baby (they have a little one—you know, their first, about 10 months old). "Oh, of course," she says, "we would have to take the baby with us." I wonder if my readers will be interested in this domestic gossip. "Talking about America," says Miss Braddon's husband (Mr. John Maxwell), joining us, "well, America is a popular theme nowadays; we all want to go there. My wife and I are only waiting until our friend (meaning me) is willing to go with us and make a pleasant and famous party." Then he slaps me on the back as he slaps most people, and we adjourn into a corner, that he may tell us he is in earnest and urge me to make a holiday run to the Rocky mountains and back. I tell him how popular Miss Braddon is on your side of the Atlantic, and by this time the dinner bell rings, and by relays of twenty at a time Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell dine their guests, then the drawing room is lighted up, there is singing and reciting, and by 11 o'clock the guests are bowling home in their carriages or catching the last trains to London.

A SUNDAY STORY OF GORDON.

Among books, "Reminiscences" and "Diaries," are the order of the day. The first part of Ruskin's "Life" is out, but only in pamphlet form, and we are looking anxiously now for Gordon's "Diary of Khartoum." The publishers of this last mentioned work have given an enormous sum for it. Mr. James Payn, the novelist, has just told me a very characteristic story of Gordon, illustrative of the way in which he mixed heavenly and mundane affairs. The incident occurred when Gordon was governor of the Soudan under the old regime. Some dealers in human flesh, finding certain slaves breaking up on their desert march, as usual butchered them. Gordon heard of this, swooped down upon the wretches, and had them shot. A few months afterward he was told he had made a mistake. The real culprits had kept out of sight, and induced some of their fellow countrymen for gain to take the blame upon themselves. They did not expect to be shot, and were willing to endure some smaller punishment. "What kind of people were they?" inquired the general. "Poor, but honest. They would have given the money they thus earned to their wives and children." "Well, upon the whole, they were rather good fellows, then." "Yes, they were indeed." "That's all right, then," said the general, confidently. "It doesn't matter, they are in heaven."

IS GORDON ALIVE?

It would be a very strange and exciting romance, if, after all, Gordon should be still alive. I am not going to repeat the old rumor that he is. That was considered to be played out some time since, but here is a new development of the faint hope that the gallant general is not dead. Right in the midst of the ministerial crisis (to which I shall call your attention presently) the foreign office received a startling telegram from Cairo. It stated that a merchant had arrived there from the wilds of the Soudan with the announcement that General Gordon was not killed in the Khartoum massacre; that when the supreme moment of vengeance came in which the foes of the Mahdi were to be slaughtered neither Gordon nor his entourage could be found. It is suggested that Gordon and his immediate friends escaped and are making their way southward. They may turn up on the other side of Africa. Perhaps Gordon is on his way to the Congo, where Stanley and he may work together as they proposed before Mr. Gladstone's government induced the Christian chief to go to Khartoum. So long as these rumors crop up, coupled with the fact that we have no conclusive evidence of Gordon's death, the hero may indeed be still alive. Hope is a great thing; there is no harm in entertaining it.

SHOULD WE KNOW HIM AGAIN.

There are so many silly pictures of the general in the store windows that if he came back he might have some trouble to establish his identity, which leads to the supposition that some ingenious writer who is not thought at all may yet give himself to the English public as Gordon and claim his landed estate. A good story comes to me this very day from my daily colleague of the ... Colonel Digby, a military officer of distinction, as well as a member of parliament, recently returned from the Soudan with a beard, on presenting himself in the lobby of the house of commons was put back as a person unknown to the attendant at the door of the chamber. Establishing his identity, the gallant colonel was admitted. In order to attend the levee to-day, however, as a military man, Colonel Digby shaved off his beard, and on presenting himself at the door of the house he was again stopped and temporarily put under arrest as a stranger intent for hideous purposes upon entering the chamber of the council. Once more the gallant warrior had to establish his identity before being permitted to join his party.

THE PRINCESS AND THE NUNS.

The first night of the French plays at the Gaiety saw the Prince and Princess of Wales there to witness the new play "Prince Zilah," and see the new Franco-English favorite, Jane Hading. The princess was very simply dressed. She was in delightful contrast to many other ladies among the audience. You know that a British matron has been objecting to the nude studies in the walls of the Royal academy. How distressed the dear lady would have been if she had seen the live studies of the nude at the Gaiety. The fashion of low-necked dresses which our women have once more adopted from the French mode, is in full vogue. How many decent modest women can dare to take off their cloaks in a mixed company is to me most amazing. But they can and do. The Princess of Wales to my mind was a wonderful rebuke to her sisters in the parquet. She wore a plain handsome dress, made high in the neck, and she watched the play with great interest, receiving every now and then from the prince a few words of explanation as to the plot. In the box below her sat Miss Fortescue, who received £10,000 instead of the hand and heart of Lord Garmoyle, a pretty young lady, but if ostentation were a royal virtue, any stranger might have mistaken hers for the princess' box. I ought to say this of Lady ..., she was dressed in the French mode ... visit us, gave them her bright ... in the ... manner ... surveyed the ... through an opera glass ... condescending to ... the stage though ... anxious to play the ... of the drama, which Jane Hading is enacting with a rare impressiveness. Jane Hading is a worthy rival of Sarah Bernhardt, on whom she has evidently modeled herself. It is said, by the way, that Mr. John Hollingshead has retired from the management of the Gaiety, which has not been for some time a financial success. "It's Last Chance" (Mr. Sims' latest play) is doing badly at the Adelphi and the Olympic and the Opera Comique are both in the ... Not a good time for theaters just now in London. The coming success, they say, is to be a farcical comedy called "The Great Pink Pearl."

The passion for colonial adventures seems to have taken a strong hold of all French politicians. While M. Ferry was in office his opponents were never weary of denouncing the Tonquin expedition, which they persistently declared to be a waste of the resources of France, but now that M. Ferry's political existence is terminated for the nonce, his opponents seem ready to throw themselves into another colonial adventure. *The National*, one of the newspapers most energetically opposed to M. Ferry's Tonquin policy, now recommends M. Brisson to bestir himself in Madagascar, and it is not improbable that something will be done in this direction, especially as M. de Freycinet, the minister of foreign affairs in the Brisson cabinet, fancies that he has a character to retrieve. Military success somewhere, it seems to be required for every French cabinet, and perhaps the conquest of Madagascar is considered a first rate election card by the government now in power.

The death of Mr. Evelyn Jerrold, remarks the *Whitehall Review*, removes from modern journalism the bearer of a distinguished name who promised to make himself a literary career worthy of it. It is not often that literary talent runs from father to son for three successive generations, as it did in this case from Douglas Jerrold to Blanchard Jerrold, and from Blanchard Jerrold to Evelyn Jerrold. It is not so long since that Mr. Blanchard Jerrold died at an age which, though not unnatural, yet could not but be considered too early; and now his son has followed him in a far more untimely death. Mr. Evelyn Jerrold was exceedingly popular in journalistic circles in London, and leaves behind him a large number of friends to regret his loss.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Gossip Principally of Gossip About Theaters and Actors.

The Long Run of Harry Dixey's 'Adonis.' Several Theaters Closing Up for the Season. Horse Cars on Broadway.

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, June 29.—The advent of hot weather is the signal for bad business in the theaters. All kinds of devices have been contrived for keeping places of amusement cool in warm weather, and some of them work very well. But so long as nothing is invented to keep the weather cool outdoors, the public cannot be persuaded to go in to the theaters to see whether it is cool there.

The consequence of this is that the theaters are now gradually closing up. The houses still open are the Casino, the Bijou opera house, Wallack's theater, the Madison Square theater, and some of the minor places. At the Casino "Billee Taylor" has succeeded "Polly," and the houses, owing to the extra attraction of the brilliant summer garden on the roof, are fairly good. I suppose that Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer, harbors the intention of presenting "Polly" to the good people of other cities than this during the theatrical season, which will begin next September. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and having seen "Polly," I deem it my duty to let all who read this letter know what they must expect. "Polly" is an opera to be seen. It is a very pretty sight. As presented at the Casino it was a spectacle to be remembered, including, as it did, about forty comely young women attired in a most bewitching military costume, eight more as the general's daughters, robed in exquisite gowns of a delicate slumbering green, and Lillian Russell, who is a little too plump in figure, but whose grace of action, sweetness of voice and loveliness of countenance have become so familiar that most young men in New York have to have a glimpse of them once a week.

The libretto of "Polly" is unquestionably the worst that has ever been put before a New York audience. The fact that people laugh at some of its silly puerilities and applaud others is discouraging. The music is graceful and flowing, with an occasional bit of dash, but it lacks originality. It is musicianly work and is scored in a most effective manner.

Miss Russell—otherwise Mrs. Solomon—was thought to have forfeited her place in the public esteem by social vagaries, and her return to America in company with Solomon, it was predicted, would be a great failure. Her former husband, Mr. Harry Braham, is a member of a family famous for its musical accomplishments. Mr. Harry Braham is accounted a good orchestral conductor, but his only noteworthy achievement, so far as I have been able to discover, was the appropriation to his own use of some of the music of the "Pirates of Penzance" when he was playing in the orchestra at the Fifth avenue theater under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan. He copied some of the numbers from the score and made an arrangement of lancers which got him into a pretty peck of trouble. He recently got tired of the eccentricities of his beautiful wife and obtained a decree of divorce, whereupon Mrs. Braham became Mrs. Edward Solomon. Mr. Solomon's operas will be followed at the Casino by "Nanon," a comic opera of the German school. It was produced during the winter at the Thalia theater, and was immediately successful. The story deals with the fortunes of a pretty inn mistress, who becomes entangled in some of the intrigues surrounding Ninon De L'Enclos. All kinds of complications ensue, and great fun is made by the actions of a marquis, who takes himself to be a musician and a dancing master. The announcements of the managers of the Casino lead one to believe that they contemplate combining a menagerie with the comic opera business. Miss Sadie Martinot, a lady noted for the easy vivacity of her acting, will enact Nanon, and in the first scene with which the opera opens, will feed real doves. The stage will be decorated with genuine pigs, geese, goats and other live stock, and a band of farmers will appear with donkeys, dogs, cats and other animals as wedding presents for a young bride. Eighteen young women will appear in this scene, half of them armed with tambourines and the other half with fifes. Think of that for a novelty. Young women playing the soul-stirring fife that is a spectacle to make men smile or weep, according to their mood. In the second act these same young women will wear costumes of one color on one side, and a different color on the other. They will appear as an orchestra and will play a minuet and the accompaniment of the waltz song which is one of the salient features of the opera. In the third act a huge pipe organ will appear on the stage and will furnish an accompaniment. Costumes of all kinds are to be worn in this opera, and the ladies who are engaged to appear in it have been selected with a view to their good looks rather than their ability. This custom is growing in New York. We do not care so much for our sensibilities now as we used to. We don't care if an actress is a trifle vulgar and utterly without an idea as to what the author meant when he wrote the lines which she is speaking. If she is handsome and knows how to smile fascinatingly from under the corner of her eye-lids, we are satisfied. We like to be amused and enchanted. We don't care whether there is any true art in it. We are a great people, but we are very easily satisfied. For instance, every evening in the "Black Hussar" at Wallack's Theater, Mr. Digby Bell recites the following lines:

> ... ...
> ... ...
> ... ...
> ... ...

This ebullition of idiocy is always greeted with shouts of laughter and applause. Again in another place he says:

> When knowledge gives your brains a bump,
> 'Tis happiness to be a chump.

That also produces great laughter. There is a song in the opera called "Read the Answer to the Stars." This song has made one of the the most decided hits ever known in this city. Every night some ten or twelve verses are sung. They are what are called technically "gag" verses, dealing with some topic of the day. Here is a specimen I took:

> [illegible]

This may be very funny. At any rate the intelligent public thinks it is funny, and the astute manager of the theater does not care whether he elevates the drama or not. It is pleasant, however, to note that the "Black Hussar," which is excellently acted and sung and is drawing large houses, is to be succeeded by an adaptation of "Les Petits Mousquetaires," especially written for this theater by Messrs. H. C. Bunner and W. J. Henderson. The original French libretto is the work of M. Paul Ferrier, and is a reconstruction of the story of "The Three Guardsmen." It was produced at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, early in March, and had a great success. The gentlemen who have made the English version adapted "Le Petit Duc" for Mr. McCaull last summer and their work was warmly commended by every paper in the city.

People are wondering how much longer "Adonis" is going to run at the Bijou opera house. The financial success of the piece has been remarkable. Just before the Christmas holidays the receipts had fallen off so greatly that arrangements were begun for discontinuing the burlesque. The management, however, had nothing else to put in its place, and while they were looking for something the business began to improve. The burlesque was kept on the stage, and its success since that time has been uninterrupted. For the past five months the receipts have rarely gone below $800 per night, while most of the time they have been over $950. Receipts of $900 a performance, which is a fair average of what "Adonis" has had, mean $6,300 per week, which has to be divided among three parties, the managers of the theater, Edward E. Rice and Henry E. Dixey. Mr. Dixey has been taking in about $800 per week for the last five months, or $12000 in all. It is safe to say that since the burlesque was produced early in September he has added to his worldly possessions nearly $25,000. And New York is not tired of the play yet. I should not be surprised to see "Adonis" run until December. Then Mr. Dixey has the wide field of America before him. It is his intention to present the burlesque next in Boston. It ought to be very successful, there, for it is a real burlesque, sparkling, bright, and truly witty. The success of "Adonis" has been founded on real merit. The selection of the piece was provided by Mr. William Gill, to whom the credit is due for many of the bright lines. For instance, the fairy, in commenting upon Adonis' love for enjoyment, says to the sculptress "He should be careful, for in trying to spread the butter of pleasure too thickly over the bread of life he is likely to be put off with the oleomargarine of disappointment." There are many bits of dialogue quite as clever as that in the play, though it must be admitted that there is an abundance of slang.

I am glad that Dixey is successful. He has won his success by honest hard work in a profession that is not always a bed of roses. He began life as the hind legs of a heifer. He was a Boston boy and was engaged by E. E. Rice, the composer of "Evangeline," to dance a jig while concealed in a property cow that figured as Evangeline's pet in the burlesque. If I am not mistaken the gentleman who performed the front legs of the same heifer was Nat Goodwin. Dixey showed some ability and was advanced to the dignity of a small part in which he was allowed to use his mouth as well as his legs. Finally he arose to the part of the notary in "Evangeline," and then his success was assured. Prosperity has not injured him. He is not overburdened with a sense of his own greatness. He dearly loves a practical joke, and he and John A. Mackey, the comedian, have made much fun in New York. Mr. Dixey has a very pretty and charming wife, a petite brunette, and two lovely children. The latter always appear at the matinees of "Adonis" and perform a small scene, especially introduced for them.

I asked Dixey a day or two ago whether he was not very tired of playing "Adonis." "No," he said, "I am not so tired as I expected to be. I have made it a point, since I found the play was in for a long run, to keep my mind off it during the day. I go to the races. I take trips down the bay. I make jokes with Johnny Mackey, and otherwise recreate myself. The worst mistake I ever made was going to see Gillum jump off the Brooklyn bridge. I couldn't act at all that night, because I was unstrung. Sometimes when I feel a little worn I go through the part with less energy than usual, but I think it would not be noticed except by some one who had seen me often. The people associated with me in the play help to keep me up to my work. They are all clever and they incite me to exert myself. I have added a great deal to the piece since it was first produced, and I can say honestly that almost every line I speak in my own part and everything I do are my own. Mr. Gill furnished me with a frame work and I have filled it out."

Dixey's remark that his people are good reminds me that very few persons know that Herbert Gresham, who displays such agility in the role of the Marquis, was formerly one of the Mathieu family.

Aside from the theaters and Bartholdi statue the only thing of interest just now is the opening of the horse car road in Broadway. The laying of the tracks was a most pronounced nuisance, and people shook their heads and said that when the cars began to run the street would be absolutely impassable. It was curious that the great majority of people never discovered the secret of the crowding in Broadway. The moment the cars began to run and the stages were taken off it was easy to be seen as the *Tribune* building. The stages were the cause of the trouble. Broadway was never before so clear, never so easy to cross as it is now that the cars are running. The cars are compelled to go up and down the street in straight lines on their tracks. The stages went where they liked. Frequently the pedestrian crossing the street would be charged upon by three of them at least. They got into the way of the trucks and of each other. They raced whenever a clear space was opened and the drivers indulged in language that would have shamed the sacred shades of Billingsgate fishmarket, and frequently pummeled each other with their whips. The stages were the noisiest vehicles on the street, and the discomfort of riding in one was inexpressible.

The cars take up less room, make less noise and go faster. They are vastly more comfortable to ride in, and when the new cars are put in I think travel in Broadway will be a luxury. The convenience of having a horse car line in the center of the city, running from the Central Park to the Battery, is something which, I think, people have not taken into consideration. It does seem a pity to destroy the appearance of the city's principal business street with car tracks, but then, when one comes to think of it, nearly all other cities have long ago destroyed the same appearance in the same way. I believe that the bitterest opponents of the Broadway surface road will in less than three months learn to look upon is as one of the greatest of blessings. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Panama Hats.

Guayaquil is famous for the finest pineapples in the world, great juicy fruits, as white as snow and as sweet as honey. It is also famous, writes a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, for its hats and hammocks, made of the pita fiber, a sort of palm. The well known Panama hats are all made in Guayaquil, but get their names because Panama merchants formerly controlled the trade. They are braided under water by native women of strands twelve and fifteen feet long, and fine ones are very expensive. A woman often takes two or three weeks to braid a single hat, which sells for $5 or $6 and wears forever. I saw a hat in Guayaquil which is said to be worth $250. It was made of a single straw or fiber, as fine as thread and as soft as silk, and the woman who made it was engaged four months in the work. The quinine trade has almost died out, and the forests of Ecuador have been stripped of the bark, and the trees have thus been destroyed. In the meantime the trees have been introduced into the East Indies by the British government, where they have been cultivated with great success, thus securing a better quality of quinine with less trouble. Quinine, or Peruvian bark, was discovered by the Jesuits in Ecuador in 1640, and was named "chinchona," after the countess of Chinchona, the wife of the viceroy.

The wives and families of the Peruvian soldiers always travel with them like the squaws and papooses of the North American Indian. In camp the women do the cooking; on the march they carry on their backs and heads a great part of the camp equipage, and in battle they nurse the wounded and rob the dead. They are poor, miserable, degraded creatures, just one degree above the dogs which follow at their heels. Their powers of endurance are extraordinary. Often it is the case that they will march twenty or thirty miles a day over dusty roads, carrying a child on their backs, without water or food. When the latter is scarce they eat the leaves of trees, which when mixed with lime, are said to be very palatable and nourishing. Each soldier and each woman carries a little bag of lime around his neck, into which he dips his wet finger and draws out a few grains of powder to leaven the lump of leaves he is constantly chewing.

The death has occurred of Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood, a principal man among the English independents as minister and author. He was 65 years old, and had been for many years pastor of the chapel in Falcon square, London, and an indefatigable worker, delivering lectures on literary, historical and social questions, and writing biographies, essays, criticisms and sermons, even at times verses. Shortly after Carlyle's death he published an elaborate survey and exposition of Carlyle's genius and philosophy. He was the truly useful Englishman, and if there was one thing on which he prided himself it was that his father was an old sailor, who had served under Nelson in the "Fighting Temeraire."

PIONEER DAYS.

How Colonel T. R. Cornelius and Party Crossed the Plains.

British Naval Officers in Oregon—Rev. J. L. Parrish on Indians. Hunting Wives—The Prohibitory Law, Etc.

ARTICLE XII.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

COL. T. R. CORNELIUS.

In 1845 the family of Ben. Cornelius lived in Jasper county, southwestern Missouri. Mr. Cornelius was advised that his health required a change of residence, and, in debating which way to go, submitted the question to his wife and older children. Texas was then, as now, a growing country, and he was half-way inclined to remove there. But the change of climate was not sufficient to insure health, and the family were impressed with stories that had reached them from California, not merely as to climate and soil, but that the Mexican government was making liberal land grants to actual settlers. Here, then, was the chance for the boys to become land-owners, and no doubt they relied on the certainty that some day, not distant, would see the American banner float over that region if enough Americans ever lived there. The wife and sons solved his doubts, and declared for the shores of the Pacific.

Several families left their neighborhood, and on the 2d day of April started for Independence, which was to be a rendezvous for a large company intending to cross the plains for Oregon. The grandfather, Thomas Adams, was along, and accompanied them with his family to Oregon, but he was never satisfied here, and in the spring of 1848 went overland to California. He was about 70 years of age when they all left Missouri, and was almost 100 years old when he died in California.

MAKING UP A WAGON TRAIN.

At Independence they made a train of thirty wagons and organized with great care. They had sixty men and a company of about 250 persons. Their captain was Lawrence Hall, who was afterward a captain in the Cayuse war. He was also a member of the territorial legislature. As was common on the plains, after becoming used to matters, companies divided up considerably. During the last of the journey Captain Levin English had charge. He afterward was well known as an early settler on Howell prairie. They made safe progress on the plains and had no trouble of any kind. Previous to Fort Hall buffalo were abundant and they had plenty of meat. The Indians made them no trouble and they got along well with each other. At Fort Hall they would have turned off to California, but they were few in numbers and could not get recruits from among the advance guard. They had been in the lead all the way. If they had known it, a company that was destined for California was only a few days behind. Not knowing it, they gave up that intention as too hazardous and kept on with the crowd for Oregon. By this time they were broken up into small squads, few wagons together. Having been watchful they met with no losses and all went well. This side of Boise they changed their minds and undertook a most hazardous diversion of route.

STEPHEN MEEK MISLEADS THEM.

Stephen Meek, the mountain man, a brother of Joe Meek, who had hunted and trapped from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, had followed them in some other company, and now pushed to the front to speculate on the credulity of people who had dared much and would not be afraid to dare more. The first Colonel Cornelius remembers—he was then a boy of 17—was that Steve Meek was telling the older men of the company that there was a "cut-off" from Fort Boise by which much time and travel could be saved. This new route he said was located in a beautiful country where water and grass abounded, while he asserted that the old route, so often traveled, was scant of both. He drew such felicitous pictures of this new route, and was apparently so familiar with it, that they took up his offer to pilot them by that route to The Dalles for $300. Part of this sum was paid in advance and satisfactory arrangements were made for the remainder. Then the companies parted, some to go the old emigrant route, so well known, and the more adventurous to follow Meek and his young wife and Nathan Olney into the wilderness. Meek had found a young girl somewhere on the frontier, and was married to her at some post near the starting point. He did not seem to have much means, and was anxious to turn some of his store of knowledge to account. Parties in the Hall and Tetherow companies took the new shoot and cheerfully struck off to the south of the Blue mountains, expecting to reach The Dalles by a much better and nearer route.

GOLD FOUND IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS IN 1845.

The Cornelius family and Grandfather Adams all took the new shoot. It was not long before they discovered that Meek was not as familiar with the country as he had pretended. While this was apparent before the end of three days time, they still did not believe it possible for the man to have utterly deceived them, and that he had no knowledge at all of the country, but such was the fact. It could be possible that a hunter and trapper was acquainted intimately with general features and yet not know the best routes for travel, so they pushed on with as much faith in themselves as they had in Stephen Meek. It was some time within a fortnight of their leaving the emigrant road that they camped one night on a stream in the foot hills of the Blue Mountains, and this was the site of the famous Blue Bucket diggings of which so much has been said and written. Col. Cornelius was then a mere lad and was hunting cattle and herding stock—too busy to be about camp much. He recollects that when, a few years later, they were returning from the California mines his father told him he was satisfied that he found gold on that creek, on Meek's cut-off, for he picked up a nugget or piece, half as big as a coffee grain, pounded it flat on a wagon wheel tire and threw it away, wondering what it could be. They had not the least idea it was gold then, but after they had experienced in the mines of California they felt no doubt whatever as to the existence of gold in the Blue Mountains. That the elder Ben Cornelius picked up a piece of gold on the exposed bedrock of a mountain creek seems beyond a shadow of doubt.

TRAVELING A LOST ROUTE.

Their course for a while should have been west, gradually turning north as they gained toward the waters of Crooked river and the Deschutes, but they kept on west and south, and in the course of a fortnight found themselves—as now seems apparent—out in the midst of the dry and inhospitable region that separates the waters flowing north to the Columbia from those that feed the lakes of southern Oregon. Their course had been over a very rough and barren country. There was no sign of game save an occasional jack rabbit, no deer in sight, and the buffalo country far behind them. They began to get short of provisions and some had to deal out a shorter allowance. When they left the old road they were all well and hearty, and those that remained on it staid so to the end, but the souls lost in the wilderness were become mere shadows, while sickness and death invaded many camps and reduced their numbers. In spite of care and nursing many died. For awhile they had funerals at every camp.

"MANY LYING BY THE WAY."

Few and short were the words they said.

They dug the graves, made fires over them, and drove their teams and wagons over the consecrated spot to deceive the Indians as to the places where their dead were laid. Mourning and grief gave way to painful apprehensions that all were to lay their bones down to eternal sleep among the rugged hills or on the dreary desert. They were to reach The Dalles in a short time—so Meek had said—but the time passed by, and lengthened, week after week, with no symptom of alleviation. They grew

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moody and selfish. Cold-faced and stony-eyed selfishness looked out of faces that had before shone all alight with human sympathy. Almost in silence the days departed and the sick died. They killed young heifers they had hoped to drive through to be mothers of princely herds; they hated to do it. It seemed murder. All the worse because the poor, weary, half-starved creatures had lost all fatness, and become only moving skeletons. On this unwholesome [illegible] women and children sickened and died. There are at least twenty hidden graves to mark that portion of the road—graves that were never [illegible] found. There had followed Meek many wagons—perhaps sixty in all—and seven hundred persons. The long [illegible] gave time for those behind in the long procession [illegible] the plains to reach The Dalles, while Meek and his victims were yet [illegible] of. They all got through, well and hearty, while Meek's [illegible] were suffering by hundreds and dying by the score. [illegible] grew less selfish as death came nearer, and the end gave rest [illegible]. It is [illegible] how [illegible] human sympathy will [illegible].

[illegible]

One afternoon it was nearly evening—they found themselves out on what is called "the desert," a grassy and rocky wilderness that sticks [illegible] in winter, when they came to the [illegible] and [illegible] its meltings. They had gone all day without water, and a small squad that had ridden on in advance twenty miles came back and reported no water on ahead. Matters had come to a pass where every man did as he liked, and discipline, there was none. Meek was silent. He had only become a passenger, the time had come for him when "silence is golden." While he claimed nothing, to those in the lead he managed to leave written directions along the road that encouraged with false descriptions of the road in advance those who were behind.

MARCHING NORTH THEY FIND WATER

At this juncture the Adams & Cornelius wing was independently struck north, where they saw the Blue mountains in the distance and knew that water from their western slopes fed the Deschutes river. It was not long until night, but they pushed on northward. "All night long till break of day" and all day until two hours before noon they drove on and then they found a small stream where they camped and rested. They had been going southwest before they turned north. Meek was with those who went on for water and tried to make himself useful. There was talk on the desert of taking the back track to Snake river as they waited for their return, but that was abandoned. It is natural to ask why they had not turned back long before. The only answer is: Those men were made to go ahead and not to turn back. They relieved their minds occasionally with a muttered threat that Judge Lynch should hold a court before they reached the Dalles. The stream they struck must have been the head of Crooked river. Two days later nine men started for the Dalles, thinking rightly that they were now on the waters of the Columbia river, as the stream maintained a northerly course. These nine men took only three or four days' supply of provisions, thinking they could not be far from the Columbia. The teams kept on slowly, as it shows now. They followed the [illegible] divide between the John Day and the Deschuttes going down morning and night with pack animals to fill their kegs for camp use and driving down the stock to the river to drink. It averaged two miles from the camping places to the watering places.

A LONG ROAD TO THE DALLES

The nine men who went on to The Dalles had rather a disastrous time of it. Their supplies grew short while appetites held out full measure. Nine long days passed before they reached The Dalles, and only that they found an Indian camp in the Tygh valley, where the natives gave them some salmon, they might have had to kill a riding animal. Arrived at The Dalles they found Father Alvan F. Waller in charge, and procured a supply of good food from him. They also met Black Harris, a noted mountain man, at The Dalles, and he returned with them to aid in case the company needed assistance. They were gone full twenty days, and very fortunately met the train as it wound over the upland plains. They were afraid the teams might take their way in some other route, and they would miss them entirely and knew that many families were in sore distress. It is hardly possible to understand the horror of the situation, while all the evils were aggravated by painful circumstances. They had wearily [illegible] making the best of what force and what food they had. Their supplies ran so short that they killed a cow or steer occasionally, though they were too poor and exhausted to make wholesome food. When weeks wore on and their own travel failed of finding any sign of civilized life, the train people despaired of ever seeing their nine messengers sent on in advance. They feared they were starved by the way, as their stock of food was so light.

Almost famished and perishing as they were and frenzied with selfish fears, they yet [illegible] an unknown terror stored up, comprising this haunting distress and apprehension concerning their absent friends. Words cannot tell the joy with which the advanced guard [illegible] wagons always led saw

THE RETURNING MESSENGERS

that they were come and were safe, and that they were on a road that led somewhere, for a moment overshadowed the stomach hunger that had been so clamorous. Laughter and tears were unbidden companions at that hour, and the banishing of doubt and apprehension made the sage plains a haven of rest beyond the work of words to say. There was excitement without noise. It was too serious a time for boisterous show of joy, and the sick and dying were too near them. They camped where they met, and gradually those strung behind for miles came up and camped with them. Food was sent back to those farthest from the front, and all had their share. Some were so far behind they could not close the gap before the first train started the next morning.

MEEK LEAVES BY NIGHT

There was a very angry feeling towards Stephen Meek, and a low tone of conversation pervaded the camp that meant harm for him. There is no doubt that a rope had been kept ready for any emergency that could seal his fate. Meek was not blind to this fact and, indeed, the ruling sentiment demanded his punishment. That night Stephen Meek and his young wife, and his traveling companion, Nate Olney, quietly slipped out with their pack animals and never were heard of again by that company. It was still over a week's journey to The Dalles, and they pushed on with increase of confidence, because they knew something for certain. The horror of doubt was removed, but there was a great fact undiscovered by them that would have made the side-track far more memorable than it has ever become. If they had only known that it was gold Ben Cornelius hammered on his tire, the world would have rushed to Oregon in 1845, as it did to California in 1849. But Whittier says

Saddest of all [illegible] it might have been.

The after adventures of that distressed crowd were not memorable. They all got through to the Willamette and many of them settled in Washington county. Colonel Cornelius became of age, so he could take up land under the donation act, and located the claim on Tualatin plains which he retains to-day. The boy grew up to be a man of influence. A hearty old age finds him still living in Washington county. He has often represented that county in the councils of state, and was elected to a coloneley in the Indian wars that raged thirty years ago, by the votes of his fellow soldiers, so he has no mere sham military title, but earned it through a campaign in the wilderness. Peace suits his character well, and peaceful walks of commerce involve his later years. The sire lived to a good old age, and the son has fair [illegible] to the [illegible] Adams in keeping the records of a century [illegible] his own memory of events.

PADDY ROLAND'S STILL

In early days there was an ingenious though eccentric character, who somehow drifted into this Columbia region, named Paddy Roland. Paddy somehow managed to make a stil and commenced manufacture of whisky out of berries. He managed this so quietly that old Kesno first saw something was wrong with his men. They had crazy streaks and were plainly intoxicated. Now, the old chief did not object to a taste of good liquor himself, but he couldn't stand it to see his people going wild with out his help over Paddy Roland's liquor, so he hunted the matter down. He soon found out from the Indians what was the trouble, and who was the manufacturer, and went after Paddy with all the authority of a Multnomah chief. Paddy was captured and taken to Vancouver in custody. His still was smashed and his liquor confiscated. Dr. McLoughlin was rather puzzled to know what to do with this ingenious, whisky making Irishman, as there was no excise law to give in Oregon. He finally told him to go [illegible] more, and there is no record [illegible] the promise given.

British Naval Officers in Oregon

During the year previous to 1846 the British sloop-of-war Modeste visited Oregon and ascended the Columbia river. One of her officers was Lieutenant Peel, son of the premier of England. Mr. Minto met this young man at Matheny's, Wheatland. The lieutenant was charmed, and said this was the most beautiful country he had ever seen in a wild state. He was only afraid "we" (the British) would not be able to hold it. A ball was given at the finishing of McLoughlin's mill at Oregon City, when Peel and Captain Parry of the Modeste were present. Peel made a bet with Dr. Newell (Robert Newell), representative-elect from Champoeg county, as to the loyalty of the majority present to Great Britain. He lost, and then pointed to Willard H. Rees, who was present and a stranger to him, and said: "I will make the same bet on him." But Rees answered his question: "I fight under the stars and stripes myself."

Lieutenant Peel talked of British interests as he traveled through the country, to see what it was like. Once a wordy war was waged in the S[illegible] between [illegible] Parker and Mr. Douglas, of the Hudson Bay Company, about the breaking of the Oregon liquor law. Douglas said the Hudson Bay Company was not responsible for liquor used by the officers of the Modeste.

The officers of that ship had been at Charley McKay's place, on the Tualatin, and in coming away saw a beautiful little animal they were not acquainted with. It was beautifully striped, especially on the tail. One of the middies went for it and was lucky (?) enough to catch it. He caught a great deal more than he had bargained for when we count in the scent bag of the pole cat. He caught it rather bad, and had to change his clothes, while the suit he wore went through a course of purification. The story was [illegible] in the [illegible] and amused people here very much.

Rev. J. L. Parrish on Indians

Mr. Parrish was for some years an Indian subagent on the lower coast, and has had many opportunities to learn the belief entertained by different tribes. He says that the coast Indians believe in a supreme being called [illegible] kah-nie, who resides above and made all things, but they have no tradition of any revelation from the supreme being to man. Before the coming of salmon they had a great perform[ance] that was intended as a worship of [illegible] kah-nie, begging him to be beneficent and come to them with the usual abundance of fish to give them the year's supply of food. They were so dependent on this food supply that they made it the subject of a religious rite.

Every person had a [illegible] man a with, or guardian spirit, that attended and befriended him. There was also an evil genius called [illegible], who always engaged in doing harm and had to be watched. They were always imploring the great spirit, [illegible] kah-nie, to protect them from the devil's influence.

A rich Indian had several wives, and a chief would have two or three. The coast Indians received the first teachings with wonder, and finally embraced the Christian religion. Some Calapooias who were converted became teachers among their own people. The tribes in this valley had vague ideas of the supreme being, not so clear as the Chinooks and Clatsops had.

In 1841 a mission log house was built. Jason Lee hewed the logs and Mr. Parrish has got the broad ax that he used in that work. The house was only 20x30. They gathered in children to be taught. In [illegible] that house was added to. In 1840 they had seventy to eighty persons in the mission school and they learned as fast as white children do.

In 1840 there were children in attendance from twelve or fifteen French and half breed families. When their homes were distant they [illegible] boarded at the school. These grew up bright, intelligent and useful people. When Bishop Blanchette came he told them the old wrong that missionaries were all fat that they must be Catholics to be saved. Those educated there made vital citizens. He remembers among the French settlers with half breed families, Joseph Gervais, Lafranboise, Lucier, Dorion and Biliques. These [illegible] the Hudson's Bay Company's service at an early day to make homes in French prairie and [illegible] what for the Hudson's Bay Company's mill. The extensive plain got its name of French Prairie from the fact that so many Canadian French were among its first settlers.

Mr. Parrish came out here as smith for the mission, and his clientele was very large. He worked for all the settlers on French prairie, as the first mission home was on the south edge of that region. He worked for the mission farm and for the missions at Clatsop and The Dalles and other places. He worked for all who came at his anvil ring [illegible] the week round. Whatever may be said of missionaries in general, it must be conceded that the mission blacksmith was a blessing to a [illegible] region.

Land [illegible] Hunting Wives

It is rather amusing to go into the [illegible] [illegible] reporting the Pioneer Days. Mr. Minto says that in Grande Ronde valley they met several settlers from the Willamette who made no secret of their object in traveling out to meet the emigration. They wanted wives and were equipped in very comfortable shape so as to make a good impression. Some would go out to meet their families, but younger men were out looking up good looks and agreeable manners in girls who had crossed the plains. For many years it was a custom for marriageable men to go forth and look for the wives who should make their homes brighter for all future years. The preponderance of marriageable men was so great that it stood the bachelors in hand to be alive to the business of hunting good wives. Down in the Willamette there were a score of young men to every marriageable young lady. A man had to be wide awake to secure a wife at all. Love at first sight was no uncommon thing on the highway to Oregon, and as soon as they struck Fort Boise emigrations looked out for wife hunters, who were on hand to pick out the most attractive girls.

The Prohibitory Liquor Law

Peter H. Burnett was the author of a stringent liquor law that passed the provisional legislature. There were in this country unscrupulous men who would do anything for gain or for lust. These men would sell liquor to the Indians and invent ways to manufacture it. The settlers were alarmed at the danger that would attend them if the Indians should become inflamed with liquor. This was a constant cause for dread and apprehension, so the provisional legislature passed a stringent prohibition act. Near Cathlamet a man named Fellows was engaged barreling salmon. To get fish cheap of the Indians he resorted to any sort of trade, and liquor selling was most profitable of all. The Indians would do more for poor than for good provisions. This fact became known to Captain Morrison and other settlers on Clatsop Plains, who made up a posse that included young men from Hunt's mill, some of whom were John Minto, E. N. Evenman and James Hunt.

They went up to Cathlamet and arrested this man Fellows and took him to Astoria, where he was kept "in durance vile" until he promised to discontinue his nefarious trade. While there were a few law-breakers the great majority were law-abiding citizens. The difficulty here was that there was no justice of the peace nearer than at Oregon City, and they could not afford the time and expense to go there for a warrant and then execute it. In those days there were one hundred Indians to every white man and the danger was terrible to think of. They sturdily took the law in their own hands and compelled obedience [illegible]. There were others besides Fellows in the same business and they worked together and defied [illegible] either wherever possible, so it was rather a courageous matter for law-abiding citizens to assert themselves.

Diverting Oregon Emigrants to California

There is no doubt from the reports made by several emigrations that Grant, Hudson Bay Company's agent at Fort Hall, did all that was possible to turn travel to California. Mr. Minto shows that that worthy aided by the famous and rather not so [illegible] Peg Leg Smith, the mountaineer and trapper, almost persuaded him [illegible] Clark to turn that way by their false statements. He found his companions were not affected by these stories, so plucked up courage to come along. They were artful in running down the country and exaggerating the dangers that beset the way. There was no company going to California, and for that reason Clark had to keep on, but he soon found that Grant and "Peg Leg" had spared no effort to make misstatements. They no doubt did impress the minds of many and induced some companies to take the road to California, who otherwise would have come to Oregon.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE

Miss Helen Gardner is to the female world what Ingersoll is to the [illegible] creation. She is a feminine infidel who is going around lecturing women, telling them reasons why they should not believe in a God. She is described as being a very pretty little woman, with dark hair and eyes, and very white bang[ed] hair. There is one serious defect in Miss Gardner's oratory which destroys the effect of her rhetoric and will doubtless cripple her efforts to dest[roy] the Creator of the universe. She talks through her nose.

Dr. James Moncrieff Arnott, F. R. S., the celebrated Scotch surgeon, who died this week at the advanced age of 92 years, probably did more toward the advancement of his profession than any man now living. When he began to use the anaesthetics nearly all the appliances used to-day were unknown. He lived to see his wildest dreams realized, and has been looked upon as a prophet in his profession for upward of half a century.

BEAUTIFUL PARIS.

Rambles Through its Art Galleries, Palaces and Boulevards

The Louvre and its Wonderful Array of Paintings and Sculptures—The Magnificent Opera House—Street Life in the Gay City

[illegible], Oregon.

Continuing our rambles eastward from the Tuileries along the bank of the Seine, we reached the adjoining palace of the Louvre. This palace, together with the Tuileries, covers an area of nearly fifty acres. Over 300 years have been spent in building and rebuilding them. The structure is quadrilateral, three stories in height, with magnificent [illegible] pavilions at the angles, and surround spacious courts. The style of architecture is clumsy and heavy, but this defect is lost in the gigantic size. The Louvre is now converted into a museum and art galleries, which for value and comprehensiveness of material, has few, if any equals in the world. From the time of the Medicis to the downfall of the second empire at Sedan, France held the almost undisputed position of leadership on the continent. Her literature [illegible] the courts of Europe, her manners were [adop]ted from the Atlantic to the Caucasus, and her victorious armies carried home the masterpieces of art of thirty centuries, to embellish the halls of the Louvre. It takes two hours to walk through the museums and galleries, but in that short two hours we see the gradual unfolding and evolution of the fine and mechanical arts during a period of upwards of 3000 years. Even [illegible] each study [illegible] different [illegible] as many weeks as we had days at our disposal. The richness so utterly bewilders and it is almost impossible for the mind to grasp it in its totality, to group it in classes and arrange it along well defined lines of development. I shall not go into the details of the merits and demerits of the leading works of different epochs and masters. The kind reader will be glad of this resolution, and [illegible] shall not expose my deficiencies [illegible] tion in matters pertaining to art. We Americans are not at all backward in expressing our opinions in a positive manner upon any and everything, and their crudity mostly covers a multitude of defects, but when we remember that we have in our recollection [illegible] of real plants, animals, men, streams, mountains and cataracts, and in art only a few photographs, woodcuts and chromos, our self confidence drops below zero when the masters of five continents and of all the historical ages confront us with their work. Art, like most crafts, works according to a double standard. The one is nature, which every one, even the very savages from the Amazon and the Congo, can apply. The other is a liberal and conventional. It changes with the tempers, needs and thoughts of the ages, and woe to the critic who cannot or will not apply this and that. He is an ignoramus in the first instance and a heretic or an eccentric in the other. It is so in everything pertaining to the beautiful. The fashion plates of the last three centuries show how fickle are our notions of what is becoming. Fashion rules in art also. To [illegible] one a good part of what it is necessary for one to catch the magic shibboleth from the lips of men speaking with acknowledged authority, and then [illegible] it off on others as though it came from his own brain. He learns to ghost and phrases from the masters, like a [illegible], and he [illegible] the world with the quintessence of the [illegible] and formal [illegible] of the [illegible].

A stroll through these long [illegible] those [illegible] to the [illegible] of the mysteries of [illegible] [illegible] words, [illegible], extremely interesting and instructive. As we wander through [illegible] to [illegible] we can observe her [illegible] development [illegible] until she reaches the highest [illegible] beauty of [illegible]. It [illegible] [illegible] to follow [illegible] the chronological order so nearly as possible, [illegible] we begin with the [illegible] collection from that country which 3000 years got all [illegible] and [illegible] and whose zenith of power and splendor must lie hidden in the now almost impenetrable darkness beyond that period. Grotesque, bizarre, monstrous and quaint were and are the conceptions of that peculiar race on the opposite side of the globe. The strange fancy of that people may provoke abhorrence, [illegible] ridicule, but its artists in endeavoring to express truth and beauty evidently thought they had succeeded. That was art in its infancy. From the Chinese we pass to the Egyptians and Assyrians, where art spent its youth. It is a great advance, especially in plastic art. The rigid outlines gradually pass into more graceful curves, and the marble begins to speak in articulate tones, of which we faintly catch the meaning. Another set of rooms and we are among the works of Hellas, so long the favorite home of art. Phidias, Praxiteles and their disciples, as represented in their works, are past us in silent, august, impressive procession. Ideals of beauty incarnate in marble seem to have reached with that gifted race the highest perfection attainable. Even the expressions of the soul, love, hate, devotion, fear, bliss, majesty, are of a high order. But with them man is still an individual, and to represent him faithfully as a member of a family and of society is of modern growth. The Venus de Milo is the gem of the Louvre, as Raphael's Madonna is that of the Dresden gallery. This Venus also has a room exclusively her own, and from morning until night large groups stand before the symmetrical statue with an expression of quiet [illegible] majesty.

Following Greece, but ultimately connected with it, comes Rome. The Romans could found states and cities, they could subjugate a world, and frame immortal codes of law, but in science, letters and art they never rose above the rank of obedient pupils of Hellas. The moral, political and social decline of Rome and Greece is vividly marked in the decadence of art. The later generations, until the invading barbarians extinguished all light, seemed to be incapable of bold, original conceptions, and became mere slavish imitators of their great ancestors.

Then followed a thousand years or more of darkness, until western Europe went to ancient Rome and Athens for instruction. [illegible] revived [illegible] her long sleep. [illegible] were [illegible] copyists at first, but they soon [illegible] and original characteristics of individuals and nations, as they threw their conceptions on canvas or carved them out of marble. From the revival of art in Europe every step in advance is well marked in the various schools. The age to which master and work belonged is well authenticated, and we can follow with ease the evolution of ideas. Modern art up to the present century, is well represented in the Louvre. Sculpture fills a number of rooms, and the picture galleries have in aggregate length of over one half a mile. Thousands of paintings from the studios of Italian, Spanish, Dutch, French, English and German masters, teach us what the leading minds in different periods and under different skies conceived to be true, good and beautiful. The amount of sunlight, the geographical distribution of plants, the topography of the country, the contemporaneous spirit in religion, politics, society and morals, is reflected with great truth from the canvas on the wall. Every leading artist, like leading authors, statesmen and divines, is nothing more nor less than a man, representative of his times, and so a good and complete gallery forms one of the best auxiliaries for the study of human progress. The intellectual, moral and social status of a people at any period is faithfully portrayed in its works of art, of any and all descriptions, and as the scientist will reconstruct an antediluvian animal from a few bones found, so we may construct society of a given age from contemporaneous works of art. The severe and rigid lines, the records of conquest, of slavery and the ever-present [illegible] of religious sentiment in the works of the earlier ages, point strongly to a serious temperament, absolute rulers, and the unlimited rule of priests on the [illegible] and Euphrates. The strong individuality, the refined beauty, the lofty ideals as expressed in Greek art, indicate a people fond of liberty, poetic, and lovers of the beautiful. The Hellenic heaven symbolized by these gods, chiseled from marble quarries, was not the scene of absolutism, as in the Semitic ideas, but resembled more a republican form, where Zeus ruled among equals, a reflex of the democratic institutions that prevailed on Grecian territory. And when we come to the work of modern artists, we can follow step by step the steady growth of ideas in politics, religion, science. Saints and madonnas, [illegible] cover the canvas of the earlier period, [illegible] to the time when the spirit of the reformation permeated all Europe, not excepting the Catholic countries. Saints and kings and warriors gave way gradually before the people, until to-day saints have entirely disappeared from the artist's studio, despotic kings are there only upon orders, and the people from low to high, as they live and weep and laugh, the [illegible] [illegible] the east. These paintings are mirrors of their times, and the Louvre is [illegible] not only for the artist, but for the student of history as well.

[illegible] right from the Place du Carrousel, the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Bastile, [illegible] east parallel with the river, we reach the tower of St. Jacques, in the [illegible] of the street with the fine Boulevard de Sebastopol. This beautiful Gothic tower, 175 feet high, is the only vestige remaining of an old church [illegible] [illegible] for two things. Its hight and central location [illegible] it [illegible] view from its top. [illegible] the finest and most comprehensive in Paris; [illegible] was here that Pascal first carried out his experiments on atmospheric pressure. A few steps farther to the east stands the new Hotel de Ville (City Hall), fronting a spacious square. It is a magnificent structure and has a frontage of nearly 600 feet. The white limestone almost resembles marble. Celebrated Parisians in bronze or marble adorn niches in the facade. Every student of French history knows what a conspicuous part the Hotel de Ville and the square in front of it played in the annals of that country. The square was the place of execution for centuries, where common criminals, offenders of despots, and Huguenots perished for having transgressed the law, menaced the throne or opposed the prevailing religion. The Hotel de Ville has always been the rallying point of the revolutionists, from the storming of the Bastile in 1789 until the suppression of the commune in 1871. Paris was the stronghold of the extremists of the revolution under Danton, Robespierre and St. Just, and the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the convention. To this [illegible] the scene of his triumphs Robespierre fled, to brave the coming storm which he had sown. The bolts of that heavy thunder cloud, which for five years hung over that country, were always attracted by the men rising to prominence. When the king and queen, Egalite, Hebert, Brissot, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Chaumette, Clots, [illegible] had been struck prostrate and the country [illegible] still [illegible], Robespierre and his consorts were the only conspicuous objects remaining, and so doubly exposed to the lightning. He knew that his hour had come. In a bungling attempt at suicide he shattered the jaw with a [illegible] [illegible] such [illegible] force and was dragged to the guillotine. The [illegible] of 1871 [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] until 1871 it witnessed the terrible death agonies of the commune. The [illegible] [illegible] the history, and when it found that, [illegible] driven to despair, the [illegible] mob resorted to arson and murder. That huge quantities of petroleum and gun powder were stored in the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hotel de Ville and other public buildings, destroy them, should the commune fail. The Tuileries were nearly destroyed, the Louvre, with its invaluable art treasures was saved with difficulty and when the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] reached the Hotel de Ville the [illegible] had [illegible] fired to that fine historic building and the flames consumed it before assistance [illegible] reach it. Six hundred communists remained [illegible] the burning building. Within, tumbling walls, crackling timbers, violent explosions and [illegible] a [illegible] roaring cauldron without, a relentless soldiery shooting all who tried to escape. [illegible] [illegible] under the ruins of the building [illegible] from the bullets of French [illegible] [illegible] fight with kid gloves. They were desperate and cruel, but if they had [illegible] [illegible] such [illegible] as they, the world would [illegible] stood aghast at such horrible scenes. Who can [illegible] judge impartially? Why must we always lean towards the winning side? In [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] compared to [illegible] harsh and cruel [illegible] deeds, and none have [illegible] feel their protests [illegible] but left to infuriated [illegible] [illegible] by want, suffering and [illegible] [illegible] into the tenth part of its misuse and of the world's [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] of innocent babes and [illegible] from happy homes [illegible] without even [illegible] tempted [illegible] send them to the [illegible] places of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] found, with a high [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] together and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] bond [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] civilized [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is respected.

[illegible] [illegible] we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] This [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] present metropolis. Here stood the ancient town with the palace of [illegible] and the churches, convents and monasteries of the [illegible] [illegible]. The people of the provinces, especially during the troubled mediæval times, flocked here for protection, for occupation and for amusement. The city spread out among the forests and marshes on both banks, kings and priests erected their habitations on the mainland, and the little island lost its importance and prestige. It now contains some public buildings, the palace of justice, the hospital and the cathedral of Notre Dame. This church for some strange reason seems to receive an unusual amount of attention at the hands of French novelists, and from this it ranked with St. Peters of Rome, the domes of Cologne and Milan and St. Paul's, or the Westminster abbey of London. We were greatly disappointed in it. The building is Gothic, and without high spires. This fact in connection with the low site and the tall buildings in the vicinity, make the venerable pile even less imposing than it would be under other circumstances. Neither externally nor internally Notre Dame can be compared to dozens of Gothic churches at other places. Historically it is quite interesting. Here Christianity was deposed, and reason enthroned and worshiped for a short time during that fierce struggle against all customs, traditions and historic rights of the past. It was quite proper. Men always worship that of which they feel the want. After a brief reign reason stepped down and religion resumed its former seat. In view of these facts the question arises: Why must these two exclude each other, and why cannot they join hands, occupy the same throne and govern jointly? The communists of 1871 converted the church into a magazine and finally, without success, attempted its destruction. The traces of the checkered history are obliterated and a deep, awe inspiring, solemn, religious calm again [illegible] in the dusky interior of Notre Dame.

Retracing our steps from the Cite we continued our rambles along the Rue de Rivoli to its eastern extension, the Rue St. Antoine, which terminates at the Place de Bastile. The street led through the old Faubourg St. Antoine, peopled by artisans and small traders. This has been the revolutionary center for a hundred years. Here the revolution drew its forces and inspiration. From these crooked streets and gloomy lanes and dingy houses issued those potent powers which swept Europe with the besom of destruction, so that new structures could be erected on the site of the old. The streets named are wide and handsome, and lined with new palatial residences and elegant stores. They mask the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bring us in the midst of the Paris of former centuries. The old lofty houses, some having the certificate of birth in mediæval times plainly written on their fronts, line the streets. The stream of traffic, so fatal to ancient customs and usages, surges through the crowded boulevards on all sides, but has left this ancient quarter untouched, like an island in mid stream. Here the seventeenth and eighteenth century still flourish, and are only covered with a thin, transparent varnish of modern institutions. Streets, houses, shops and stores look nearly the same as they did when Desmoulins roused their inmates to active resistance, and led them to the storm on the Bastile. Rags and filth have mostly disappeared. Want and poverty, which formerly sat at these gloomy firesides have vanished since the introduction of new political and social relations.

The Place de la Bastille, a space as spacious in the eastern part of the city, is a counterpart of the Place de l'Etoile, with the Arc de Triumph, in the west end. They are about four miles apart, and connected with each other by the Avenue des Champs Elysee, the Rue Rivoli, and the Rue St. Antoine. The Place de la Bastile is of the utmost historical interest, not only to France, but to the world. Here stood the Bastile, that gloomy dungeon, towering [illegible] the oppressed but restive denizens of St. Antoine. With its moats, drawbridges, massive walls, battlements and towers, it was a fit emblem of despotism and feudal institutions, and it is no wonder that the enraged multitude turned first against it. The 14th day of July, 1789, is one of the turning points in history and ranks with the day on which Luther nailed his theses to the church door of Wittenberg. The one brought religious, the other civil liberty to Europe. The French revolution to which, notwithstanding all its horrors, mankind owes so much, was an accomplished fact when the Bastile fell, and the victorious, riotous mob returned to the Hotel de Ville, carrying the heads of murdered officers on pikes in the procession. The people had tasted blood, and become conscious of their power. Things had been ripening slowly for this. The revolution had been gathering its forces gradually for decades. Bad royalty and short-sighted nobility, by their corrupt and outrageous conduct, had heaped vast stores of explosives and combustibles in the cottage and [illegible] of the oppressed. If one here [illegible] the ominous muttering he was answered by a flippant "Apres nous le deluge!" (After us the flood), or with reckless abandon, "We dance on a volcano." Rousseau, d'Alembert, Diderot, Voltaire [illegible] had lighted up the gloom, and people began to recognize that whether living in a hovel or sitting on a throne they were all men, no more, no less. They could not understand [illegible] ill-cemented [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] explosion could follow them. And then we must not forget that man, dwarfed, stunted and crippled physically, mentally and morally, by bad air, bad and insufficient food, by overwork, [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from monsters [illegible] of an angel. Those years of terror were the natural outcome of 200 years [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

This square was also the rallying point for the turbulent elements in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and during the days of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had full sway in the capital. No vestige remains of the old Bastile. Its stones were carried away to be used in the [illegible] and bridge building. A magnificent monument is erected in the square in honor of those who gained their lives and fell in defense of public liberty in the memorable days of the 27th, 28th and 29th of July, 1830. Upon its monuments are [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ... [illegible] to a height of 154 feet. It is 13 feet in diameter. The statue of Liberty, with a torch and broken chains, crowns the summit. Hundreds of the names of the fallen adorn the [illegible], and figures representing justice, strength, freedom and the constitution, adorn the base. In the spacious vaults beneath the column are stored the bones of the slain, [illegible] [illegible] who fell during the fight of 1848, [illegible] also [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It is a [illegible] monument and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this spot [illegible] to [illegible], liberty and human rights.

The most important boulevard of the city, changing its name a dozen times in a dozen different forms, sweeps like a vast arch through the central portion of the city, from the Place de la Bastile to the Place de la Concorde. It is over 200 feet wide at the narrowest point, and with rows of trees and lined with fine residences, palaces, hotels, opera theaters and magnificent stores. It is one of the main arteries through which the life of the city pulsates from early morning until late at night. The center is alive with thousands of vehicles rushing noiselessly over the smooth asphalt pavements and four black streams of humanity, interpenetrating each other, surge along the wide sidewalks. Tables and chairs are placed under the shade trees in front of the numerous restaurants, cafes and hotels. Old and young, rich and poor, ladies and gentlemen, are found here at any time of the day and evening, taking their meals in the open air, smoking their cigarettes and sipping their favorite beverages while they read the latest journals or discuss affairs. It is certainly a very charming custom for anybody to come [illegible] [illegible] taking [illegible] [illegible] leisure and [illegible] [illegible] watching the [illegible] in the middle of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] while the ever changing, ever interesting, [illegible] currents of [illegible] [illegible] on one side and the [illegible] [illegible] on the other [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the people [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] tables in the [illegible] [illegible] in front of the cafes, claret and absinthe are yet the favorite drinks of the Parisians, but lager beer is growing more popular from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in 1871 and [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the two nations, who [illegible] to-day [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] and love each other, will be [illegible] away in the [illegible] streams [illegible] when the two people will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] what hundreds of professors have attempted in vain. How can the soulbornest [illegible] [illegible] fail to soften when one frothy stream is fairly turned into the innermost recesses of his nature. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the malign [illegible] of the iron chancellor on the spree? He has formed a close alliance with King Gambrinus [illegible] the world? It must be so. But we first read the other day how Dr. Zoeller had [illegible] with the King and Amazons of Dahomey over a bottle of beer. This is significant. Let the Congo negro once come under the influence of this magic foaming cup, and a cargo of Munich [illegible] will be more potent with them than all the gold of England and the Indies. What an astute statesman old Bismarck is to use this insinuating means to subject the world to German ideas, manners and dominions.

The posters, pillars where opera theaters, meetings etc., are advertised, and the kiosques, or news stands are also quite a distinguishing features of the thoroughfares of Paris. The newsboy, the bright noisy little disseminator of knowledge, is unknown there. Newspapers and periodicals are for sale at the kiosques, little pavilions or booths presided over mostly by polite old ladies, who were knitting incessantly. I was fond of chatting with them when I laid in a supply of Paris journals, but when I saw them attend to their business and carry on a conversation, and those diligent fingers hardly ever stopping in the manipulation of knitting needles and yarn, I began to feel nervous. They always reminded me of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Madame La Forge in "A Tale of Two Cities," and a strange sensation as of the edge of an ax, crept around my neck. The daily newspapers of Paris are cheap and small, and it takes about two or three of them to make an ordinary meal for an American reader, with a ravenous appetite for fires, murders, lynch courts, public scandals, society notes and political news. The feuilleton, a department devoted exclusively to literary matter, is noteworthy in the European press. It seems to form an oasis in the wide desert of hard and dry facts, and it certainly was read if the other columns were neglected.

As objects deserving particular attention along the boulevards may be mentioned the statue of the republic, the gates of St. Martin and St. Denis, the new opera house, and the Madelaine. The statue of the republic, a bronze figure, twenty three feet in height, had recently been erected on the Place de la Republique. It is a splendid piece of work, and the allegorical representations of liberty, equality and fraternity around it, as also magnificent reliefs representing scenes of the revolution, make it one of the finest monuments in Paris. The Porte St. Martin and the Porte St. Denis are old gateways built by Louis XIV in commemoration of his victories. They are imitations of the old Roman triumphal arches, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the present [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The new opera house is by far the most expensive structure of the kind in the world. It is erected in the center of the city. Several hundred houses had to be purchased and removed to make room for it. The interior of the house, the staircase, the foyer and the [illegible] [illegible] are finished with the costliest materials and the most elaborate and artistic workmanship. Marble, polished porphyry and granite, gold and mosaics everywhere. Dramatic writers, composers, actors and actresses in marble, bronze or on canvas adorn the corridors, halls and walls. The stage is 196 feet in height, [illegible] feet in width and [illegible] feet in depth, and these dimensions sufficiently indicate how much [illegible] talent and [illegible] [illegible] and number of actors, the decorations and scenery on the stage may accomplish here to render the illusion almost perfect.

Near the opera house is the Grand hotel, which seems to be the centre of American life in Paris. Many Americans stop at this hotel. The American bankers are near, the American consulate is across the street, and the New York Herald office is only a few steps down the avenue de opera. The frequent notice on plate glass windows of "English spoken here" or "American mixed drinks served here" point to the facts that the Anglo-Saxons center here, and that the [illegible] of mint julep, cherry cobler, etc., of Yankee land has spread to the heart of Europe. It was something to feel proud of. The other notice always reminded me of the American who stepped into a store which also carried the legend "English spoken here." He addressed the pretty and smiling goddess who presided over the counter, and the following conversation took place:

"Do you speak English?"

"No."

"Does she (pointing to an assistant)?"

"No."

"Does she (pointing to another)?"

"No."

"Then please tell me who speaks English in this establishment?"

"Ah monsieur," (smiling sweetly) mostly the strangers."

The places with these signs are usually a fraud, and had better be avoided. We dropped also one of them one day to make purchases. The polite gentleman demanded 50 francs for the article we [illegible] He came down to 17, 15, 12, 10 and 8 francs, protesting all the while that he was losing money, and calling upon all the patron saints to witness the truth of his statements. We offered him [illegible] francs, and, with the look of a martyr, he snapped at the bargain, handed us the package, took the money with such a deep, devotional bow, while the [illegible] changed [illegible] with a happy smile, as though he had still made a [illegible] profit of 100 per cent, which we [illegible] [illegible] the case. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it is worth a franc [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the grand [illegible] and of the Opera [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fashionable life in Paris. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] de la M[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible], which extends to the Louvre. The best hotels and theaters are also in this [illegible] [illegible], and it is generally long after midnight before these avenues and boulevards yield to the [illegible] of night. Near the intersection of the Rue de Rivoli with the Rue Royale is the noted Palais Royal with its garden. This garden is not large, but is enclosed by beautiful arcades, occupied by [illegible] stores in which jewelry, precious stones, [illegible] amber, glassware, etc., in all the various [illegible] is offered for sale. The fabulous wealth [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for exhibition here. The [illegible] [illegible] are placed under the strict surveillance of the police, in order to prevent frauds which are easy in this class of goods. Following the Rue Royale towards the Place de la Concorde we reached the Place des Pyramides, a small square adorned by the statue of Joan d'Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, in a semi-masculine costume. It is a modest statue, of a modest girl in a modest corner, but it is quite proper that a [illegible] girl, having rendered such very important services to her country, should also find her niche.

At the foot of the Rue de la Paix, about half way between the Grand Opera and the Place Vendome [illegible] the Tuileries is the Palace Vendome, with the celebrated column of that name in the center. This column, 135 feet high and [illegible] in diameter, is an imitation of the famous [illegible] [illegible] in Rome, of which fine casts are to be seen in the South Kensington museum, London. It is constructed of solid masonry faced with bronze reliefs, which wind spirally around the shaft from base to summit. The monument was erected by Napoleon I. in commemoration of his victories in his campaigns of the [illegible]. The reliefs, the works of art, represent scenes of camp-life, battles and diplomatic conferences. A statue of the emperor crowns the summit. The communists [illegible] down the column in 1871 and the proud emperor was humbled in the dust. The materials were collected and put together, however, and again the emperor in his imperial robes stands on the lofty column, as though the fury [illegible] [illegible] storms of that year had never occurred.

At the head of the Rue Royale which connects the Boulevard de la Madeleine with the Place de la Concorde stands the beautiful church of La Madeleine (Mary Magdalene). It is a Greek temple surrounded by sixty four massive Corinthian columns. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] front [illegible] feet long and [illegible] feet high in the center contains a representation in high relief of the last judgment. It is a very effective work of art. On the right of the Saviour are the saints and the elect, and on the left the condemned sinners, with Mary Magdalene done pleading for them. There is a deep pathos and grand truth, in the fact that of all the saints she alone, who had tasted the bitter dregs of misery, remorse and anguish, should offer sympathy, consolation and help to the unfortunate and fallen. It illustrates the truth that charity and self sacrificing benevolence dwell mostly in the bosoms of the poor and lowly, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] them in gorgeous parlors [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] scenes and saints on the walls and costly tables and hymn books on the elegant tables. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] large [illegible] lighted from [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] richly [illegible] [illegible] with statues of saints, paintings and frescoes. Externally and internally the effect is pleasing, and the [illegible] of architecture seems well adapted to the [illegible] of [illegible] and the lighthearted worshipers [illegible] [illegible] Heb[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] temperament, and the [illegible] temple, with its [illegible] heaven reaching spires and [illegible] and [illegible] and inspiring, [illegible] a place of worship more in harmony with their nature. During the brief reign of the commune in 1871 the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Madeleine [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] barricaded [illegible] [illegible] the Place de la Concorde and stubbornly defended against the national troops. When the [illegible] drew near the communists set fire to a number of adjacent buildings and with devilish ingenuity filled their engines with petroleum and turned the stream into the roaring flames. When the soldiers forced a passage at last hundreds of communists sought refuge in the sanctuary. The infuriated soldiers followed the terrorstricken fugitives into the church, massacred them to a man, and human blood stood in pools around the altar of the Madeleine.

The Boulevard Malsherbes runs in a northwesterly direction from the Place de la Madeleine to the Enceinte. Near its intersection with the Boulevard Courcelles is the Parc Monceau. It has an area of over twenty acres and, with its fine shady avenues, its fresh green and extensive lawns and its winding grottos, walks between beds of brightest and most fragrant flowers, forms a popular resort for the people of this densely-populated district. Some fine statuary, some colonnades, fountains and ponds, remain as reminiscences of that age of external splendor and internal corruption immediately preceding the revolution, when the profligate Egalite converted the park into an Eden, in which balls and fetes of the fashionable world followed each other in rapid succession until the guillotine, like a gory specter, rose suddenly upon the scene of riotous merriment.

Opposite the park are the works of Gaget, Gauthier & Company, where Bartholdi's statue of liberty was slowly advancing towards completion. The colossal figure was towering above the roofs of the surrounding houses. A large number of men were at work, hammering, filing and chiseling the copper plates. A foreman of the establishment showed us around, and explained to us the process of the work. The model of the statue has been twice enlarged. The first was a model about seven feet in hight. The second was about four times as large, but still permitted a comprehensive view of its proportion to the near observer. This was the model after which the artists worked. The statue is composed of numerous thick copper plates, hammered and bent in the proper shape, and riveted together. The plates were fitted into shape on wooden and latticed models, being sections of the statue on a large scale. The pieces were scattered about the premises. Here stood the head, there the trunk, here lay an arm, there a foot, and over yonder another arm. It seemed as though the workshop was a dissection room of royal doctors, who had met here to take Liberty to pieces and show to the world that it was nothing but a sham and a hollow fraud. When completed and mounted the statue was to be prepared for shipment by taking it apart in 300 pieces.

It is a colossal affair, and by far the largest statue that ever was constructed. We had seen the statue of the Republique in Paris, the Bavaria on the Theresienwiese at Munich, the Germania on the Niederwald, opposite Bingen on the Rhine, and the Arminius in the solitudes of the Teutoburg forest, but they all dwindled to the size of pigmies when compared with the gigantic proportions of "Liberty enlightening the world." She could fold them in her arms or lift them across her knee and chastise them according to their deserts. The statue stands in a bold, proud and dignified attitude, holding in its right hand a torch and in the left a tablet containing the Declaration of Independence. It is 152 feet in hight from toe to torch, and 110 feet from toe to the point of the crown. The forefinger is eight feet long and four feet in circumference at the second joint. The head is fourteen and a half feet high, the eyes two feet wide and the nose nearly four feet long. Forty persons can assemble in the head and twelve persons can sit with ease in the torch. We looked upon the work with mingled feelings of pride and shame. We felt proud that our land, which has the largest lakes, rivers, plains, mountain ranges, pumpkins, bridges, onions and trees should also possess the largest statue, and we were ashamed that we had not provided a place for this generous gift of a sister republic. We were afraid that "Liberty enlightening the world" might arrive in New York, and when it was found that she had not been provided with means of support by donor or donee, our authorities might treat her like a pauper immigrant and refuse her admission to our fair land. Happily that danger is averted. The New York World took the matter in hand, passed the hat around, and the big Liberty will send her effulgent rays over the gate-way of the new continent, and we can sing:

> At last Freedom's [illegible] [illegible] rest [illegible]
> [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] be proudly unfurled
> [illegible] models and statue came from France
> [illegible] the solid support from the World.

A short stroll to the Trocadero and we are through with our rambles on the right bank of the Seine. This palace was built for the exposition of 1878. It crowns the high bluffs overlooking the river in the western portion of the city, is built in the shape of a crescent, and is rather Oriental in style. A circular edifice, surmounted by a vast dome occupies the center. It has a seating capacity of 6000, and grand concerts are frequently given in this hall. The palace contains a fine collection of casts, an ethnological museum, a Cambodian collection, and is adorned with numerous statues of modern scientists, authors, etc. The slope toward the river is converted into a charming public garden. A large cascade bursts from the basement of the palace, and foaming, rushes from terrace to terrace, from pond to pond, until it reaches the river below. Colossal figures of a rhinoceros, a horse, a bull and an elephant of gilt metal and exquisite workmanship, stand around a large basin in the center. A part of the waters of the cascade is turned through a fine subterranean aquarium. A vast cave lined with artificial rock, contains scores of apartments where the finny tribe disports in its native element, fresh and salt. The light falls from above into the different rooms, which are separated from the dark interior of the cave by large panes of glass, so that the hage color, movements and habits of the animals from brook, lake, river and sea, can be observed and studied to advantage.

When the sun touched the western horizon, and the cooling shade of evening spread over the city we returned to the wide colonnades of the Trocadero, which afford the finest view of the metropolis. At our feet flowed the [illegible] yellow river, dotted with pleasure boats and [illegible] steamers, and its banks lined with walls of massive masonry. A dozen bridges of various styles of architecture span the stream and unite the two parts of the city. On our left, on the right bank, the groves of the Champs Elysees, the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, the garden and ruins of the Tuileries and the long, heavy facade of the Louvre fronting the river quays. Across the river spreads the old and modern portion of the town. The gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the dome of the Pantheon and numerous spires rose above the dense masses of houses in the old Faubourg St. Germain and the Quartier Latin. Straight across the river stretched the wide Champ de Mars, so celebrated in French history. It was a lively picture, so full of life, color and historical interest. It seemed the incarnation of peace and nothing remained to indicate that on the spot before us had so recently been enacted the most exciting and tragic scene in the world's drama.

H. F. SUKSDORF.

THE VACUUM MOTOR MACHINE.

A Project of Interest to Portland and a Source of Amusement to San Francisco.

PROLOGUE.

When a man possesses an idea, be it all his own, he is entitled to respect, admiration, consideration; when the idea possesses the man, he is to be laughed at or pitied according as you are cruel or humane.

TALE.

One morning, not many years ago, the royal sun arose, and throwing aside his drapery of night, stepped forth to woo the world.

He had a loving touch, as is his custom, upon the beautiful Willamette valley and stood above her waiting to see her sparkle and glow at his caress. But the Willamette frowned haughtily beneath her overhanging brow of rocks and trees, and upon her broad bosom rose the swell of pride. Unto her had been born a genius. Genius is God-given and outshines the sun. And the sun withdrew his smile of gladness and cast before his face a veil of clouds, and weeping through it, bathed the valley in his tears. The people said, "It rains" and the genius arose and took the train for Portland and made disparaging remarks about the weather.

But upon his brow was written triumph, and in his hand he carried the witness of thoughts executed. He carried the model of a machine sufficient unto itself for all purposes, a machine which required no attendant inconveniences of fire and water, a machine which was self-feeding and self-sustaining, a machine which represented perpetual motion, the Vacuum Motor Machine.

Such an invention opens the Book of Science at a page which it behooves mechanics to profoundly study, a gilt-edged page which capitalists may well stop before and peruse. Yet capitalists were wary, as capitalists were wont to be, and mechanics were cynical, jealous and suspicious, as brothers of a profession often are, one to another, and money flowed not in like a [illegible].

Honest enthusiasm is contagious and sincerity is strength, and the young inventor possessed both in large quantities, and he won the interest and the funds of many by the power of his ardent persuasion, and a company was incorporated, shares sold and purchased, and he [illegible] for San Francisco.

Others might feel the qualms of sea sickness, might shudder with mortal ill and writhe in commonplace misery, but this soul, raised above the consideration of earthly suffering, like the machine to which it gave birth, was sufficient unto itself. If refusing food, did it not rejoice in vacuum, and secure in the secret of perpetual motion could it not laugh to scorn the motion of a vessel on the wave?

The city of the Golden Gate at last is reached, the Golden Gate through which this genius shall pass to fame and fortune. Speedily informing himself concerning the proper authorities, he secured the address of a prominent manufacturing machinist and hied him thither.

He made a favorable impression, being a modest and courteous address, sincere in his great effort and proving himself of unquestioned mechanical ability.

He displayed his model, and the manufacturer carefully examined it, paid tribute to its clever construction, but finally asked with puzzled face: "What supplies the motive power?"

Quietly he listened to the eager demonstration, and kindly, truthfully, he spoke in reply.

"Young man, you are on the wrong track. Your invention is not complete; your Vacuum Motor is an impossibility."

Argument was useless. The inventor declared that he could practically prove the success of his theory, and in spite of the cold water poured so liberally over his model, agreed to pay the necessarily large price for the manufacture of the machine.

The affair was immediately noised abroad and strange to say, found favor among a certain feminine element of San Francisco. These ladies constitute a large class left destitute of speculative excitement by recovery from the stock fever. Germs of this disease still floating through their circulation urges them on to investments of a cheap and usually unprofitable nature. Large crowds of them flocked to the office where shares were to be purchased at the reasonable rate of $2 per share, and laden with them they returned to their homes to indulge in fond, feminine dreams of colossal fortunes suddenly accumulated, stimulated their imaginations by visions of Finnigans, Floods and O'Connors, and luring their friends into the investment resided with them temporarily, in Spain.

Time lagged and souls were weary and brains impatient, but there is an end to everything and there was, literally an end to the Vacuum Motor Machine.

At appointed place and hour, speculators, share holders, manufacturer and inventor assembled together to witness the trial.

It was a scene worthy a more gifted pen than the one I wield. The women clung to each other in that purely feminine interest which finds its greatest incentive in its inability to comprehend its subject—that fascination which the unknown must always possess for the female mind, the men grave and attentive, the manufacturer cynical, yet compassionate, the inventor excited, delighted, expectant, breathlessly, buoyantly hopeful.

The moment has arrived.

One! two! three!

The great, black, forbidding object remains inert.

Four! five! six!

Peace, quiet, rest, silence—anything, indeed, but motion!

Disappointment horrible, and gloom unspeakable. Sudden disappearance of the manufacturer, who dives into regions below and confers with brawny smiths and sooty firemen, and directs a belt of twenty-horsepower to be applied to the self-supplying machine. He is determined to get at the bottom of the vacuum.

One! two! three!—creak! wheeze! groan! But not perpetual motion not even transitory motion.

More disappointment and gloom. Speculators are unpleasant, ladies especially impatient. The manufacturer makes another desperate effort and doubles the horsepower. The creature starts, moves, feels the thrill of life, etc.

The enthusiasm rises to a screaming hight, the ladies overwhelm the inventor with compliment and congratulation, they are under the impression that the machine is moving the whole shop. The inventor appears bewildered, and, extricating himself with difficulty, adjourns the meeting and confers with the manufacturer.

An hour elapsed and then he reported having decided to his own satisfaction where the missing link to perfection lay, and allowing himself time to rectify the mistake, set the day for another trial.

That trial is yet a question of the future.

Women are still buying shares and contemplating future golden triumphs. The manufacturer is still cynical. The young inventor, to whom all honor and respect be due for his honest and his honest intention and [illegible] determination, is still experimenting. So far his experiments go to prove that it requires [illegible] horse power to stir a Vacuum Motor [illegible] and that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the secret of perpetual motion.

ALICE BALLARD [illegible]

SOC[IETY] [illegible] PL[EASURE]

A Rec[ord] [illegible] Past W[eek]

The We[ek's] [illegible] Personal [illegible] Suburban Pe[ople]

Miss [illegible], of Salem, is guest of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], of this [illegible] friends in [illegible] [illegible] next week.

Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] of Lafayette [illegible] tives in this city and East Portland.

Mrs. W. [illegible] Bradley and child [illegible] are passing the summer at Astoria.

Mrs. J. Norton who has been [illegible] San Francisco has returned to th[is city].

Mrs. Alice M. Aiken of Salem [illegible] her parents in this city, at 229 S[illegible].

Mrs. J. R. Kellogg of this city [illegible] daughter Mrs. J. O. Hauthorne [illegible].

Miss Emma Versteeg, who ha[s] some time with malarial fever, [illegible].

Mrs. Otto Kleeman and childre[n] land have [illegible] to California to [illegible] mer.

Miss [illegible] Piper, daughter of [illegible] Salem, is visiting Miss Maggie [illegible] city.

Judge W. H. Adams and fa[mily] next week for a six weeks' vaca[tion] side.

Miss Kate [illegible] Coburn has return[ed] vacation and re-entered upon her [illegible] post office.

Mrs. M. [illegible] Cook of Yamhill co[unty] at the home of her daughter, M[illegible] in this city.

Mrs. Captain W. S. Buchanan h[illegible] ing the family of Mrs. Leathwaite during the week.

Miss Helena Holman, who has [illegible] relatives in this city returned [illegible] home in St. Helens.

Mr. Charles F. Pruce, of East [illegible] Miss Clara [illegible] Wagner, of Salem, [illegible] June 30th at the latter city.

Miss Rose [illegible] Herman of San [illegible] has been visiting friends here for [illegible] returns [illegible] the Oregon.

Miss Annie Knox, a graduat[e] school, who has lately been teac[hing] [illegible] has returned to this city.

Mrs. Herman Blum, of Pendleto[n] a few days in Portland, as the gu[est] [illegible] and family at 254 Tenth stre[et].

Hon. Binger Hermann, M. C., [illegible] Friday on his way to The Dalles, [illegible] livered the [illegible] at yesterday's c[illegible].

Mrs. H. F. Baitie returned to [illegible] this city on the last steamer, afte[r] of several months visiting friends [illegible].

The Misses Carrie and Emma [illegible] San Francisco are now visiting thi[s] spending a few weeks here they w[illegible] toria.

Last Saturday evening a pleasan[t] was given by the Misses Clara and [illegible] don at the residence of Mrs. Ho[illegible] street.

Mr. O. F. Heintz returned Wedn[esday] trip to the Cascades. Mrs. Heintz [illegible] cade mineral springs for the b[illegible] health.

Mrs. Rhinehart, wife of the [illegible] Vancouver barracks, accompanied [illegible] returned from the east last week [illegible] absence.

Mrs. Adams, traveling correspo[ndent] Cleveland Leader and Herald, is [illegible] gathering notes personal and ge[illegible] northwest.

Miss Maggie Cospen of Salem is [illegible] Fumas [illegible] corner Second [illegible] preparatory to attending the Teac[hers' institute] at Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Meyer of [illegible] rived here yesterday and will spend [illegible] summer with the latter's parents, [illegible] Jacob Mayer.

Mr. Thomas H. Cavanaugh, of Ya[illegible] through the city Thursday on his [illegible] his old home in Kansas, of which s[illegible] formerly secretary.

The reported marriage of Mr. C[illegible] [illegible] and Miss Plummer [illegible] which was to take place on Friday [illegible] [illegible] is positively denied.

Miss [illegible] Blackwood, teacher [illegible] [illegible], will leave on ne[xt] day's steamer for California, wh[ere] [illegible] visit friends for a few months.

Rev. and Mrs. [illegible] A. Henry left [illegible] Monday to be absent about six [illegible] Betty will visit in Chicago and [illegible] will her father in Piqua, Ohio.

A well attended and very pleasant [illegible] the First Congregational [illegible] Monday evening in honor of the d[illegible] Dr. [illegible] Marvin and wife for the e[illegible].

Master Willie Morris, son of Bish[op] who has been east attending school [illegible] two years arrived home Monday by [illegible] [illegible] to spend his summer vaca[tion].

Miss Annie McIntosh of Starbuck, [illegible] who has been visiting [illegible] the guest of Mr. Ed. Lyon's family, [illegible] where she will spend the [illegible].

Messrs. Joseph Knott and Frank [illegible] East Portland left Friday for Seattle [illegible] to take part in a seri[es of] games [illegible] and the former fo[illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] H. M. La[illegible] [illegible] infantry, accompanied [illegible] arrived [illegible] Portland on the steam[er] of Tuesday last to take station in t[illegible].

Mrs. [illegible] Havely goes to Ne[illegible] [illegible] where she will permane[ntly reside]. She is accompanied by Miss Minnie [illegible] Miss [illegible] her sister and cousin, [illegible].

Mr. and Mrs. Mills of Illinois and [illegible] Plummer [illegible] this city left for North [illegible] yesterday [illegible] of several mo[nths] Mills was [illegible] pleased with his visit [illegible] [illegible] this year.

Miss [illegible] Ross of East Portland [illegible] [illegible] Columbia on Monday ni[ght] [illegible] visit her sister Miss Hattie Ross, at [illegible] California [illegible] will remain about [illegible] be [illegible] [illegible] ing with her.

On Monday evening last a party w[illegible] the residence of Mr. C. K. Stevens [illegible] Seventh [illegible] streets, to Miss [illegible] [illegible] a David both of w[illegible] [illegible] the high school this y[ear].

Rev. [illegible] Robertson of the M[illegible] of Vancouver will start Monday mo[rning on a] trip to [illegible] to explore the [illegible] making [illegible] sketches, which be [illegible] his [illegible] will soon appear i[n] [illegible].

Miss [illegible] Baldwin, daughter of [illegible] Mrs. [illegible], Baldwin, U. S. A., [illegible] turned [illegible] Vancouver fro[m] [illegible] [illegible] has been attending sc[hool] [illegible] of the Sacred Heart at De[troit] [illegible] [illegible] a hearty welcome home.

[illegible] [illegible], chief commis[sary] [illegible] of the Columbia, has be[en] [illegible] [illegible] during the past week [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] command of the Seven[th] [illegible] [illegible] Nez Perce war, an[d] [illegible] [illegible] in fight.

Miss [illegible] returned to he[r] Salem [illegible] Saturday from Stanton [illegible] [illegible] recently completed a [illegible] [illegible] seminary. S[illegible] [illegible] with her parent[s] [illegible] of that city.

[illegible] evening, June 3d, the [illegible] [illegible] college on the occasi[on] [illegible] gave an excellen[t] [illegible] commencement [illegible] The family [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible].

[illegible]

Miss [illegible] and Miss [illegible] [illegible] party [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Johns and [illegible].

[illegible] as Miss Emm[a] [illegible] at the reside[nce] [illegible] Wilda, to Mr. [illegible] [illegible] by Rev. H[illegible] [illegible] witnessed by a few [illegible] Mrs. Young [illegible] [illegible] where they [illegible].

Miss [illegible] of Vancouv[er] [illegible] Van Vleet the well [illegible] has returned from a [illegible] Ann Arbor, Michig[an] [illegible] course in [illegible] She graduate[d] [illegible] has returned to her [illegible] to practice her profession.

A very enjoyable day was spen[t] [illegible] thirty relatives of Mrs. Henry Miller [illegible] on Wednesday last, at the residence o[f] daughter, Mrs. J. H. Lambert, near [illegible] The occasion was given in honor of M[rs. Miller's] sixty-seven birthday. At 2 o'clock [illegible] lunch, to which all present did [illegible]

...of modern scientists, authors [illegible] toward the river is converted in [illegible] charming [illegible] the garden. A large cascade [illegible] from the [illegible] basement of the palace [illegible] from terrace to terrace, foaming, rushing [illegible] it reaches the river bel[illegible] pond to pond, un[illegible] figures of a rhinoceros, [illegible] horse, a bull and an elephant of gilt metal [illegible] exquisite workmanship [illegible] large basin in the center. A part of the waters of [illegible] cascade is turned [illegible] artificial rock [illegible] contains a vast [illegible] where the finny tribe disports [illegible] native element, fresh and salt. The [illegible] from above [illegible] different receptacles [illegible] from the dark interior [illegible] of glass, so that [illegible] habits of the [illegible] river and sea, can be [illegible] advantage.

When the sun touched the western horizon [illegible] spread over the Trocadero [illegible] colonnades of [illegible] finest sunset [illegible] flowed the [illegible] pleasure boats [illegible] walls of [illegible] bridges of various styles and architecture span the stream and con[illegible] of the city. On our left, [illegible] the Champs [illegible] Concorde [illegible] and the [illegible] fronting the [illegible] the old and [illegible] The gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the dome of the Pantheon and numerous spires rose above the dense masses of houses in the old Faubourg St Germain and the Quartier Latin. Straight across the river stretched the wide Champ de Mars so celebrated in French history. It was a lovely picture, so full of life, color and historical interest. It seemed the incarnation of [illegible] and nothing remained to indicate that on [illegible] before us had so recently been enacted the most exciting and tragic scenes in the world's drama. H. F. SUKSDORF

THE VACUUM MOTOR MACHINE.

A Project of Interest to Portland and a Source of Amusement to San Francisco.

PROLOGUE.

When a man possesses an idea, be it all he [illegible] entitled to respect, admiration, con[illegible] when the idea possesses the man, he is to be laughed at or pitied according as you are cruel or humane.

TALE.

One morning, not many years ago, the royal sun arose, and throwing aside his drapery of night, stepped forth to woo the world.

He laid a loving touch as is his custom, upon the beautiful Willamette valley and stood above her waiting to see her sparkle and glow at his caress. But the Willamette frowned haughtily beneath her overhanging brow of rocks and trees, and upon her broad bosom rose the swell of pride. Unto her had been born a genius. Genius is to [illegible] given and outshines the sun. And the sun withdrew his smile of gladness and cast before his face a veil of clouds and weeping through it, bathed the valley in his tears. The people said "It rains!" and the genius arose and took the train for Portland and made disparaging remarks about the weather.

But upon his brow was written triumph, and in his hand he carried the witness of thought executed. He carried the model of a machine efficient unto itself for all purposes, a machine which required no attendant inconveniences of fire and water, a machine which was self-feeding and self-sustaining, a machine which represented perpetual motion, the Vacuum Motor Machine.

Such an invention opens the Book of Science at a page which it behooves mechanics to profoundly study, a gilt edged page which capitalists may well stop before and peruse. Yet capitalists were wary, as capitalists were wont to be, and mechanics were cynical, jealous and suspicious, as brothers of a profession often are, one to another, and money flowed not in like a river.

Honest enthusiasm is contagious and sincerity is strength, and the young inventor possessed both in large quantities, and he won the interest and the funds of many by the power of his ardent persuasion, and a company was incorporated, shares sold and purchased, and he started for San Francisco.

Others might feel the qualms of sea sickness, might shed [illegible] with mortal ill and writhe in [illegible] misery, but this soul, raised above the consideration of earthly suffering, like the machine to which it gave birth, was sufficient unto itself. If refusing food, did it not rejoice in [illegible], and secure in the secret of perpetual motion could it not laugh to scorn the motion of a vessel on the wave?

The city of the Golden Gate at last is reached, the Golden Gate through which this genius shall pass to fame and fortune. Speedily informing himself concerning the proper authorities, he secured the address of a prominent manufacturing machinist and hied him thither.

He made a favorable impression, being of modest and courteous address, sincere in his great effort and proving himself of unquestioned mechanical ability.

He displayed his model, and the manufacturer carefully examined it, paid tribute to its clever construction, but finally asked with puzzled face, "What supplies the motive power?" Quietly he listened to the eager demonstration, and kindly, truthfully, he spoke in reply.

"Young man, you are on the wrong track. Your invention is not complete, your Vacuum Motor is an impossibility."

Argument was useless. The inventor declared that he could practically prove the success of his theory, and in spite of the cold water poured so liberally over his model, agreed to pay the necessarily large price for the manufacture of the machine.

The affair was immediately noised abroad and strange to say, found favor among a certain [illegible] element of San Francisco. These [illegible] constitute a large class left destitute of [illegible] speculative excitement by recovery from the stock fever. Germs of this disease still floating through their circulation urges them on to investments of a cheap and usually unprofitable nature. Large crowds of them flocked to the office where shares were to be purchased at the reasonable rate of $2 per share, and laden with them they returned to their homes to indulge in [illegible], feminine dreams of colossal fortunes suddenly accumulated, stimulated their imaginations by visions of Finnigans, Floods and O'Connors, and luring their friends into the investment desired with them temporarily, in vain.

Time lagged and souls were weary and brains impatient, but there is an end to everything and there was, literally an end to the Vacuum Motor Machine.

At appointed place and hour, speculators, share holders, manufacturer and inventor assembled together to witness the trial.

It was a scene worthy a more gifted pen than the one I wield. The women clung to each other in that purely feminine interest which has its greatest incentive in its inability to comprehend its subject—that fascination which the unknown must always possess for the female mind, the men grave and attentive, the manufacturer cynical, yet compassionate, the inventor excited, delighted, expectant, breathlessly, buoyantly hopeful.

The moment has arrived,

One! two! three!

The great, black, forbidding object remains inert.

Four! five! six!

Silence, quiet, rest, silence—anything, indeed, but motion.

Disappointment horrible, and gloom unspeakable. Sudden disappearance of the manufacturer, who dives into regions below and conducts with brawny smiths and sooty firemen, and erects a belt of twenty-horsepower to be applied to the self-supplying machine. He is determined to get at the bottom of the vacuum. But "one! two! three!"—creak wheeze! groan! But not a [illegible] not even transitory motion.

More disappointment and gloom. Speculators and unpleasant ladies especially impatient. The manufacturer makes another desperate effort, and doubles the horsepower. The creature starts, moves, feels the thrill of life, etc.

The enthusiasm rises to a screaming hight. The ladies overwhelm the inventor with compliment and congratulation. They are under the impression that the machine is moving the whole shop. The inventor appears bewildered, and, extricating himself with difficulty, adjourns the meeting and confers with the manufacturer. An hour elapsed and then he reported having decided to his own satisfaction where the missing link to perfection lay, and allowing himself time to rectify the mistake, set the day for another trial.

That trial is yet a question of the future. Women are still buying shares and contemplating future golden triumphs. The manufacturer is still cynical. The young inventor, to whom all honor and respect be due for his pluck and his honest intention and unflagging determination, is still experimenting. So far his experiments go to prove that it requires a forty-horse power to stir a Vacuum Motor machine. That stern Science alone holds the key to the secret of perpetual motion.

ALICE BALLARD MACDONALD.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL.

A Record of [illegible] Society Events of All Sorts [illegible] the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People.

Miss Ida Church, of Salem, is in this city, the guest of Mrs. A. C. Brey.

Miss Helen Dunbar, of this city, will visit friends in St. Paul next week.

Mrs. S. M. Kelly of Lafayette is visiting relatives in this city and East Portland.

Mrs. W. C. Bradley and child of Walla Walla, are passing the summer at Astoria.

Mrs. P. Norton who has been sojourning in San Francisco, has returned to this city.

Mrs. Alice M. Aiken of Salem is on a visit to her parents in this city, at 227 Sixth street.

Mrs. J. B. Kellogg of this city is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. O. Hanthorn of Astoria.

Miss Emma Versteeg, who has been sick for some time with malarial fever, is convalescent.

Mrs. Otto Kleeman and children of East Portland, have gone to California to spend the summer.

Miss Grace Piper, daughter of Judge Piper of Salem, is visiting Miss Maggie Caples in this city.

Judge W. H. Adams and family will leave next week for a six weeks' vacation at the sea side.

Miss Kate L. Coburn has returned from her vacation and re-entered upon her duties at the postoffice.

Mrs. M. F. Cook of Yamhill county is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. P. Olds, in this city.

Mrs. Captain W. S. Buchanan has been visiting the family of Mrs. Leuthwaite at La Camas during the week.

Miss Helena Holman, who has been visiting relatives in this city, returned Tuesday to her home in St. Helens.

Mr. Charles E. Bruce, of East Portland, and Miss Clara F. Wagner, of Salem, were married June 30th at the latter city.

Miss Rose Ackerman of San Francisco who has been visiting friends here for several weeks returns home by the Oregon.

Miss Annie Knox, a graduate of the high school, who has lately been teaching at Scappoose, has returned to this city.

Mr. Lehman Blum, of Pendleton, is spending a few days in Portland, as the guest of Mr. M. Fred and family at 254 Tenth street.

Hon. Binger Hermann, M. C., was in the city Friday on his way to The Dalles, where he delivered the oration at yesterday's celebration.

Mrs. H. E. Battin returned to her home in the city on the last steamer, after an absence of several months, visiting friends in California.

The Misses Carrie and Emma Archibald of San Francisco are now visiting this city. After spending a few weeks here they will go to Victoria.

Last Saturday evening a pleasant lawn social was given to the Misses Clara and Fannie Conlon at the residence of Mrs. Hogue on Sixth street.

Mr. O. E. Heintz returned Wednesday from a trip to the Cascades. Mrs. Heintz is at the Cascade mineral springs for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Rhinehart, wife of the electrician at Vancouver barracks, accompanied by her child, returned from the east last week, after a long absence.

Mrs. Adams, traveling correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader and Herald*, is in this city gathering notes personal and general of the northwest.

Miss Maggie Cosper of Salem is visiting Miss Emma Plummer corner Second and Columbia preparatory to attending the Teachers' institute at Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Meyer of New York arrived here yesterday and will spend part of the summer with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mayer.

Mr. Thomas H. Cavanaugh, of Yakima, passed through the city Thursday on his way back to the old home in Kansas, of which state he was formerly secretary.

The reported marriage of Mr. Clarke Gatch of The Dalles, and Miss Plummer of this city, which was to take place on Friday evening, has been authoritatively denied.

Miss Eunice Blackwood, teacher in the Portland public schools, will leave on next Wednesday's steamer for California, where she will visit friends for a few months.

Rev. and Mrs. [illegible] Henry left for the east Monday to be absent about six weeks. [illegible] Henry will visit in Chicago and Mrs. Henry with her father in Piqua, Ohio.

A well attended and very pleasant social was [illegible] at the First Congregational church on Monday evening in honor of the departure of Dr. F. R. Marvin and wife for the east.

Master Willie Morris, son of Bishop Morris, who has been east attending school for the past two years, arrived home Monday by the Northern Pacific to spend his summer vacation.

Miss Annie McIntosh of Starbuck, Washington territory, who has been visiting Portland as the guest of Mr. Ed. Lyon's family, has gone to Silverton, where she will spend the summer.

Messrs. Joseph Knott and Frank Bachtel of East Portland left Friday for Seattle and Victoria, the latter to take part in a series of matches of baseball and the former for pleasure.

Lieutenant Colonel H. M. Lazelle of the Twenty third infantry, accompanied by his family, arrived at Portland on the steamer [illegible] Oregon on Tuesday last to take station in this department.

Mrs. James C. Havely goes to New Tacoma to-morrow, where she will permanently reside. She is accompanied by Miss Minnie Ross and Miss Ella Hill, her sister and cousin, who go on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills of Illinois and Mrs. C. A. Plummer of this city left for North Beach yesterday for an absence of several months. Mr. Mills was so pleased with his visit last season that he returned this year.

Miss Carrie Ross of East Portland left by the steamship Columbia on Monday night last to join her sister Miss Hattie Ross, at San Jose, California. She will remain about a month, her sister returning with her.

On Monday evening last a party was given at the residence of Mr. C. A. Stevens, corner of Seventh and College streets, to Miss Susie Stevens and Miss Cora Davel, both of whom are to graduate from the high school this year.

Rev. Frank M. Robertson of the M. E. church of Vancouver will start Monday morning for a trip to Mt. Hood, to explore the north side, making his own sketches, which he will use in his articles which will soon appear in print.

Miss Juanita Baldwin, daughter of Major and Mrs. Frank D. Baldwin, U. S. A., has just returned to her home in Vancouver from the east. Miss Baldwin has been attending school at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Detroit, Mich. She received a hearty welcome home.

Captain Woodruff, chief commissary of the department of the Columbia, has been visiting Vancouver during the past week. Captain Woodruff was adjutant of the Seventh infantry in 1877 during the Nez Perce war, and participated in the Big Hole fight.

Miss Gracie Prover returned to her home in Salem last Saturday from Stanton, Michigan, where she has recently completed a [illegible] years course in the Stanton seminary. She will remain indefinitely with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brower of that city.

On Tuesday evening, June 30, the boy pupils of Holy Angel's college, on the occasion of the closing yearly examination, gave an excellent entertainment as a fitting close to commencement exercises. The play of "The Family of Martyrs" and a farce "Gentlemen of the Jury" were given.

On the 30th ult., an entertainment, [illegible] and literary, was given by the [illegible] day scholars of Providence academy, at Vancouver, for the benefit of orphans now cared for by the sisters of the house. On that occasion the play was "Marie Antoinette," in which Miss Murphy, of Portland, took the leading character.

Mr. Edward Dekum and Miss Lisa Dekum gave a pleasant boating party on the steamer Bowers, Wednesday evening last. The boat was gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns. The party were about eighteen young people, and the trip was down to St. Johns and return and proved very pleasant.

On Saturday evening last Miss Emma Marshall was united in marriage, at the residence of her mother, in Walla Walla, to Mr. Sidney Lee Young of The Dalles, by Rev. H. W. Lyman. The ceremony was witnessed by a few intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Young left for The Dalles Monday evening, where they will make their future home.

Miss Louisa Van Vleet of Vancouver, daughter of Mr. Lewis Van Vleet, the well known [illegible] surveyor, has returned from a visit of two years duration at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where she has been taking a course in medicine in Michigan university. She graduated with honors recently and has returned to her old home to practice her profession.

A very enjoyable day was spent by about [illegible] relatives of Mrs. Henry Miller of Portland on Wednesday last, at the residence of her eldest daughter, Mrs. J. H. Lambert, near Milwaukie. The occasion was given in honor of Mrs. Miller's [illegible] birthday. At 2 o'clock an elegant [illegible], which all present did justice, was served on the lawn under the spreading branches of the maple and elm after which two poems, written for the occasion by the Misses Mary and Bessie Lambert respectively, and dedicated to "grandma," were read.

Miss Laura Chapman of Friendship, New York, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. T. C. Smith, in Salem, is visiting Portland, accompanied by Miss May Smith. They will remain a month as the guests of Dr. J. A. Chapman.

Rev. Frederic R. Marvin, late pastor of the First Congregational Church, and wife, left Tuesday afternoon for their new home in the east, after a residence of several years in Portland. They carry with them the best wishes of a large number of friends.

THE SMITH-ROWLAND WEDDING.

Mr. J. C. Smith and Miss Levia Rowland of Salem, were married Thursday morning, July 2, at the residence of Dr. L. L. Rowland, the bride's father. At precisely 11 o'clock the bridal party entered the parlor, and took their places within a floral arch that surrounded the bay window, and immediately under a horseshoe of heliotrope and callas exquisitely arranged, while just back of them were entwined the floral letters R and S—the R of white, the S of red flowers. The bride wore a dainty dress of white lace, with pearls about her throat and in her hair. A magnificent pyramid of flowers graced the center of the breakfast table, and a profusion of flowers everywhere breathed perfume on the newly married pair. At 1 P. M. the bridal party left the residence and took the train for Portland, from which city they took the steamer for San Francisco, and from thence go to Monterey and other California watering places, to spend the summer months.

Among those present were Governor and Mrs. Z. F. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewitt of Albany, Prof. and Mrs. T. L. Campbell of Eugene, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dalrymple, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Smith, Mrs. J. W. Smith and daughter, Mrs. E. N. Cooke, Mrs. S. L. Thatcher, Miss Lulu Gilbert, Dr. J. E. Richardson of The Dalles, Misses Addie and Eva Earhart, Annie Breyman, Lena Breyman, Ada Westacott, Mrs. and Allie Mellen, Mr. Wade, Susie Jefferson, Hugh Thompson, Harvey Jordan, George Morris, Arthur Holgate, Abe McCully, Charles Barker, Mark Skiff, John Westacott, Elmer Mallory, George Herren, Eugene England.

THE HOTELS.

INTERNATIONAL.

C Franey, Seattle	J S McKebbins, N Y [illegible]
C [illegible] Mills, Albany	B E Olson, do
I Seaver, do	J Conklin, Salem
F M Lewis, La Camas	T Nolan, do
Mrs [illegible], do	J A Davis, do
Alex Mitchell, Bach Isl	A J Bellows, Roseburg
J Peterson, Iowa	M Bezzell, Mich
J J Smith, do	W Russ ll, Mt Tabor
H Morton, do	H Peters, do
Mrs C Adams, W[illegible]	Mrs Peters, do
Jas Adams, do	W L Gurney, St Paul
Miss M Crider, do	S Foley, Illinois
Olef Nordlied, Reedville	J A McNeal, Dalles
A Olsen, do	A R Mykell, Ohio
W H Hawes, Kinloop	W T Bull, Tacoma
Peter Kalanar, Salem	H Alexander, Albany
James Stewart, do	H Cook, do
W Burwell, do	Geo Blake, do
F Sherwood, do	I Jones, do
C McConell, do	Wm Burchard, do
J Allen, do	John Adams, do
I Guthrie, do	Geo Meacham, do
F Fobes, do	F Pollock, Salem
B Butler, do	I James, do
Albert Moor, do	F Carson, do
I Maxwell, do	P Charles, do
M Minthur, do	D Antonia, do
H Buker, do	C Bell, [illegible]
C Bo, do	P Jas, [illegible]
J Charles, do	F McConnell, [illegible]
Geo Tubisco, Salem	S F Collin, Lawrence, Kan

[illegible]

EUROPEAN. [illegible]

[illegible]

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

[illegible]

WOMEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

MEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

M. COUGHLIN, P. M.

The [illegible] Sentiment in Maine.

Chicago Tribune.

The Grand Army veterans should not feel insulted at the action of a few Neal Dow cranks at Portland. Such people are really monomaniacs and fortunately their number is small. Public sentiment was shown by suppressing the cranks and giving the old soldiers a hearty reception.

Safe, swift, and sure to regulate the bowels, are Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Recommended by eminent physicians.

MR. FORAKER.

A STARTLING STORY.

BY SAM. L. SIMPSON.

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian.)

The rose-scented dusk of an evening in June—the regal month named in honor of the queen of Olympus, was falling in deeper and deeper shades over the domes and streets and gardens of ——. A ribbon of dark red cloud in the west, the solitary stain upon the broad expanse of heaven, was gradually losing its splendid color and assuming the somber hue of night. The cheery calls of the robins took a mournful tone, and the swallows, answering each other companionably as they glanced and whirred through the darkening atmosphere, were circling nearer and nearer to their cosy homes. Soft insect voices sounded from the shrubbery, and the roar of wheels on the busy streets was fading away. Lights began to twinkle along the western hills, and the great jewel of the evening star glittered in the deep sky above them.

Angela Langton, with red and white rosebuds in her rich dark hair and a cluster of fragrant flowers in her hand, was leaning gracefully over the gate that led to the spacious grounds of her uncle's mansion and awaiting her lover. A superb brunette, with a queenly setting of the head and a form that was almost faultless in the sweep of its flowing outlines, she was grandly fair enough to be the daughter and priestess of the black plumed, mysterious Night. Veiled in the gentle shadows of twilight her features could not be distinctly traced, but it is enough to say they were beautiful—too sensuously so, perhaps, for the canons of Greek purity of form and style.

Standing thus, with the stately poplars lifting their Gothic shafts of silver and green on either side, the mystical brown shadows filling softly round her, the vespers of the birds dying mournfully in the distance and the star of evening leaning from its purple casement to light the glory of her dark eyes, she, a flower in the midst of flowers, a dream under an arch of dreams, was weaving the old, beautiful, fleeting, futile illusion that lights up the dim vistas of life with an elysian glow and forever cheats us with tinted vapors and tricky gleams.

But, in this material age, love is one of the fair ghosts that has been materialized. It has a commercial value and we have come to recognize that the divinest blossom of the heart is of earth, earthy. And yet, while this is the general verdict of society, with youth the old delusion is immortal. Each for himself is allured to the golden shrine only to find a mailed Mars where rosy Cupid was seated, and to hear a stern voice commanding him to advance. Whatever the destiny of the race may be we know that it lies beyond the dreams and fancies of the primrose path of the idealized passion.

Angela leaning over the gate, with the nestling rose-buds in her hair, and listening for the footsteps of her beloved, may have been a half hearted dreamer, after all. She may have been more illusion than her illusion. A truly masculine nature grasps at the fleeting shadow and finding nothing falls into the madness of despair. Disappointed affection may sadden, but it does not shatter the feminine heart, and it is curious to note, with all the fabled depth of woman's love, that all the suicides for love are done by men.

Hark! a coming step. Angela turns her head.

"Is it you, Edwin?"

"Ay, my love, flying to greet you," answered a manly voice that had the low melody of an [illegible] tenderness in it, half concealed by a [illegible] In a moment more they were wandering slowly up and down the dusky paths that wound among the fragrant flowers and shrubs, conversing sweetly of their love and of their marriage day, which was near.

The full moon was just rising above the [illegible] of Mt. Hood and the witching [illegible] was flooding the summer scene. [illegible]

[illegible]

At last they paused before a fragrant bower [illegible]

[illegible]

"Sometimes, I fear," and there was a strange tremor of earnestness in his voice, "that our happiness is too complete, and that the [illegible] hand of Fate may yet dash the nectar [illegible] from our lips. But, in unless one [illegible] some [illegible] disaster, simply because they are so [illegible] of great joy [illegible] sorrow [illegible] must know sorrow as well [illegible] supreme disaster [illegible] indulgence. Do you remember Annabel Lee?

[illegible]

Instead of replying Angela tossed her shining head, now doubly glorious with its crown of moonlight, and rippled out a bit of silvery laugh that had an edge of satire in it.

Edwin Ray dropped her jeweled hand as though an asp had stung him, and coldly, shortly, said:

"I seem to amuse you!"

"Forgive me Edwin," she said, clinging to him again. "The 'Imp of the Perverse' as you tell or of 'Annabel Lee' calls it, took possession of me just then, and the idea of our ex[illegible] the envy of the angels seemed infinitely extravagant. The idea of our raising a commotion in heaven, you know."

And she broke forth again in such a peal of ringing, musical laughter that Edwin joined her sympathetically, and the fragrant bells of the sentimental, dreaming flowers around them were shaken with the mirthful echoes.

"It is more than probable," she said finally as she put her hand in his, "dewy! yes. That the seraphs will weep with pity when they behold our failure at housekeeping."

"But we will be all the world to each other still?" he asked with the old [illegible] of earnestness and anxiety.

"Assuredly, dear, how could it be otherwise, but then your changing moods sometimes frighten me. I know that there can not be in your heart a lingering preference for my unhappy brother George, and yet—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed imperiously as she placed a glittering hand upon his lips. "It is cruel to mention that name again. I am wholly yours for better or for worse," and she [illegible] service [illegible] "content."

She was splendid, majestic in her sudden resentment of her [illegible] forebodings [illegible] the blaze of her [illegible]

[illegible]

He reached his apartments in [illegible] the lamp, but he did not take the [illegible] from his vest pocket. He first placed the white rose that she had kissed [illegible] and truthful [illegible] filled, and then he [illegible] to dream.

Edwin Ray was about 25 years of age, and nine out of ten women would have called him handsome. He was of the blonde type and wore a light, wavy whiskers in the English style. His hair had a golden luster rarely seen on the heads of men, and his eyes were of the deepest blue. His features were regular and their delicate, almost feminine, lines indicated the dreamy, sensitive nature of an artist or a poet. In form he was slender and somewhat above the medium hight—the exact opposite of his half-brother George, who was dark, broad-shouldered and muscular. Some money had been left him by his mother, and he was just entering upon the practice of the law, for which, by the way, his keen sensibilities and shrinking diffidence little fitted him.

George Ray was in the insurance business, and naturally a brusque, bold, confident, aggressive man—just the kind of timber to weather the storms of life and find good anchorage in the harbor of prosperity. He had been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Angela long before Edwin had made her acquaintance and had not wholly raised the siege when the latter came into the field.

Angela Langton, an orphan living in the household of a rich but miserly old uncle, was obviously compelled to make the most of her personal charms in the matrimonial market, and some said that the empty purse of George Ray had weighed heavily against him in her choice between the brothers.

In the meanwhile Edwin had nearly finished his cigar, the fumes of which in thin, thread-like wreaths of blue passed over his shoulder and streamed out through the window into the glory of the night like an exhalation of beautiful and harmonious thought. At that moment the gates of heaven were open to Edwin, and the reflex of a beatific vision illuminated his face.

A great white moth strayed in through the open window and began to dash madly round the lamp. This incident broke the thread of reverie, and when Edwin had expelled the intruder he suddenly remembered the piece of folded paper he had picked up at the gate and took it from his vest pocket with a smile of pleasant curiosity. He opened it leisurely and read these words in the familiar hand of his brother:

"I suppose that all is really over between us now, but you know it's well enough to realize that I never wholly surrender. For the present, adieu."

Edwin Ray dropped the paper, and, with a blanched face stood staring straight before him as though some terrible apparition had suddenly appeared.

Then with a groan of unspeakable despair he sank back into the easy chair from which he had just arisen and covered his face with his hands.

He had been deceived! The woman upon whom he had lavished the wealth of a boundless adoration was intriguing with his brother! A thunderbolt from Olympus could not have crushed him more completely than the few words penciled on that little slip of paper. Another man would have seen in them nothing more than the snarl of a disappointed lover and further cause for self congratulation, but to the suspicious imaginative mind of Edwin Ray an abyss of horror opened and there was no retreat.

How still he was! The great white moth came in again, like an uneasy ghost seeking the pathway back to life, and began to beat its fragile wings against the lamp chimney. But he heeded it not. His hands slipped nervelessly from his face and fell heavily at his side. The rocking chair ceased its vibrations. He was dead!

On account of the heat Edwin had left his door ajar, and when the Chinese attendant was passing next morning he saw what had happened and quickly spread the alarm. The friends of the deceased were horrified. Suicide. No, the doctors, without resorting to the horrors of a post mortem examination, agreed that it was a case of heart disease, and it was so passed.

The burial took place next day—the wedding day, and the remains were followed to their last resting place by the friends and relatives of the departed.

George Ray being the first that was summoned to the apartments of his brother, discovered his own little note to Angela on the carpet, and then he understood how the catastrophe had occurred. Knowing as he did the peculiar temperament of his brother and his susceptibility of powerful and uncontrolled emotion his face whitened when it occurred to him that through his pursuit of an affianced woman he had really been the cause of his brother's death. The evil, momentous dialogues, involving the first inquisition of murder on earth, rang in his ears:

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother?

And he said, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?

And He said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible] were miles from Portland there is a [illegible] little cottage in the mountains which [illegible] knights [illegible] the rod and gun used [illegible] entertainment during their summer rambles. With a change of ownership or for some other reason not widely known, it has fallen into neglect and decay and it is rarely now that the vagrant sportsman claims its hospitalities.

Once upon a time it was a popular rendezvous [illegible] a few [illegible] who are growing [illegible] and the [illegible] the thrifty housewife was not the least of the manifold attractions of the highland home. The road that leads to it is now rarely traveled and the younger generation of sportsmen know of it only by tradition, but the situation is charmingly picturesque and some day the old moss grown cottage in which many a fabulous yarn was spun [illegible] with the wholesome [illegible] will give place to the villa of some luxurious [illegible] of Maecenas.

On the 8th day of July, 188[illegible], just as the shadows of twilight were dropping a veil of mystery over the mountain [illegible] a young farmer drove up to the porch of this cottage in a light buck[illegible]. A single traveler, the prominent feature of whose attire were a long linen duster and a wide-brimmed felt hat, occupied the seat at his side.

Two young men sat on the porch smoking cigars, the delicious aroma of which pervaded the air.

"Have you room for one more guest?" queried the farmer as he assisted the man of [illegible] the vehicle [illegible]

"Yes, certainly," she answered pleasantly. "Alright, then here, [illegible] At [illegible] the farmer [illegible] his hand to the stranger, and [illegible] strong rough hand [illegible] [illegible] he [illegible] seemed to [illegible] He ascended the steps and [illegible] Mr. Foraker, [illegible] who had come to breathe the free mountain air for complete recovery. His valise and overcoat were brought from the wagon and the young farmer drove off [illegible]

[illegible]

Within a few days his health increased considerably, but the pallor did not leave his face. He was taciturn and restless, and it was noticed that when certain topics were discussed a cold, hard cynical look came into his brilliant blue eyes.

He was an enigma to Taunton and Gibson, and the former declared with a classic oath and an unusually sober face that the man was either haunted or a veritable ghost himself.

"I feel the presence of a cold, thin alien atmosphere whenever he comes near us!" exclaimed the bohemian.

"There is something weird and strange about the expression of his face," assented the broker; "but, perhaps, that is the effect of the siege of fever through which he says he has passed."

"May be, but then that awful moaning in his sleep!"

"Which may be attributed to a guilty conscience or a bad digestion," said the broker, and the subject was dropped.

At the end of two weeks Mr. Foraker came to the hostess one morning and, having paid his bill, requested her to send his valise to a certain address in town at the first opportunity, and set out alone to walk the distance.

The bohemian and the broker remained a little longer and then went their ways. Other visitors came and went through the summer, but nothing more was heard of the "pale man," as he was called, and so the weeks and months rolled by until the hazy days of autumn came and the woods were touched with crimson and dappled with gold.

Some time in October, while removing and rearranging the room in which Mr. Foraker had slept, a heavy chest of clothing was moved. Underneath it was found a little package of manuscript clearly written in pencil. The contents were of so singular and startling a nature that they were kept secret until recently, when the manuscript was handed to the present writer with permission to use it as he saw fit. Here it is:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"My slumbers had been long and my dreams magical, bewildering. I understood them then and everywhere was the bloom of beauty and the voice of love. Then there was a scene of constriction and pain, as if my free spirit was being crushed back into some narrow prison, and I knew that I was waking. I felt the cool breath of a breeze upon my brow, soft as the touch of a seraph's wing.

I opened my eyes at last and beheld a gloomy night sky with [illegible] of clouds sailing over the white-browed moon.

All was silent save the mild rustling of the breeze in summer foliage somewhere. I lay upon my back, and when I moved my hands they clutched fresh, damp earth.

I closed my eyes again and tried to think. It was a long while before I could remember my name or any part of my past history. Then gradually, like the spelling out of some cipher alphabet, it all came back. I remembered the moonlight ramble with Angela in her uncle's garden, and then—the note! A thousand curses upon the frailty of women and the treachery of men! But hush! There is madness, grid, shrieking madness in that note, and I must think—think slowly, clearly.

Was that yesterday? or a month? or a year ago? Perhaps it had driven me mad, and I had for a long time been ranging the world a lawless maniac! Perhaps Angela and I had really been married, and the disaster, whatever it was, happened afterward?

Then with a great effort I raised my head. The moon came out from behind a drift of clouds, and I saw something fearful to relate. Hundreds and hundreds of white-shrouded ghosts were standing round me and thronging the shrubbery beyond!

Then I closed my eyes again and sat for a long while, praying for reason and repeating my own name over and over again to fix my identity.

When I opened my eyes again I fixed my gaze on one particular white form, smaller than others just before me. Slowly my vision adjusted itself to the reality and the ghostly shape became a marble slab. The next instant I plainly read upon it the ominous legend,

IN MEMORIAM.

Great God! I was in the city of the dead! I was surrounded by a forest of pale headstones and glistening monuments. The breeze stirred again with a lonesome sigh, and the sad sickening odor of funeral flowers was borne to me from innumerable tombs.

I turned my head, and there at my side, so close that a single movement would have precipitated me into it, was the horrible abyss of an open grave. I was seated upon the fresh mound of earth that had been dug from it.

Then I noticed for the first time that my hands were clothed in white gloves. This led me to examine my person attentively. I was in evening dress, and in the moonlight that now prevailed I readily recognized my wedding suit. I put my hand to my head. It was bare. I looked down at my feet; they were shoeless.

"Merciful Heaven!" I murmured, "have I, in some maniac freak, prepared my own grave and laid down beside it to die?"

I arose and looked around me and recognized the cemetery in which I stood. Then my eyes turned again to the yawning grave at my feet. The moon, sailing high in the heavens, partially illumined its depths. Had it ever been occupied? I knelt on its brink and peered down. I could see the coffin. The lid had been [illegible] up [illegible] and I saw the white satin lining [illegible]

[illegible] the coffin was empty. I picked up a [illegible] artistically formed [illegible] flowers did [illegible] to funeral rites, and with difficulty clambered out of the trench.

Then I began to think. Had I lately reposed in that coffin as one dead? Had the cold earth been heaped upon me and the mourners gone their way? If so, how had I been exhumed [illegible]

Many people are buried alive every year, no doubt, and awake to suffocation and the frenzy of despair in their narrow prison. But how came I to be lying at the side of a rifled grave at midnight—alone?

While I was pondering this question an object lying by a grave-digger's spade a few feet from me attracted my attention and I stepped forward and picked it up. It was a white bonnet, something [illegible] I [illegible] had it my hand than a thought flashed into my mind!

[illegible]

I had been exhumed for commercial purposes and coming to life on the brink of the grave had frightened the guilty wretches away. The few [illegible] of which the cross was made had hardly begun to wither, so that I must have been buried the day before.

The unique and unparalleled horror of the situation rose before me. I had died apparently, and been consigned to the grave. My friends and relatives with more or less sorrow had bowed to the inevitable and bidden me good bye forever. Already the ranks had closed up and the gap was filled. The survivors were reconciled to the loss and had adjusted their thoughts and feelings and material interests to it. I could not return among the living without doing violence to the established order of things and outraging the sensibilities of all who knew me. I should stand and move among them an object of superstitious dread and terror to the end of my days. The cold, sinister shadow of the grave would never be lifted from my sorrowful brow. And Angela? It was not only doubtful of her that had invoked the catastrophe, but letting that pass, how could she take to her sensitive heart and gladly embrace a lover who had miraculously risen from the gloomy slumbers of the dead? No, it must not be. I should henceforth look upon life with the eyes of the [illegible] Edwin Ray should not reappear to disturb the living. The lot of him who had borne that name must henceforth be cast among strangers.

It was then apparently 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and the clouds were gathering again. With the exception of [illegible] my wealth was in money, a considerable sum, and that was locked up in my office safe. No one knew that I kept it there, and in all probability it had not yet been disturbed. The safe-key was, I knew, in its usual hiding place in the office, as I never carried it about my person. Unless some unexpected change had already taken place, I could climb into the office through the transom and secure the money and then leave the scene forever.

But how was I to get to the office with bare feet and escape detection should I chance to meet a policeman? I put the disreputable looking hat I had found on my head and began to walk slowly and hesitatingly towards the gate, carrying the flower cross tenderly beneath the bosom of my coat. As I passed the little lodge where the chart of the grounds and the sexton's tools are kept I saw an old pair of dirt-stained boots standing at the side of the door, evidently the sexton's working boots. They were old, coarse, and much too large for me, but I drew them on thankfully, inspiring my [illegible] tenderly inside of them and then, in [illegible] complete disguise, hurried [illegible] the [illegible] streets to my office. I was in more than [illegible] and alarm than [illegible] lying under [illegible] and every footfall seemed to wake a [illegible] [illegible] echoes.

But I was successful in reaching the office without meeting a single individual. Procuring an empty box from the wood room I got upon it and easily climbed through the transom. What a strange, horrible sense of unnatural intrusion and ghastly visitation came upon me as I stood in the room where I had spent so many hours of studious thought and happy reverie!

I found matches and lighted the lamp. Nothing had been disturbed. There lay the book I had last been reading, open at the very page where I left off. There was the last daily paper I had read—the one published the day before my death. I looked round the floor for the paper of the next day—the momentous day, but it was not there. The carrier had been too thoughtful to deliver a paper to a dead man.

I found the key of the safe in its customary place and secured my money and what private papers I wished to take with me. Then leaving things as I found them I climbed out through the transom and walked away. I wandered around in the suburbs until daylight and then sought lodgings in an obscure private boarding house and immediately went to bed, sleeping the entire day. I appeared at the supper table and was gratified to find that I was the only boarder. That night I went out and bought a suitable hat and shoes and change of linen. Then for an entire week I lay *perdu*, revolving in my mind the proper course to take. I could not fully decide to give up Angela and go out darkling into the world, a walking shadow.

I was sitting behind the curtain of the window of my room one afternoon when my attention was attracted to a dashing equipage just then coming up the street. Seated in an elegant carriage, drawn by a span of spirited bays, were—George and Angela! There was no trace of tears and sorrow on either of their faces and my heart seemed to be suddenly wrapped in a consuming flame of jealousy and despair. But the carriage rolled away and I was left staring stonily into the empty street.

There was nothing left me but revenge. That evening I dressed with unusual care, but was startled at the deadly pallor of my face as reflected in the glass. I waited till 9 o'clock, and then taking the faded flower-cross, wrapped in paper, went out into the night. The moon had not yet risen, and I ran little risk of being identified. Reaching the residence of Angela, I paused in the shadow of a maple and thought out a programme.

There was a light in the window, and I could well conjecture for whose dalliance it burned. Stealthily approaching the rear of the house, I tried the back door and found it locked. But a window was up, for the sake of ventilation, I suppose, as it was a sultry evening, and through that, with the assistance of a step-ladder I found under a cherry tree, I noiselessly clambered. Taking the precaution to unlock the door, I pulled off my boots and began to work my way through various rooms to the front. The main hallway was lighted and a door on the right side stood partially ajar disclosing a section of a commodious and richly furnished apartment.

I heard voices within—the voices of George and Angela, and their tones were low and loving. They were pitying me and consoling each other! "Ha!" I thought, "it is well that the dead can never return!"

I leaned and listened till my soul was full of bitterness, and then pushing the door gently, glided in and stood before them with the withered cross upheld and a hand outstretched with a menacing gesture. They were seated side by side, his arm was about her waist and her head was reposing upon his shoulder. They started apart, and no words can portray the awful horror of their faces.

"This, George," I whispered sepulchrally, "is your brotherly love, is your constancy and truth! I have come from the grave to denounce you and leave a curse upon your guilty love!"

Angela slipped from her chair in a dead swoon, and George sat staring, pallid, hideous in his supreme terror. It was enough. I knew that I had left the blight of an awful visitation on their lives, as I backed slowly out of the door and escaped the way I had entered.

After that I was prostrated by the reaction of the vital forces, and lay for two weeks in a delirium of fever. When I recovered I shaved off my whiskers, assumed a brown wig and came finally to this quiet retreat for rest and recuperation before going out into the wide world alone.

There is but one thing I cannot explain, and that is, how is it that the rifled grave was not discovered and an alarm raised.

My own opinion is that the sexton or one of his assistants had something to do with the affair and quietly filled the grave and destroyed all evidence of its disturbance at an early hour next morning."

Here the manuscript ended and in the years that have elapsed no further clew has come to light. While preserving the facts a gloom of uncertainty has been, for obvious reasons, thrown over the persons of the drama and the scene of its enactment, further than the general assertion that it was a city on the banks of the Willamette.



WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—A GOOD PANTS-MAKER AT THE [illegible] WOLFE'S [illegible]

WANTED—YOUNG MAN OF FAIR ADDRESS, who is not afraid of hard work. Apply at 130 First street, Room 6. 6]elm

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TWO FIRST CLASS MILKERS WISH STEADY employment. Inquire at the Swiss Restaurant [illegible]

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AGENTS WANTED. ADDRESS J. [illegible] Portland, Or. [illegible]

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20 M FEET DRY CLEAR CEDAR WANTED by the Portland Construction Co. 102 First st.

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MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT ON [illegible]

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LOST—A BROWN WATER SPANIEL [illegible] 10 [illegible] reward [illegible]

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FOR RENT—SUITES FURNISHED OR UNFURnished, for office or family use. Multnomah block.

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FOR RENT—OFFICE IN A VERY DESIRABLE location on Front st. Inquire of MOONEY, VALENTINE & GOLDSMITH. 1]ytf

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THE RAYMOND HOUSE, 305½ FIRST STREET, nearly opposite the St. George Hotel, fire-proof brick, the most elegantly furnished lodging house in Portland; rooms en suite or single. 12mltn

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FURNISHED COTTAGE TO RENT CHEAP; 5 rooms and bath. Apply 273 Salmon st. 4]y2

FOR RENT—FURNISHED HOUSE OF EIGHT rooms at 205 Twelfth st. 3]6

FOR RENT—A NICE 2-STORY HOUSE 7 ROOMS and bath, good location, rent reasonable. Address Q., care Oregonian. 4]y3

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FOR RENT—NEW COTTAGES OF 5 ROOMS & bath room in the southwest part of the city; rent reasonable to good tenants. Oregon Land, Building and Loan Society, corner First and Ash. 3e23tf

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH BOARD.

BOARD AND ROOM, OR DAY BOARD, AT MRS. Jordan's cor. Fourth and L sts., East Portland.

GOOD BOARD, WITH OR WITHOUT ROOMS, at 169 East Park, between Morrison and Yamhill. Good references. 3]im

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

$550 WILL BUY A SIX ROOMED HOUSE and a lot 50x100 on Macadam road. Address G. M. S. care Oregonian. 2]y4

ONE FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS OF LAND for sale on the instalment plan; near the city of Portland. For particulars call on or address HARRISON B. OATMAN, No 7 Stark street.

FOR SALE—ON ACCOUNT OF REMOVAL, A handsome half block of land in East Portland, with neat new house, ground nicely improved, price very reasonable, and terms easy. J. P. O. LOWNSDALE, Agent, 31 Stark st. Portland June 29, 1885.

FOR SALE—45 ACRES OF FINE LAND, 2½ miles from the city with 2100 bearing plum and prune trees of best varieties, all for $4500, small payment down and long time given to pay balance, purchaser will be allowed $500 for present fruit crop. P. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark st. 27]etf

FARMS FOR SALE CHEAP—540 ACRES, 8 miles from Silverton, Marion county, 35 acres under fence, most of the balance easily cleared, old burn house, stream with millsite, good neighborhood; large stock range, price $4 an acre.

20 acres in Happy Valley, Yamhill county, 6 miles west of McMinnville, 120 acres under cultivation, balance under fence for pasture, good house of 6 rooms and outbuildings, orchard etc., pleasant neighborhood, farming implements and crop go with the place for $4000, worth $5000.

66 acres on the Willamette opposite Salem, house of 5 rooms, 6 acres of fine orchard, rich bottom land, suitable for hops, perfect enclosure for stock, price, $1700. Apply to Oregon Land, Building and Loan Society, 40 First st. cor. Ash, Portland, Or. 12]tf

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—A SECOND-HAND FAMILY CARriage, all in good order, cheap. Inquire of C. P. BACON, Nineteenth and K. 4]y2

TO SELL OR TO EXCHANGE FOR LARGE horse, 1 span horses 6 years old. Inquire at A. FERRERA'S, 45 First st. 2]y7

BOATS FOR SALE—ONE 20 foot double scull out rigged, one 20 foot family pleasure boat 4½ foot beam, 17 in deep. At Ross Island Boat House. 30]e6

FOR SALE—FRENCH BURR MILL STONES, 4½ feet, old quarry, dressed and furrowed at very low prices. (5]elm) KNAPP BURRELL & CO.

RESIDENCE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON N. W. corner of First and Hooker, four lots 100 feet on First running back to Second with house and stable, for sale as a whole or in lots. Apply to BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., corner First and Vine sts. 9]tf

FOR SALE—TWO WRIGHT'S PATENT AUTOmatic steam engines, size 28x48, weight about [illegible], the finest engines ever brought to this coast. [illegible] and will be sold at a bargain. For [illegible] and price address "Eastern Machine Co." [illegible] 27]etf

BARGAINS IN BUGGIES AND SPRING WAGons, single and double-seated buggies, elegant two seat [illegible] phaeton, express or delivery wagons, spring wagons of all descriptions. For sale at very low prices by KNAPP BURRELL & CO., 83 and 85 Front st. 14]e

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MR. C. H. HENDERSON, CARPENTER, [illegible] at GARDNER BROS. 107 Morrison st.

PRIVATE FAMILIES, PICNICS, RESTAURants and Hotels supplied with Ice Cream at 153 Morrison street. 3]3

CAUTION—ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY [illegible] trusting my wife H. R. Everson has left my bed and [illegible] without cause or provocation, and I will pay no bills contracted by her. J. R. EVERSON.

NOTICE—ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the Steamer Gold Dust are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned at once at 100 Front st. Portland Or. 6]elm F. C. GODLIN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted by Eugene La Rocque. M. H. RALEIGH, Guardian of the estate of Eugene La Rocque. May 18 1885. 19]mtf

GRADUATES—PERSONS WISHING CUT flowers for graduates will find it to their advantage to order of Wallace on Nineteenth and O sts; choice flowers [illegible] I have arranged as many cut flowers as any person, and for the first people of this [illegible]. 4]y2

HOTEL KEEPERS—THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREpared to do hauling and all parcels or freight forwarded or entrusted to my care will be safely cared for and delivered at reasonable rates, also hay for bedding. J. J. HARDING, Ilwaco, W. T. 18]60t

TWO [illegible] A DAY FOR A MONTH AT THE [illegible] College will result in a great improvement [illegible] any hour in the day. $5 [illegible] Second and Salmon. W. S. JAMES, Principal. 1]tf

NOTICE—TO WAREHOUSE MEN & WHEAT men—A good warehouse in McMinnville for sale, two [illegible] cleaners, [illegible] horse power engine, a good [illegible] that will chop fifty bushels per hour. Cost $2000 will sell same for $800. E. B. FELLOWS, Prop'r, McMinnville, Or. 30]e5

DISSOLUTION—THE FIRM OF LIEBE HOELbing & Voss has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, D. W. Hoelbing and C. F. E. Voss retiring. All debts owing to the late firm are payable to Hoelbing & Voss. The business will be continued as heretofore by Theodore H. Liebe, who assumes all liabilities. THEO. H. LIEBE, D. W. HOELBING, C. F. E. VOSS. [illegible] 4]y6

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT [illegible] of the Board of Public Buildings Com[illegible] for the construction of fifty [illegible] or less at the Oregon State [illegible] The right is reserved to reject any [illegible] unmediately upon completion [illegible]

Z. F. MOODY, R. P. EARHART, EDWARD HIRSCH, Board of Commissioners. 2]y5

NOTICE — DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERship—To whom it may concern. Notice is hereby given that the firm of Richards, Werngren & Co. of [illegible] Oregon and Yaquina Bay is and has been [illegible] Werngren retiring, all persons are [illegible] the said firm. Werngren (Carl [illegible] business in his own [illegible] at which place any person [illegible] of Richards Werngren [illegible] against said [illegible] CARL WERNGREN (hereafter) of the firm of Richards, Werngren & Co. [illegible] July A. D. 1885 at Portland, Or.

EXECUTORS SALE—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Lewis county, Washington Territory, made on the 23d day of March 1885 in the matter of the estate of Horace Howe deceased, the undersigned, the executors of the said estate will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash gold coin of the [illegible] 15th day of July 1885 at the premises [illegible] all the right title interest [illegible] Horace Howe deceased at the [illegible] parcels of land, situate, [illegible] county of Lewis, Washington [illegible] Morgan Donation Land Claim [illegible] Railroad Company [illegible] Terms of sale are as follows, to wit: [illegible] six months time [illegible] mortgage on the lands sold [illegible] of the amount of [illegible]

J. T. PERRY, T. B. MITCHELL, E. P. McCLURE, Executors of the estate of Horace Howe, deceased.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1853. Portland, Or.

MINING MACHINERY.

PARKE & LACY, MILL, RAILWAY & MAchinists' supplies a specialty. 65 North Front st.

MERCHANDISE BROKERAGE.

FRANK WOOLSEY, COMMISSION AND MERchandise brokerage, cor. First and A, Portland.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1885.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

"Know thyself" is a maxim which has been much insisted on in all the ages since Socrates gave it to his disciples, and yet if the maxim has its value it also has its dangers. When cultivated disproportionately it often degenerates into a morbid habit of introspection that may make a sad countenance and heavy heart, but can give no wholesome activity or cheerful performance of duty. When we meet a person engrossed in searching out and fathoming the secrets of his own heart, probing his own mind, questioning his own motives, gauging his own powers, pronouncing upon his own excellence and defects, we may rest assured that his value to society will be comparatively small. He may be so lifted up with self-exaltation as to lose sight of the plain and homely duties that lie at his door, or he may be bowed down so low with the weight of sins and imperfections he finds there as to be unable to rise to that state of vigorous energy which all duty and all life demand. In either case if he remains thus engrossed he sacrifices his possible achievements and his usefulness to others at the shrine of self. It is far better to resign some of the self-knowledge thus obtained, to live a simple unconscious, straightforward life of duty, love and helpfulness, than to dwell in a selfish contemplation of our own natures, that withdraws us from and unfits us for the active duties and realities of life.

At the same time, however, there is a careless and wilful ignorance of self, which is equally detrimental to a worthy life, by preventing the good that might be done and fostering evils which ought to be swept away. Some there are who persist in underrating their own abilities, and who, in consequence, never undertake their true work in life. Their friends may urge them forward, opportunities may call them forth, but they are too distrustful of their own powers, too timid and shrinking, too ignorant of themselves to step forward into the arena where they would become valuable. Others err in an opposite direction. Estimating their powers far above their real limits they insist on undertaking what is beyond their ability to carry out, neglecting the simpler occupations which lie at their door in which they would have done good work. Many a capable mechanic has been thus sacrificed to make an incapable lawyer, many a good farmer lost to the world in a futile effort to make a rich merchant, many a valuable private citizen spoiled to swell the ranks of disappointed and useless politicians. A fair degree of self-knowledge would prevent such waste of power as both these classes occasion.

Doubtless a large amount of influence is exerted which is and ever must be unconscious. Our characters, our tone of thought, our moral standards, our opinions, tastes and feelings, are constantly influencing those with whom we are thrown, in a way we cannot see. It is certainly a most cogent reason to every conscientious person for self improvement. Yet, besides this unconscious influence always emanating from us, there is also a large amount of influence for which we are more directly responsible and of which we ought to be fully conscious. Much of the sorrow and pain, the ill-feeling and resentment, and even the moral deterioration, which afflict and injure men and women are caused by influences brought to bear upon them by others who are willfully and unpardonably ignorant of what they are about. One person is habitually irritable, another passionate and unjust, another critical and fault finding, another jealous and suspicious. Such people are continually giving pain to their friends, stirring up evil thoughts and feelings and making others morally worse for their presence. Yet they protest their utter ignorance of these faults and surprise at the results. Such lack of self knowledge as this is most culpable. No one may innocently declare that he "did not know" that the course he took was thus destructive of the peace or happiness or virtue of another. It is the duty of all to find this out.

After all, it is selfishness that lies at the root of both extremes. The morbid contemplation and analysis of self, to the exclusion of active duty, and the willful ignorance of self which carelessly inflicts harm and misery upon others, are both products of an ungenerous egotism. True benevolence and true humanity will take us out of ourselves to live for higher and nobler things, and will equally bring us back to consider ourselves when that is necessary to purify our influence and to make it a blessing to the world.

A RATIONAL EFFORT.

The "National League for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic" is a non-partisan and non-sectarian organization. Its president is Rev Daniel Dorchester, D. D., of Boston. Started in that city on the 1st January last, it is extending its organization through the eastern states. In dealing with the liquor traffic and its evils it proposes a rational course, in strong contrast with the delusion known as political or party prohibition. Temperance work to be effective must be directed at the source of the evil of intemperance, which is the demand for drink. As moral reforms depend ordinarily upon the intelligent convictions of the people, it is the purpose of this league to create and intensify public sentiment against the use of liquors, by the press, the pulpit, the platform, the school, by social effort, by judicious legislation and by all the agencies that can be brought to bear in favor of reform.

From this statement it will be apparent that the league dissents [illegible] dress [illegible] are stated. He shows that such [illegible] lessly and hopelessly [illegible] cause by keeping it in the [illegible] of popular irritation and bitter prejudices, awakens antipathy toward it when it would otherwise receive favor, alienates many who otherwise would be its friends, and thus prevents progress. The temperance cause is primarily a moral reform. It has become a widely accepted principle that public morals, depending as they do chiefly upon the intelligent convictions and voluntary action of individuals, rather than upon extraneous appliances, should not be [illegible] into partisan contests and antagonisms. Here it is urged that to call [illegible] from practical work of reform to suspend [illegible] moral and social culture, to cease the leavening work of instruction, to neglect the [illegible] public sentiment, as many have done and to concentrate energies in party contests, is a serious betrayal of a great moral trust. To transfer a reform, in which the chief work must be done with the individual and in the local community to a [illegible] and complicate it with uncertain [illegible] issues and the fortunes of political [illegible] intended by some, is trifling with [illegible] perilling the home, the neighborhood [illegible] state. The magnifying of legislation [illegible] means of relief from intemperance [illegible] evil result of such a cause [illegible] already too widely spread—[illegible] law—most fatal to moral improvement [illegible] real security of society. Again, a political temperance party splits the temperance army into two divisions, having different plans [illegible] and these conflict the one with the other, neutralizing their power. It is clear that if the liquor traffic is to be suppressed, the great mass of voters in the two great parties will be needed. But can they win by antagonizing them upon other issues in their interest as great, and perhaps paramount?

The fact is not to be overlooked that though the prohibition party has been in existence in some states well nigh twenty years, and though it is sixteen years since the first national prohibition convention assembled, not a single law has ever been secured through a third party movement [illegible] the progress [illegible] made in temperance legislation has been made without partisan actions.

The effort of the non-partisan league, based on the principles thus briefly stated, ought to do much toward putting the movement for temperance reform on rational grounds. Concentration of effort on political prohibition, supported by a third party, is among the most futile of endeavors. It is setting back temperance reform rather than advancing it.

REDUCTION OF THE POLICE FORCE.

Unquestionably the police force of the city is larger than it should be. The times are quiet and peaceful and the maintenance of a large police force is a useless expense. A proposition made at the last council meeting to dismiss one captain and seven policemen is a proper and timely measure, and we hope it will pass at the meeting. But care should be taken that the right men be dismissed, and particularly that the right men be retained. Our police has been made up largely during the last administration and naturally enough some very poor material has been worked into it. We intend no unkindness to the majority of the policemen in saying that there are some very sorry scrubs on the force. It is not too much to say that there are a few of these who [illegible] by association, affiliation and natural selection to the criminal classes, and not to the honest, decent, well behaved class from which police officers should be chosen. If the mayor had been a proper man they would never have been appointed. It is not necessary to name these men. The public knows them. Chief of Police Parrish knows them, and The Oregonian knows them and if they are retained they will be still more widely known. If the authority of dismissal is put into the hands of Chief of Police Parrish he must make the selections best for the service and not in the interest of the ring. We believe he will do what is right, but we intend, nevertheless, to keep a close lookout after the matter.

The public has, we believe, full confidence in the purposes of the incoming administration. Mayor Gates and the new council desire, unquestionably, to do the right thing. They must go slow and make no mistakes. They must fully understand this matter in its personal as well as in its economic phases before they take action.

There is a rapidly growing sentiment in the minds of intelligent people throughout the world in favor of cremation of the dead instead of the present means of burial. This feeling has acquired an additional impetus by the recent utterances of Revs. T. W. Talmage and Heber Newton in advocacy of the same. The latter gentleman declares he will never again officiate at a funeral ceremony where the body of the dead is submitted to burial, in the usual manner. Coupled with repugnance to the thought of committing the forms of those near and dear to the inevitable processes of decay is the knowledge that the germs of disease are thereby engendered to an extent little understood or thought of by most persons. Direct contact with the earth would to a certain extent do away with this latter objection, but even then the shock to the sensibilities would remain. By cremation the expense would be largely lessened, a fruitful source of disease would be eradicated, and much of the mockery that now attends on funerals would have no cause for existence. The rites paid to the memory of the dead would suffer no diminution in sentiment by the knowledge that the processes of nature had been assisted in transmuting the material body into its original elements. The weight of all scientific and medical authority is irresistibly in favor of the reform in the disposition of the dead and the arguments of utility sanitation and even decency must soon prove more powerful than the sentiment of the present system.

It is asserted by the *Standard* that the appointment filled as mail agent was secured by "leading republicans of Douglas county." Is this so? Who are the republicans that thus [illegible] themselves to get democrats appointed to public positions, and particularly democrats who are unfit to hold them. The *Standard's* statement is probably unfounded. Freed's father-in-law, who is said to have "worked up" the appointment, is no more a republican than he is a democrat. No doubt he touches politics sometimes, but it is for revenue only. If Freed hadn't been a democrat he wouldn't have been appointed, that's certain, and the displacement of a man who did his work modestly and efficiently to make room for him because he is a democrat, must continue to set down as one of the achievements of the reform.

A very graceful testimonial to the worth of American colleges has been made by Professor Tyndall, the English scientist, in the form of a gift of $10,000 each to Harvard university, Columbia college and the University of Pennsylvania. These donations come from the proceeds of lectures delivered in America by that gentleman in 1872-3, and are to be applied to the support of one or more American pupils who shall show special aptitude for scientific research, and an inclination for devoting his or her life to its study. The intention of the donor is to give a few students an opportunity of making original investigations into that department of learning of which he is a distinguished representative. Coming from a foreigner the gift is a peculiarly graceful one.

The order issued by Postmaster General Vilas prohibiting loafing in fourth class post offices is about as absurd as anything this administration has done. It shows clearly enough that Vilas has never visited any cross-roads offices in the backwoods, where the post office is generally run in connection with a country store, and where the old farmers gather in to swap remedies for foot rot in sheep and compare the dimensions of their steers, and talk about the short crop of wheat over on Soap creek or in the Forks of the Santiam. Vilas should extend his quarantine [illegible] the uses of our [illegible] institution.

The New York *Sun* asks: "Would it not make a sensation if the Hon. Roscoe Conkling should appear in the next Democratic state convention of New York?" [illegible]. It would, [illegible] for Mr Conkling has not, even in his retirement from politics, shown the least interest in Democratic success and, in answer to the report that he was an intimate acquaintance and social supporter of President Cleveland, he says he never saw the man in his life, and has no interest in him whatever. Mr Conkling further says he did not help the republicans in the last campaign, because he was never invited.

[illegible] Forbes it is said wants to [illegible] ted [illegible] The [illegible] party of the city cannot afford [illegible] everything, but there is too much reason to [illegible] that [illegible] forward at the [illegible] in the past have [illegible] to say [illegible]

The small party of policemen who were on [illegible] went out to the White [illegible] grain [illegible] their return [illegible] [illegible] the reform [illegible]

If [illegible] had been [illegible] lost in [illegible] Whitney [illegible] have been [illegible] capital [illegible] went up to Boston and in an address before a democratic club, lauded [illegible] of the state of Massachusetts.

Professor Goldwin Smith, the English scholar and historian, in his address at Cornell university said: "How long England will last no one knows. Her drum beat encircling the world is a boast. She has less than half the soldiers of Russia, and it may be possible that she cannot hold her 250,000,000 subjects on the other side of the globe under hands for a great while. Whatever may happen to England, she has had her history."

The reason for Mr. Bayless Hanna's transfer to the Argentine Republic has been discovered by a Boston paper. The salary of the ambassador to Teheran is $5000; that of the one to Buenos Ayres is $7500.

THE WATER QUESTION.

The New Works of the Portland Water Company at Palatine Hill.

Some Facts and Figures in Regard to the Water Supply and the Purity Thereof.

So much has been said and written of late about water works and Portland water supply that an Oregonian reporter thought he would go out and see what had been done in this matter by the Portland Water Company at their new works at Palatine Hill, six miles above the city. It is a very pleasant drive out to the place and a view of the buildings and machinery will well repay any one for a visit. The company owns a tract of 30 acres which extends from the summit of the hill above the road where their reservoirs are located down to the river bank. This has been cleared off and will eventually be laid off in terraces and beautified with trees and flowering shrubs. The first thing seen in approaching the works is a handsome star-shaped chimney 110 feet in height towering above them. From the road a winding path leads down to the river bank, where the buildings are located. The first reached is the coal shed, which has a capacity of 1,000 tons. The coal is brought alongside in scows and by means of an engine and elevator raised 65 feet and dumped into the shed. Adjoining this is the boiler room, 50x60 feet, containing two batteries, each containing three steel boilers 16 feet in length and 54 inches in diameter, each boiler containing 70 tubes 3½ inches in diameter, furnishing 400 horse-power. The ashes from these boilers are run through an iron chute into a scow and are carried away.

The boilers were designed by H. [illegible] consulting engineer of the company and with all their appurtenances are of the most approved pattern and finish.

The engine house is the next place to be visited. It is 40x50 feet and two stories in height. It sets in a niche 30 feet in depth, cut into the rock bluff which forms the river bank. This niche is lined with walls of brick and cement, of which all the buildings are constructed, the front of the lower story rising above high water mark, arching outward to afford greater strength in resisting the immense pressure against it. The whole of the buildings are constructed in the most substantial manner and look as if they would last for centuries. In the engine room are two huge pumping engines, either of which can raise 5,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. Either is capable of supplying all the water needed for the ordinary use of a city of 100,000 inhabitants. The pumps are twenty-two inches in diameter and three feet stroke. They are known as the Worthington compound duplex pumping engines, and each pump is furnished with two high pressure engines with 24-inch cylinders, and two low pressure engines with [illegible] inch cylinders, and three feet stroke.

These ponderous engines are of handsome design and finish. The cylinders and valve chests are covered with [illegible] and cased in black walnut bound with brass. They are arranged so that they can be run separately, and every bit of machinery about the works is in [illegible] to prevent delay in case of accident.

The water is forced through a [illegible] main which under pressure will convey it the reservoir 300 [illegible] feet and 150 feet deep, with a capacity of [illegible] gallons as fast as the [illegible] city.

In preparing the sites for the works [illegible] yards of earth cutting was necessary and [illegible] yards of rock cutting. To complete the improvements of the grounds [illegible] yards of earth will have to be removed.

Two large suction pipes go down outside the front of the engine house. They are forty-two feet in length and stand in a well connected with a tunnel cut in the solid rock, which runs far out under the river, which is at this point about fifty feet deep, the end of the tunnel opening about midway between the top and bottom so that the water pumped is free from all sediment or any floating impurities.

The buildings are handsomely finished in front with ornamental projections and present a very striking appearance from the river.

A short distance south of the works is a handsome double cottage for the residences of the two engineers and their families. From the grounds to King [illegible] a fine view of the river, the town of Sellwood and the south of Portland.

The works have so great a capacity that the reporter was led to inquire of Mr. Bloomfield why they were constructed on such an extensive scale.

He stated that the city had increased beyond the capacity of the old works and the company in the latter part of 1882 decided to commence the construction of new works of the most permanent character, and of a capacity to furnish an ample supply for a population of 150,000 inhabitants, with provision for a further extension of the works to double that capacity.

As the proposed construction involved a large expenditure of money, a quiet but exhaustive examination of the various sources available for the supply of the city was instituted, and after a careful examination it was decided to locate the new works at this point. What were the reasons which decided them to select this point? The reasons for this decision were, first, the superior quality of Willamette river water as verified by analyses and second, the reliability of the supply, reducing the risk of any interruption of the supply to a minimum.

Do you think the water of this river is as pure as that furnished from springs, and how does it compare with the water furnished other cities?

A very natural but erroneous impression prevails regarding the purity of river water which a few plain facts will correct. Evidences of pollution on the banks of rivers from which a city derives its water supply is anything but an agreeable sight, and to those who only look at it superficially would be pronounced unfit for domestic uses, while the same persons would drink with relish the water from a farm house well surrounded by house drainage, privies, stables and barnyards. Such water is simply the filtration of all these impurities by rain water and retained in a water bearing strata from which it is raised. The filtration through the soil and being impregnated with earthy or mineral salts gives it a clear appearance and pleasant taste, but it is the rankest poison. An eminent English chemist reports that out of [illegible] samples sent him for analysis from wells in country towns he was obliged to reject [illegible] as unfit for drinking. Another states that most of the well water he has examined is more fit for fertilizing purposes than for human consumption.

The Willamette river from its source to the falls at Oregon city is mainly shoal and rapid, with a natural filter bed of gravel. Below the falls to a point some distance below the new works the river is deep and rapid, confined most of the distance between precipitous rocky bluffs.

By careful measurement of the Willamette river above the falls at Oregon City the daily flow at zero was found to be 2,851,200 United States gallons. At 11 deg above zero [illegible] [illegible] United States [illegible]

The Schuylkill river from which Philadelphia derives its main water supply, has only a minimum summer flow of 1,40,000,000 gallons daily or about 1-17 of the minimum flow of the Willamette at Oregon City, not taking into account the large volume of the Clackamas, which empties into the Willamette about four miles above the works, and [illegible] the flow of the Willamette [illegible] above [illegible] Portland.

The drainage area of the Schuylkill above the point from which the supply is taken contains a population of nearly 400,000, mostly [illegible] manufacturers, embracing iron works, cotton and woolen mills, print, dye and chemical works, and all their filthies which go to make it a great manufacturing district.

It will be seen that to equally contaminate the Willamette river water with the Schuylkill would require a population above the company's present source of supply of 5,000,000.

With the added volume of the Clackamas this [illegible] would be increased to about [illegible].

The summer flow of the river Thames is about [illegible] gallons daily and from which about half the city of London is supplied being pumped from the river above the city. This drainage area of the Thames above the [illegible] contain a population of over 1,000,000. The Willamette river at Oregon City having a minimum flow of over eighty times the volume of the Thames it would require a population of 8,000,000 above the company's present source of supply to give it the same degree of contamination, all conditions being equal, but, in most thickly populated countries strict laws are enacted and [illegible] against discharging contaminating matter into rivers from which cities and towns are dependent for their water supply."

"What do you consider would constitute the best source of water supply for a city?"

"A source of supply from a fresh water lake surrounded by granite hills, void of soil or vegetation, unfit for cultivation or habitation would be the perfection of a water supply, but few if any cities have been able to avail themselves of such a water supply.

"When neither rivers nor lakes are available resort is had to impounding reservoirs by damming valleys, retaining the winter rains or melting snow for the yearly supply. Such waters, especially during the summer and fall months when the reservoirs become low and stagnant are unhealthy and disagreeable.

"From what sources is the water supply of cities chiefly derived?"

"The main sources of water supply for cities are from rivers, and with the strict laws guarding them against pollution more or less necessarily finds its way into them, but, fortunately nature has provided a means for eliminating these impurities—organic impurities having a less specific gravity than water float on the surface where by the action of [illegible] and light are [illegible] winds.

[illegible]

Is it true, [illegible]

[illegible] chemical analysts in Europe, [illegible] have tried it a very [illegible] sewage when mixed with twenty times the volume of running water [illegible] distance of [illegible] twelve miles is absolutely destroyed."

JUSTICE TO PORTLAND

The Walla Walla *Journal*, in the following article, does justice to Portland:

It is not the present purpose to refer to the details of incidental growth and business of the commercial metropolis of the Pacific northwest, but to the mutual relations that subsist between that center and the tributary country and to the sentiments that animate the intelligent and sagacious business men of that city in relation thereto. The suggestion that is frequently heard, of expecting [illegible] commercial metropolis through [illegible] of the [illegible] is [illegible] No prudent man will set himself down to do business within a community of paupers, and no commercial emporium will spring up except where there are thrifty and prosperous people.

The Portland board of trade appreciates, as vividly as men can appreciate, that the addition of 10 or 15 cents on the bushel to the selling price of wheat will vastly stimulate production in the inland empire and to bring about a condition so desirable, not only to themselves but to the people upon whose prosperity their business existence depends, is earnestly working and inviting the co-operation of every recipro[illegible] interest for the improvement of the Columbia. It is a work this association of business men feel must be accomplished. The people of the inland empire can rely implicitly on their cooperation to bring this matter to the favorable attention of congress.

It is a mistaken idea, too, that Portland railroad influence is in favor of discriminating rates, while the eastern stockholders would make of our transportation lines benevolent monopolies but for the malign influence of wicked partners out west. The truth is, that the reduction of $1 per ton on wheat last year was made by the Portland directors, in opposition to the wishes of the eastern directors, and that Portland influence is now in favor of a further reduction and unanimously in favor of putting flour on the same footing [illegible] with wheat. The eastern idea is to earn dividends, the western idea to increase value [illegible] liberal [illegible] development.

The community of interest between transportation lines and the people they serve and between business centers and the tributary country is fully realized by our Portland neighbors. The spirit that built up Chicago of reaching [illegible] to every point that gave any promise of [illegible] business prosperity, with no attempt [illegible] exact conditions or enforce [illegible] that came as a voluntary recognition of [illegible] is the spirit [illegible] to take the deepest interest in [illegible] of the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest [illegible] inhabitants in the Valley of the Columbia [illegible] city with [illegible]

These are not the sentiments that have most sedulously been instilled into the Walla Walla mind, but it is best for people to understand one another and recognize the honesty of purpose of each other. It is safe to assume that every human being is working to advance his own natural interest, and it is reasonable to assume that corporations and communities exercise the same prudence practiced by the intelligent farmer, who does not cultivate his land for all there is in it, without reference to the exhaustion of the soil, or the business man, who does not conduct business on a basis that every transaction is to be the last, without any reference to future customers. The development of this region of prosperity of its people are desired, not only by the commercial center that expects to thrive from our business, but the transportation companies that serve us—the increased acreage of production, the greater profit that is left with producers by an increase of price on what they have to sell the growth of manufactories and the general diversification and expansion of business. Under healthy business conditions, men come and go, repair greater volume of supplies of all kinds, and the [illegible] of business increase profits. Portland would not suffer if Walla Walla [illegible] common point with her in the transaction of railroad business, she would not shrink in population if that of Walla Walla should be doubled. The attributed policy of an effort to build up by tearing down is purely imaginary. Portland is vastly interested in the prosperity of the tributary country and her sagacious business men are sensible of this fact.

MEETING NOTICE.

Regular Meeting Multnomah Typographical Union [illegible] 30 P. M. [illegible] FRANK C. LAKEN, President [illegible] Secretary pro tem.

LATEST STYLES of Domestic Patterns, Portland Hair Emporium, 103 Fourth st.

JULY STYLES of Butterick's Patterns at Wass Hair Store 84 Yamhill street.

NEW TO-DAY.

MONEY TO LOAN $100 TO $1000 ON [illegible] 10 Stark st.

MONEY TO LOAN $1000 TO LOAN FOR [illegible] CLAYTON [illegible]

A NEW DEPARTURE—I HAVE MADE [illegible]

RESIDENCE PROPERTY [illegible] CLAYTON [illegible]

$2000 TO LOAN ON [illegible]

WIDOW WISHES POSITION AS HOUSEKEEPER [illegible]

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF HONOR [illegible] at Hill's Hall [illegible]

MANY NEW STYLES [illegible] MRS. [illegible] BUCK [illegible]

W[illegible]

I[illegible] SWISS CHEESE [illegible]

WANTED [illegible]

LODGING HOUSE FOR SALE [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED [illegible]

BOARDING HOUSE FOR SALE [illegible]

CITY VIEW PARK!

Sunday, July 5th.

BOHEMIAN QUARTETTE

[illegible]

Steamer SALEM leaves Morrison street wharf at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock. Other steamers leave Taylor street wharf every half hour during the day, to and from, for the convenience of the public.

Brass and String Band under the leadership of Prof. H. C. Ray.

FARE, from Portland to Park and return, including admission, 50 Cts.

NEW TO-DAY.

[illegible]

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU!

Read it Very Carefully, and Do Not Forget the Date Specified for the Opening of

A TRULY WONDERFUL ENTERPRISE.

[illegible]

Grand Opening

WILL TAKE PLACE

ONE WEEK FROM TOMORROW

Monday, July 13.

[illegible]

OUR GREAT FEATURE

[illegible] LOW PRICES [illegible]

BROAD GAUGE AND DOUBLE TRACK

THIS WEEK

[illegible]

READ THESE WONDERFUL PRICES

BOYS' HATS.

[illegible]

GENTS' HATS.

[illegible]

Our Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Departments show Great Reductions.

[illegible]

87 and 89 First St.

86 and 88 Second St.

NORTHROP & STURGIS,

PROPRIETORS

Portland Soda Works!

MANUFACTURE THE BEST Soda Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, etc.

No Marble Dust used. no Glucose used for Syrups. Closest inspection invited.

[illegible] MEDICINAL AND TABLE WATERS. APOLLINARIS [illegible] HUNYADI SELTZER, etc.

NORTHROP & STURGIS,

[illegible] 95 Oak st., cor. Fifth Portland Or.

T. W. BAILES & CO. PRINTERS, 110 Front st., formerly D. C. Ireland & Co. Best Printing at Lowest Rates.

AMUSEMENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW MARKET THEATER.

TONIGHT Sunday July 5

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

THE SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY

MATINEE PRICES

[illegible]

EXCURSION AND BASKET PICNIC

—TO—

La Camas and Vancouver,

[illegible] Church

[illegible]

STEAMER FLEETWOOD and BARGE [illegible]

[illegible] Tickets 50c. Children under 12 25c [illegible]

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

—OF—

RESTAURANT FURNITURE

[illegible] No. 69 Yamhill st.

ON MONDAY, JULY 6, 1885,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

[illegible] Fittings of Restaurant [illegible] Large Refrigerator, French Range, Kitchen Utensils, Castor Crockery, [illegible] Dining Tables, [illegible] Chandeliers, Chairs, etc. etc. [illegible] of Plants and Flowers.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

ASSIGNEE'S AUCTION SALE

OF THE ENTIRE

FURNITURE & FITTINGS OF THE

BURTON HOUSE.

[illegible]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1885,

At 10 o'clock A. M.

The Furniture of the BURTON HOUSE, situated on the N. E. corner of North Third and Fifth, comprising in part the Furniture, Carpets, Bed Ding, Pillows, Blankets, Sheets, Mirrors, Mattresses, Toilet Sets, etc., for about One Hundred Rooms. Also, Office Furniture—Counter Desk, Clock etc. Also, Parlor Furniture. Also, Diningroom Furniture, etc. ALSO COACH, HORSES AND HARNESS.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

INTERESTING TO ALL!

HOSIERY.

We will offer this week special inducements in our hosiery department, and feel confident that this simple announcement will be all that is required to "crowd" our Hosiery counter.

There is but a limited quantity of about 75 dozen Children's Hose at 5 cents a pair, and of the 500 dozen Ladies' "Full Fashioned" Hose, at 20 cents a pair, we have only 85 dozen left. All other lines are equally limited. Patrons of the house therefore should not delay their purchases.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

—IN—

Gauze, Gossamer & Balbriggan.

High Neck, Long Sleeves.

High Neck, Short Sleeves.

Low Neck, Short Sleeves,

FOR CHILDREN, LADIES AND GENTS.

—AT—

35c, 50c, 65c and 75c.

Economical purchasers, please take note.

S. Lipman & Co.

½, ⅝, ¾ inch

—THE—

[illegible]

Made in Sheffield England

Ground in Frankfort Germany!

Endorsed by all Barbers.

Every One Fully Warranted.

RETAIL PRICE $2.50

Marked on Each Box.

[illegible] ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY [illegible]

THE PHŒNIX RAZOR

[illegible] HOLLOW [illegible]

It has No Superior.

[illegible]

SOLE AGENTS.

52 and 54 Front street, Portland, Or.

Carpets,

Lace Curtains, Portiers.

We have resolved, in order to meet the times, to reduce prices on all our goods to the very

Lowest Eastern Standard.

We keep the Choicest Designs & Colorings.

WALTER BROS.

85 FIRST ST.

KELLY, DUNNE & CO.

Manufacturers Importers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes,

AND BRUSHES.

42 Front st., Portland, Or.

AGENTS

Phœnix Oil Works, [illegible]

Skidegate Oil Works, [illegible]

Pacific White Lead Works [illegible]

Berry Bros. Varnishes, [illegible]

Cary, Ogden & Parkers' Mixed Paints, [illegible]

John W Masurys & Son Colors, [illegible]

P. A. ICE CO.

Office, 63 Front st. - - Telephone 19[illegible].

Works 170 [illegible] sts. Telephone 219.

ICE DELIVERED TO ANY PART [illegible] at the following at [illegible]

[illegible]

KOHN,

[illegible]

Clothier and Hatter

WILL REOPEN AUGUST [illegible] IN MULKEY'S new building

33 and 35 MORRISON ST.,

Corner Second one block back of the old stand. I will leave for New York city, June 1st to manufacture my entire stock and will also have a first-class MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT, and I am determined to give the public better fitting clothing than ever and at living prices. Cordially thanking my many patrons and friends for past favors and soliciting their future kind consideration, I am very respectfully, ARTHUR KOHN, 33 and 35 Morrison st.

BANKS.

Bank of British Columbia.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....[illegible]

Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London.

Branches—Portland, San Francisco, Victoria [illegible]

This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made, Bills Discounted, Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on [illegible] certificate. FRED'K TOWNSEND, [illegible]

D. P. THOMPSON, President. F. DEKUM, Vice Pres't. R. L. [illegible], Cashier.

The Portland Savings Bank

OF PORTLAND, OR.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Transacts a general Banking Business. [illegible] accounts subject to check, and sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco and all principal points in the Northwest.

Directors: D. P. Thompson, Frank Dekum, E. S. Kearney, S. Hirsch, J. W. Brazee, E. J. Jeffery, R. M. Wade, Geo. H. Durham, [illegible]

Union Block, cor. Second and Stark Sts.

Willamette Savings Bank

OF PORTLAND, OR.

TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.

SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York.

MAKES COLLECTIONS in favorable terms.

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Directors: President, James Steel, Vice President, W. [illegible]; Cashier, I. A. Macrum; J. Loewenberg, J. Cook, H. L. Hoyt, J. F. Watson, J. K. Gill, L. [illegible]

NO RISK.

PORTLAND MORTGAGES

7 and 8 per cent GUARANTEED.

NEGOTIATED FOR LENDERS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Is solicited, and every information and facility for examination will be furnished by applying to WILLIAM REID, President.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON

Mortgage Savings Bank

51 First street, Portland, Or.

Rates of Interest on Deposits.

Three months 4 per cent.

Six months, 5 "

Nine months, 5½ "

One Year 6 "

LOANED ON MORTGAGES

$7,357,803 in 10½ Years.

THE

PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK.

TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.

SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York.

MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

Metropolitan Savings Bank

N. E. Cor. First and Stark sts, Portland, Or.

Transacts a General Banking Business; allows interest on deposits as follows:

On 3 months certificates 4 per cent.

On 6 months certificates 5 per cent.

On 12 months certificates 6 per cent.

Directors: W. W. Thayer, [illegible] Bogue, Van B. DeLashmutt, H. W. Scott, R. W. Mcouster, J. E. Smith, Ira F. Powers, G. H. [illegible], R. Williams.

Ladd & Tilton, Bankers,

Transact a General Banking Business.

INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits.

COLLECTIONS made at all points on favorable terms.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia.

EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hongkong.

First National Bank

OF PORTLAND.

President .... HENRY FAILING

Vice President .... H. W. CORBETT

Cashier .... G. E. WITHINGTON

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

SIGHT and SIXTY-DAY BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hongkong.

COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

London and San Francisco Bank,

LIMITED.

Capital and Reserve........[illegible]

Head Office, 22 Old Broad st., London.

This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business, makes loans, discounts bills, and issues commercial and travelers' credits, available in any city in the world.

Portland Branch, 48 First St.

W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

INSURANCE.

THE OREGON

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO.

OF PORTLAND OR.

J. W. FECHHEIMER........President

H. W. CORBETT........Vice President

EDWARD HALL........Secretary

AGENCY

London Assurance Corporation of London, Eng.

Established A. D. 1720.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE—31 STARK ST.

THE THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital $2,000,000

Reserve fund, (in addition)........ [illegible]

Deposit in Oregon $10,000

Agency in Portland at No. 5 First street.

PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

Union Insurance Company

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital - - - - $750,000

BRANCH OFFICE FOR OREGON, North side Stark bet. Front & First, Portland.

JAMES E. REED, Agent.

MARKETS.

A. H. JOHNSON,

CENTRAL MARKET,

Wholesale Butcher and Packer.

Special attention paid to supplying ships.

Highest cash price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

PACIFIC MARKET.

A. M. SPAULDING. THOS. PAPWORTH.

SPAULDING & PAPWORTH,

BUTCHERS AND PACKERS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS,

Corner Third and Ash Streets.

O'SHEA BROS.,

Wholesale Butchers & Packers

And Retail Dealers in all kinds of Meats.

Special attention given to supplying ships.

Stalls 22, 23 and 24 Central Market, Portland.

THE TACOMA.

Tacoma, W. T.

Reduced Rates—$3.00 per Day.

[illegible] per week for stay of two weeks or more.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES.

Professor Kroll's famous San Francisco Orchestra engaged for the season. Address

W. D. TYLER, Manager.

The Bishop Scott Grammar School.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. The eighth year under its present management begins Sept. 1. Boys of any age or degree of advancement admitted. Boys fitted for college or business. Three Yale graduates among the teachers. Special attention in penmanship, drawing, music and modern languages. Discipline strict. No bad boys admitted. For catalogue and circular or any information address J. W. HILL, M. D., Head Master, P. O. Drawer 17, Portland, Or.

Sick headache, habitual constipation, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in mouth, etc., entirely cured by [illegible]

[illegible] ABOUT PORTLAND.

[illegible] Farewell performance [illegible] The Shadows of a Great City tonight at matinee prices. [illegible] Atlantic express arrives [illegible]

The young gentlemen who lost their [illegible]

[illegible] yesterday was [illegible]

[illegible] the Northern Pacific [illegible] building [illegible]

Mr. E. [illegible] arrived here yesterday in their [illegible] well known [illegible] the publication.

Frank Richel had the primer doing yesterday [illegible] corner Third [illegible] a drinking fountain at which hundreds quenched their thirst.

On the occasion of Mike Goldstein's benefit Friday evening, Suppe's charming [illegible] "The Lovely Galatea" will be presented. Jennie Winston made quite a hit in this [illegible] Baltimore.

The Oregonian made arrangements for [illegible] of the Portland's base ball game at [illegible] and the Stars at Dallas, but both missed connection [illegible] some way or another. Probably both [illegible] clubs were beaten and desired to suppress [illegible] news as long as possible.

THE TARGET SHOOT

Military target shooting for the prizes [illegible] by the Fourth of July committee will take [illegible] today morning at 10 o'clock, at the [illegible] City View park. Ammunition will be [illegible] at the grounds by the judges of the [illegible] steamer will leave Taylor street at 9 o'clock.

SLIGHT FIRE.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon fire was discovered on the roof of the Jewish synagogue [illegible] adjoining Trinity church. An alarm [illegible] telephoned in from the U. C. R. T. Co.'s station [illegible] which was quickly responded to by the [illegible]. The blaze was extinguished [illegible]. Damage nominal. That no serious [illegible] occurred yesterday through the incessant discharge of fireworks and the dry weather [illegible] matter of congratulation.

COMING MARRIAGE.

Some time during the present month [illegible] Roberts, daughter of Mr. Andrew [illegible] the well known merchant, will be married [illegible] Mr. Philip S. Malcolm of London, England. The ceremony will take place in New York [illegible] which city Mr. Roberts and his daughter will leave to-morrow. After the marriage [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm will leave for [illegible] and after a residence there of about a [illegible] intend coming to Portland to live.

POWDER BURNED.

About 9 o'clock yesterday morning W[illegible] [illegible] a boy who lives with his uncle [illegible] near First and Jefferson, was playing with a companion, near the cricket ground [illegible] a can of black powder. The companion [illegible] off the powder while Willie was [illegible] to it, and the result was that his face [illegible] burned. The lad was taken to [illegible] hospital where examination showed [illegible] his eyes were not permanently injured.

BURGLARIES.

Night before last burglars entered the [illegible] of G. W. Staver, No. 233 Ninth street, [illegible] succeeded in getting some ten or twelve dollars [illegible] silver, which they found in Mr Staver's [illegible]. It is supposed the thieves must have found it easy to gain an entrance, as some member of the family had kindly left the latch-key [illegible] door upon entering.

Charles E. Bray's residence was entered [illegible] burglars a few nights since, and $20 was stolen [illegible] his pantaloons.

IT WAS A BALLOON.

About 9:30 last evening as the crowd was [illegible] the display of fireworks, a bright [illegible] was seen in the direction of Mt. Hood [illegible] attracted general attention and was supposed [illegible] to be the red fire which was to be burned [illegible] that peak about that time. "Look at [illegible]" was the cry. But after a moment [illegible] seen that the light was in motion, and [illegible] remarked that Mt. Hood did not move [illegible] said it was the moon, and others that [illegible] a balloon. The latter were probably [illegible] but just where the illuminated wind bag [illegible] from is not known.

ACCIDENT AT LA CAMAS.

Ely Fitzpatrick, finisher in the paper mill [illegible] badly burned by an explosion of powder [illegible] yesterday morning while engaged in firing [illegible] with anvils. The right hand, which [illegible] the powder, is horribly disfigured, and [illegible] mass of blisters, while the face [illegible] and burned. The injured man, in the [illegible] of fearful agony, got aboard the Traveler [illegible] Captain Buchanan made the best of speed [illegible] Vancouver, where the aid of the post-surgeon [illegible]. H. T. Elbon was also severely [illegible] about the hands but escaped lightly [illegible] with Fitzpatrick.

HE WOULD PROBABLY FEEL BAD

If the man who invented gunpowder had [illegible] to look from the place to which his invention [illegible] sent so many millions in a sudden manner, down upon this great and glorious country [illegible] have been surprised and pleased to see [illegible] what extent his compound of villainous saltpetre was used in celebrating the glorious [illegible]. It takes more powder now to celebrate independence than it did to achieve independence. It is probable that before long dynamite will be utilized in celebrating the day, and we shall have more power with less powder.

"SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY."

Notwithstanding the opposition of rousing [illegible] three operatic favorites last week [illegible] Shadows of a Great City" drew good houses [illegible] nights. The matinee yesterday was [illegible] to the orchestra rail. After all, the [illegible] of "The Shadows" is not so much in the [illegible] itself as in its superb mounting and fine [illegible] mechanical effects, and particularly in the excellent character acting of Messrs. Osborne, [illegible] and Morrison and Miss Ada Deaves. To accommodate a large number who wish to [illegible] the play and did not wait to miss the first [illegible] last night, a special farewell performance will be given this evening at regular [illegible] prices. The company leave Monday [illegible] to go over the Montana circuit, thence [illegible] San Francisco via Ogden.

AT CITY VIEW PARK.

This afternoon the managers of City View [illegible] offer nothing in the way of sports, but an entertainment particularly suited to families. The newly organized Bohemian quartette, in connection with Miss Marie Stanley and Miss [illegible] will give a concert in the pavilion. The quartette is composed of the following well known singers: Harry Gates, first [illegible], Frank [illegible], second tenor, Frank [illegible] first bass, John H. Mack second bass. Following the concert, Miss May Arnes, a pupil of Professor Deniston, will make an ascension [illegible] "City of Portland," the balloon which was [illegible] been used by Professor Deniston in his [illegible] ascension yesterday. The steamer Salem leaves Morrison street at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock for the park [illegible] admission [illegible] including steamboat fare [illegible] fifty cents.

[illegible] PLEASANT FOR SOME

[illegible] was oppressive yesterday, but after [illegible] rather heightened the enjoyment of those [illegible] sat in shady places and watched others [illegible] in the procession pull boats on the river [illegible] those carriages or run, jump, throw heavy [illegible] and sticks and telegraph pole "cabers" [illegible] games. The large number of events and [illegible] made the celebration a particularly [illegible] affair to reporters, who were obliged [illegible] several places at once and needed [illegible] as [illegible] Briareus, and who when [illegible] one else was keeping off the effects of [illegible] [illegible] and get together [illegible] delightful [illegible] account of the [illegible] while Morpheus was [illegible] their eyelids and the boom [illegible] thousand [illegible] through their [illegible] ah for the glorious Fourth.

NO BALLOON ASCENSION

The mammoth new balloon, the "City of [illegible]" about which so much has been said [illegible] from which so much was expected, proved [illegible] miserable failure. No fewer than [illegible] people had gathered at the old rink block [illegible] and the furnace not the slightest preparation [illegible] had been made for the ascension, and the [illegible] was dismissed with the announcement [illegible] would positively take place [illegible] returned before that hour [illegible] to increase, and no small [illegible] 8 o'clock, but the balloon [illegible] early to their disappointment [illegible] as the ascension was regarded as the [illegible] of the day. Just who is to blame [illegible] entirely clear to The Oregonian, because [illegible] does not know [illegible]

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BANKS.

Bank of British Columbia. Incorporated by Royal Charter. Paid-up Capital and Reserve ... $2,000,000. Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London. Branches Portland, San Francisco, Victoria. This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made. Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check, also on special certificate. FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

THOMPSON, President. | F. DEKUM, Vice Pres't. | R. L. DURHAM, Cashier.

The Portland Savings Bank OF PORTLAND, OR. PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS. Transacts a general Banking Business. Receives Accounts subject to check and sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco and all principal points in the Northwest. Directors: Thompson, J. W. Brazee, M. S. Burrell, Dekum, E. J. Jeffery, W. Y. Spencer, Kearney, R. M. Wade, W. K. Smith, Geo. H. Durham. Union Block cor. Second and Stark Sts.

Willamette Savings Bank OF PORTLAND, OR. TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. ACCOUNTS kept subject to check. BILLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York. MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms. PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS. Directors: President, James Steel; Vice President, W. C. Johnson; Cashier, J. A. Macrum; J. Loewenberg, J. W. ... H. L. Hoyt, J. F. Watson, J. K. Gill, L. Fleischner.

NO RISK. **PORTLAND MORTGAGES,** 7 and 8 per cent GUARANTEED. NEGOTIATED FOR LENDERS. CORRESPONDENCE solicited, and every information and facility for examination will be furnished by applying to WILLIAM REID, President.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON Mortgage Savings Bank 51 First street, Portland, Or. Rates of Interest on Deposits, Three months 4 per cent, Six months 5, Nine months 5½, One Year 6. LOANED ON MORTGAGES $7,357,603 in 10½ Years.

THE PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK. TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. ACCOUNTS kept subject to check. BILLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York. MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms. LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

Metropolitan Savings Bank S. E. Cor. First and Stark Sts, Portland, Or. Transacts a General Bank Business. Allows interest on deposits as follows: On 3 months certificates 4 per cent. On 6 months certificates 5 per cent. On 12 months certificates 6 per cent. Directors: [illegible]

Ladd & Tilton, Bankers, Transact a General Banking Business. INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits. COLLECTIONS made at all points on favorable terms. LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States. SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hongkong.

First National Bank OF PORTLAND. President, HENRY FAILING; Vice President, H. W. CORBETT; Cashier, G. E. WITHINGTON. LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States. SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. SIGHT and SIXTY DAY BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hongkong. COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

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[illegible] School [illegible]. For catalogue and circulars address [illegible] M. D., Head Master, Portland, Or.

Headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, entirely cured by the use of [illegible] BLOOD PURIFIER. PFUNDER'S KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.

AROUND PORTLAND.

[illegible] Stevens' Lecture [illegible].

[illegible] performance of "The Shadows" [illegible] to-night, at matinee prices.

[illegible] time of overland trains to-day: Pa[illegible] express arrives 10.30. Atlantic ex[illegible].

[illegible] gentlemen who lost the[illegible] Friday night can have [illegible] the police station and [illegible].

[illegible] prettiest decoration yesterday [illegible] colored [illegible] and a small [illegible].

[illegible] after Monday [illegible] the [illegible] office of the Northern [illegible] the Kamm building, corner [illegible].

[illegible] E. V. Smalley and staff of the [illegible] arrived here yesterday [illegible]. Mr. T. F. Kane, [illegible] manager of the [illegible].

[illegible] highest [illegible] the proper [illegible] outside of his [illegible] streets a drinking fountain [illegible] which hundreds quenched their thirst.

[illegible] occasion of Mike Goldstein's benefit [illegible] evening, Suppe's charming [illegible] "The Lovely Galatea" will be presented. [illegible] Winston made quite a hit in this [illegible].

THE OREGONIAN made arrangements for [illegible] the Portland base ball game at Seattle [illegible] at Dallas, but both missed [illegible] one way or another. Probably both [illegible] were beaten and desired to sup[illegible] as long as possible.

THE TARGET SHOOT.

[illegible] target shooting for the prizes [illegible] Fourth of July committee will take [illegible] morning at 10 o'clock, at the range [illegible] City View park. Ammunition will be [illegible] the grounds by the judges of the match. [illegible] will leave Taylor street at 9 o'clock.

SLIGHT FIRE.

[illegible] o'clock yesterday afternoon fire [illegible] on the roof of the Jewish synagogue, [illegible] Trinity church. An alarm was [illegible] in from the U. C. R. T. Co.'s station, [illegible] quickly responded to by the H[illegible]. The blaze was extinguished [illegible]. Damage nominal. That no serious [illegible] occurred yesterday through the increased [illegible] of fireworks and the dry weather is [illegible] of congratulation.

COMING MARRIAGE.

[illegible] during the present month [illegible] Roberts, daughter of Mr. Andrew Roberts, the well known merchant, will be married [illegible] Philip S. Malcolm of London, England. [illegible] ceremony will take place in New York city, [illegible] city Mr. Roberts and his daughter [illegible] to-morrow. After the marriage ceremony [illegible] and Mrs. Malcolm will leave for London [illegible] after a residence there of about a year [illegible] coming to Portland to live.

POWDER BURNED.

[illegible] o'clock yesterday morning Willie [illegible] a boy who lives with his uncle Mr. [illegible] corner First and Jefferson, was playing [illegible] companion, near the cricket grounds, [illegible] of black powder. The companion [illegible] of the powder while Willie was [illegible] and the result was that his face was [illegible] burned. The lad was taken to Good Samaritan hospital, where examination showed [illegible] eyes were not permanently injured.

BURGLARIES.

[illegible] before last burglars entered the residence of G. W. Staver, No. 233 Ninth street, and [illegible] in getting some ten or twelve dollars [illegible], which they found in Mr. Staver's [illegible]. It is supposed the thieves must have [illegible] to gain an entrance, as some member of the family had kindly left the latch key [illegible] door upon entering. Mrs. E. Bray's residence was entered [illegible] a few nights since, and $20 was stolen [illegible] pantaloons.

IT WAS A BALLOON.

[illegible] 9:30 last evening as the crowd were [illegible] the display of fireworks, a bright [illegible] was seen in the direction of Mt. Hood [illegible] attracted general attention and was supposed to be the red fire which was to be burned [illegible] peak about that time. "Look at Mt. [illegible]" was the cry. But after a moment it [illegible] that the light was in motion, and it [illegible] that Mt. Hood did not move [illegible] it was the moon, and others that it [illegible] balloon. The latter were probably correct, [illegible] where the illuminated wind bag [illegible] not known.

ACCIDENT AT LA CAMAS.

[illegible] Fitzpatrick, finisher in the paper mill, [illegible] burned by an explosion of powder [illegible] morning while engaged in firing [illegible] anvils. The right hand, which [illegible] powder, is horribly disfigured, and a [illegible] mass of blisters, while the face is [illegible] burned. The injured man, in the [illegible] agony, got aboard the Traveler [illegible] Buchanan made the best of speed [illegible], where the aid of the post-surgeon [illegible]. H. T. Elbon was also severely [illegible] the hands but escaped lightly as [illegible] with Fitzpatrick.

HE WOULD PROBABLY FEEL BAD.

[illegible] man who invented gunpowder had left [illegible] from the place to which his invention [illegible] so many millions in a sudden man[illegible] upon this great and glorious country [illegible] have been surprised and pleased to see [illegible] his compound of villainous saltpetre [illegible] used in celebrating the glorious [illegible] takes more powder now to celebrate [illegible] than it did to achieve independence. It is probable that before long dynamite [illegible] be utilized in celebrating the day, and [illegible] shall have more power with less powder.

"SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY."

[illegible] standing the opposition of rousing [illegible] three operatic favorites last week, [illegible] of a Great City" drew good houses [illegible] nights. The matinee yesterday was [illegible] to the orchestra rail. After all, the [illegible] "The Shadows" is not so much in the [illegible] as in its superb mounting and fine [illegible] effects, and particularly in the [illegible] character acting of Messrs. Osborne, [illegible] and Morrison and Miss Ada Dewes. [illegible] accommodate a large number who wish to [illegible] play, and did not wait to miss the fireworks [illegible] night, a special farewell performance will be given this evening at regular [illegible] prices. The company leave Monday [illegible] go over the Montana circuit, thence [illegible] Francisco via Ogden.

AT CITY VIEW PARK.

[illegible] afternoon the managers of City View [illegible] nothing in the way of sports, but [illegible] concert particularly suited to families. [illegible] newly organized Bohemian quartette, in [illegible] with Miss Marie Stanley and Miss [illegible], will give a concert in the pavilion. [illegible] quartette is composed of the following [illegible] known singers: Harry Gates, first [illegible]; Frank Valerga, second tenor; Frank [illegible] base; John H. Mack, second [illegible]. [illegible] the concert, Miss May Ames, a pupil [illegible] Denniston, will make an ascension [illegible] "City of Portland," the balloon which was [illegible] used by Professor Denniston in his [illegible] yesterday. The steamer Salem leaves [illegible] street at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock for the [illegible]. Admission including steamboat fare 25 [illegible] cents.

PLEASANT FOR SOME.

[illegible] was oppressive yesterday, but [illegible] the heightened the enjoyment of those [illegible] shady places and watched others [illegible] the procession, pull boats in the river, [illegible] carriages, or run, jump, throw heavy [illegible] and stones and telegraph pole "cabers" [illegible]. The large number of events and [illegible] territory over which they were [illegible] made the celebration a particularly [illegible] affair to reporters, who were obliged [illegible] several places at once and needed [illegible] as old Briareus, and who, when [illegible] else was sleeping off the effects of [illegible] "pleasure" had to [illegible] and getting their [illegible] a connected account of the [illegible] eventful business while Morpheus was [illegible] down their heavy eyelids and the boom [illegible] descent bombs echoed through their [illegible] ears. Hurrah for the glorious Fourth!

NO FAILURE IN ASCENSION.

[illegible] mammoth new balloon the "City of [illegible]" about which so much has been said, [illegible] which so much was expected, proved [illegible] mortifying failure. No fewer than [illegible] had assembled at the [illegible] block [illegible]. Beyond the complete [illegible] of the air [illegible] the furnace, not the slightest preparation [illegible] been made for the ascension, and the [illegible] was dismissed with the announcement [illegible] could positively take place [illegible] returned before that hour, [illegible] to increase, and no small [illegible] 8 o'clock, but the bal[illegible] early to their disappointment. [illegible] ascension was regarded as the [illegible] of the day. Just who is to blame [illegible] clear to THE OREGONIAN, be[illegible] not know what arrange[illegible].

[illegible] was made between the [illegible] the [illegible] a [illegible] paid [illegible]. When the hour announced for [illegible] arrived, not a particle of tackle [illegible] pared. Mr. D. M. Dunne of the celebration committee, "rustled" around and, after great exertion, secured the services of Mr. [illegible] stevedore. By four o'clock, two masts had been raised and a line run between them to support the balloon during the process of inflation. It was reported that not one [illegible] fifteen minutes would be required to fill the aerial monster. Finally that important part of the proceedings began, but the balloon did not fill, and after hanging around until nearly dark the ascension was given up as a bad job. In listening some sort of contract with the committee, but it is hardly possible that he will receive a cent. Who paid for the balloon and how and whose property is it now, and does Deniston's "manager" get anything out of the fiasco, and will the committee be able to get even with the aeronaut, and was the committee partially to blame, and won't somebody please come forward and state positively who meant "burning up" for having disappointed 10,000 or more people. And we ought to be thankful that this thing comes only once a year.

SIGNALING TO MOUNT HOOD.

At 8 o'clock yesterday a party assembled in the cupola of the custom house to see if any signals could be obtained from the party who were booked to be near the summit of Mount Hood. A telescope and several powerful binoculars were provided, and the snowy sides of the mountain were scanned for any signs of the party. Several flashes from the mirror they carried were seen, and just as the clocks were striking 12, two flashes were seen. The party had agreed to signal at that time and it may be considered certain that they made the ascent. Of course, without the proper appliances it would be impossible to send or receive any message, as the least movement of the mirror on the mountain would cause the reflection reaching here to diverge miles from the spot intended for it to reach. Signals were flashed back from the cupola, and it will be interesting to know if they reached the party on the mountain. It is to be hoped that the red fire on the mountain was seen at Hood River or the Dalles, although clouds prevented it being seen here.

ADDITIONAL SPORTS TO ASTORIA AND SEASIDE.

The O. R. & N. Co. is bound to afford every body an opportunity to go to either Astoria, Clatsop beach or Ilwaco, and will put the R. R. Thompson into the service this week. She will leave Ash street every Tuesday and Thursday morning until further notice at 8:30 A. M., allowing passengers to reach all of the above points the same afternoon. These trips are in addition to the popular Saturday trip, leaving at 10 A. M. She will return from Astoria at 12 noon on Wednesday and Friday after making connection with the coaches from Clatsop beach and Ilwaco. The Wide West and S. G. Reed will continue to run, leaving Portland and Astoria alternate mornings at 6 A. M. They will also run to Fort Clatsop every trip for the accommodation of passengers to and from Seaside, Clatsop beach. People down the O. R. & N. and on the rail division of the O. R. & N. by the new time card, can connect with the Thompson on Saturdays, as she will touch at East Portland for their accommodation about 10:15 A. M. People from the Sound can also make connection at Kalama, and altogether the seaside resorts should receive a decided boom from these greatly improved facilities.

LIVELY FIGHT WITH TRAMPS.

Last night, about [illegible] o'clock, three tramps went to Freeman's coffee house on Oak street and demanded a meal each. They were refused by Jim Hervey, the head waiter, whereupon they became very turbulent and threatened to wipe the floor with Hervey. They attacked him, but he hit his muscle up and knocked down two of them, the third striking him from the rear. At this juncture Mr. Freeman came to the rescue, and the third man ran. Policeman Eaton caught him at Front and Stark and landed him in the city jail. Hervey started with one of the trio to police headquarters, and when half way there was attacked by three more tramps who came to the rescue. C. H. Wilcox started in to help Hervey out, but the four were too much for them, and the first tramp got away. He was subsequently arrested by Policeman Hart.

This is a new gang of scoundrels and as bad a breed as often infest a city. All are strong, saucy, lazy and vicious. They always go in squads, because they [illegible] with fly to travel alone. Yesterday they "worked" the approach to Stark street ferry, and made themselves very offensive to unprotected women. Here's a word of advice to these strangers who are probably unfamiliar with our wild western ways. Get. The people of Portland don't want you, and they won't have you, and if you persist in hanging around you may be "Seattle-ized," which means that you may be hung by the neck till you are dead. Don't stand on the order of going, but go at once.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Captain D. R. Fales died at his residence on Lake river, Washington territory, July 4, 1885.

This simple announcement will cause many, especially of old residents to pause and drop a tear of regret.

Captain Fales was born in Rockland, Maine, February 10, 1807. From that land of ships and seamen he went to sea, commencing life before the mast, but pluck, industry and ability soon promoted him to be captain, in which capacity he followed the sea for a time. He then ran as engineer and captain on the Mississippi river for a number of years, then turned his attention to railroading in the south for some years, in all with marked success. But in 1846 he commenced farming, and that he followed the [illegible] ince of his life.

In 1852 he turned his face toward the west, and with that noble band of pioneers who crossed the plains that year he came to Oregon. He first settled in Portland for a time. In 1857 he settled on the hill overlooking the Columbia river, on the banks of Lake river, where he has since resided. Here he made himself a beautiful home, where was [illegible] ways open and welcome to all who came. No man in the community will be more missed by those who needed assistance than will Captain Fales. His deeds of charity were constant and to him the needy never applied in vain. [illegible] Captain Fales was married fifty years [illegible] to Sarah Ann Palmer, who for half a century has walked hand in hand with him, through light and shade [illegible] and who now mourns the loss [illegible]. He leaves two children [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. E. R. Siegert, surviving him.

Early in life Captain Fales joined the Masonic order, and remained [illegible] to its tenets and teachings [illegible]. Mordy [illegible] mystic [illegible] portal of [illegible] grand [illegible] resurrection.

His life was a vigorous and active one. [illegible] he was confined to his [illegible] what at first seemed to be [illegible] but from what [illegible] and now [illegible] fully passed away.

He had held various positions of trust [illegible] all of them he was honest and true. As a husband and father he was gentle and kind; as a neighbor he was charitable and [illegible] in every relation of life he was [illegible] good and honest man.

[illegible]

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

[illegible]

[illegible] Captain [illegible] Mr. [illegible].

[illegible]

Carriages and Buggies. [illegible] Telephone No. 20.

For the Best Photographs in the city go to Abell & Son, 29 Washington street. Take the elevator.

Send your prescriptions to Plummer & Byerley, First and Main, and have them accurately compounded.

Waukegan Boat House, south side Stark st.

THE FOURTH.

How the Nation's Natal Day Was Celebrated Yesterday.

PARADE, ORATION AND SPORTS.

A Warm Cloudless Day and Great Outpouring of Citizens. Record of the Various Contests on Land and Water.

The 109th anniversary of the nation's birth occurred yesterday, and was celebrated in Portland with eclat. Following is a detailed account of the day's events.

THE PROCESSION.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the procession formed in accordance with the order laid down in the published programmes. Three police officers walked some distance in front of the procession and cleared the streets. The order of the procession was as follows: First, a squad of sixteen policemen on foot, marching eight abreast; the Portland band, under the direction of J. H. Brenner, twelve pieces; the Oregon state militia, in the following order: Washington Guards, Co. A, Horatio Cooke captain; Co. D, of East Portland, J. M. Mooney captain; Co. B, Emmet Guards, John O'Neill captain, and last, though by no means least, Co. F, O. S. Summers in command. The Portland Light Battery, one of the most impressive features of the procession, came next, each of the brass cannon being drawn by six large, handsome horses. Following marched veterans of the G. A. R., after which came the ship of state, filled with gaily dressed children and drawn by four horses. Following the ship came the Longshoremen and Riggers' union, headed by an elegant silk banner. Next came the carriages. The first was occupied by Judge Matthew Deady, orator of the day; Rev. G. W. Chandler, who offered prayer at the plaza; Major J. H. Northup and Charles H. Dodd, Esq., chairman of the celebration committee. In the second carriage were Mayor Chapman and mayor elect Gates. In the carriage following were Messrs. Sears, Andrus, Scoggins and Gerdes, members of the city council, and in the next carriage rode R. B. Curry, city clerk and auditor, and George I. Curry, assistant city auditor. Messrs. [illegible] Turnbaull, F. K. Arnold of the G. A. R. rode in the carriage following, after whom came Dr. W. V. Coffin, superintendent of the Indian school at Salem, accompanied by his father, Dr. Samuel D. Coffin of Lawrence, Kansas, and two small boys from the Indian school. By far the handsomest feature of the procession was the liberty car which came next. In the central [illegible] portion of the car sat Miss Emma Watkins, who in a handsome [illegible] of liberty, and all around the car sat little girls each holding a flag with the name of a state printed on it. The dresses of the ladies and the ornamenting of the car served to make it decidedly attractive. This car was escorted by eighty cadets from the Indian school. Their marching was very creditable and received much favorable comment. They were followed by the second division of the Portland band, consisting of twelve pieces. The entire fire department of this city came next. The engines and hose carts were all handsomely decorated with evergreens, flowers, bunting, ribbons and robes, and presented on the whole a bright appearance. Following the Portland department came Pioneer Hose Company No. 1 of East Portland. The appearance of the fire department as a whole and singly was very creditable.

With each engine there was an engineer, driver and seven extra men, and with the hose companies besides the foreman and driver were six men.

Following the fire department came a squad [illegible] of troopers under the command of Captain P. Maloney. This body of troopers completed the procession.

Good order was preserved all along the line of march, and as the sprinkling carts had been running all night, the streets were but little dusty. To those having charge of the celebration is due much credit for the manner in which they performed their duty. Special thanks are due Mr. C. E. S. Wood, the grand marshal, for time and labor spent in preparing for the varied features of the procession. The long procession was viewed with evident satisfaction by thousands of citizens and visitors to whom it recalled more vividly than anything seen here for the last two years the grand celebration [illegible] completion of the N. P. R. R.

AT THE GRAND STAND.

After passing over the route of march as published, the van of the procession headed for the plaza in front of the court house on Fourth street. Soon after the procession was in motion crowds of men, women and children started for the grand stand where the oration, literary and musical exercises of the day were to take place, and long before the procession reached its destination thousands of persons had congregated on and about the plaza blocks and the open space in front of the court house. Scattered here and there at short intervals over the plaza blocks were huckster shops where soda water, cider and various other cooling beverages, and also refreshments were vended. About these stands hundreds of heated, thirsty and hungry people gathered eating, drinking and chattering, and many, to pass the intervening time, strolled around the blocks, or promenaded under the pleasant shade of the numerous trees.

At 11:10 sharp, the advance division of the procession reached the grand stand on the way up Fourth street, amid the crash of brass music and the cheers of the assembled crowd. Before the stand the entire procession marched in defile to review, and after reaching Madison street turned down that thoroughfare, and from thence proceeded in regular order to their respective halls, engine houses, and places of meeting, where the companies dispersed. [illegible] passing, the carriages containing the orator, president of the day, reader of the declaration, municipal officers, invited guests, etc., were driven one side out of the line of march and halted until all had passed. These carriages were then driven in front of the grand stand in Fourth street, and those seated in them alowed to alight. President of the day, Major J. H. Dodd [illegible] these persons escorted [illegible] the steps until taking seats on the large platform. The speakers' stand was some eighteen feet square and about fourteen feet high. It was erected directly in front of the [illegible] centre of the court house block, facing Fourth street, and extended [illegible].

The cortege moving [illegible] the president, Judge Matthew P. Deady, orator; [illegible] J. H. Dodd, president of the day; [illegible] H. Northup, reader of the declaration, [illegible] Rev. G. W. Chandler, [illegible] Mr. Joseph [illegible]. [illegible] Woods [illegible].

[illegible] regular announced exercises could begin [illegible] the procession with the sidewalk, and extending [illegible] nearly a hundred feet north of the grand stand were several rows of seats situated just [illegible] the court house railing. [illegible] were called to find it [illegible] immediately [illegible].

A few minutes before [illegible] o'clock [illegible] immense [illegible] the opening of the [illegible].

The first [illegible] played [illegible] Hail Columbia [illegible].

Rev. George W. Chandler, pastor of the [illegible] church, [illegible] invocation of the day was [illegible].

The [illegible] "Star Spangled Banner" [illegible] Miss [illegible] sung the [illegible] with such a dash and [illegible].

Mr. H. H. Northup was then introduced and read the Declaration. This instrument [illegible] was delivered in [illegible] and with splendid elocutionary effect. Every word was uttered in a ringing voice, and enunciated with a clearness that enabled the thousands assembled to catch every syllable. At the [illegible] of the reading Mr. Northup was duly and deservedly applauded.

Following the Declaration [illegible] rendered by Prof. [illegible] and with excellent effect.

Judge Matthew P. Deady was then introduced by President Dodd and delivered the following:

ORATION.

[illegible]

[illegible] two years ago, the prophetic eye of [illegible] American adventurer, William Overton of Tennessee, saw here, as he paddled his canoe along the placid Wallamet, the promise of a future commercial emporium.

Moved by this vision, he stepped ashore and took possession of the place where now stands the city of Portland, busy with the varied trade and commerce of the surrounding country, far and near.

Then this grand and beautiful panorama of plain, mountain and river, forest and field, that greets and charms the eye from every point of view, was practically unknown and unoccupied save by the squalid Indian, living in grovelling ignorance and superstition, with no higher aim or purpose than to satisfy the animal wants and appetites that were common to him and the beasts of the field.

[illegible]

Here, where only a third of a century since, a few enterprising young men were gathered on the bank of the river in log huts and [illegible] ing the limited business of the monthly San Francisco steamer with the some river wagon and whisky steamboat of the Wallamet valley, the compact and well built metropolis of the North Pacific has risen and covered the long slope between the shore and the summit of the encircling hills, with elegant and comfortable residences, churches, courts, hospitals, schools, libraries, stores, workshops, factories and all the exterior evidences of a cultivated and prosperous community.

Here, where within twenty five years, there was only a weekly mail via California, and not half even a foreign sail, is the terminus of two transcontinental and other railways and a port frequented by the vessels of all nations, to and from which come and go, continually, lines of commodious and elegant river and ocean steamers.

And now, the flood tide of immigration is coming in, and these once distant shores begin to feel [illegible].

[illegible]

The causes which led to the settlement of the original thirteen colonies and their declaration of Independence of Great Britain, which we commemorate here to-day, have their origin far back in the history of Europe.

By the fourteenth century, Europe was awakened from the long sleep or rather incubation of the middle ages, and the next four centuries were among the most eventful in the world's history.

The discovery of gunpowder in the 14th century was itself enough to have revolutionized the world. By this means the mode of warfare was changed from the sword and lance of the mailed knight to the firelock of the common soldier, and the battle was no longer to the strong but to the many.

The discovery of printing in the 15th century unlocked the learning of the few and made it common knowledge. Then followed the revival of learning and the reformation. Thought was made comparatively free, and communities and the people learned to sit in judgment on the past, question its dogmas and teachings, and think and act for themselves.

And now, in the controversies, persecutions and wars which this conflict of ideas and opinions engendered, began to shake the foundations of society, the new world was providentially discovered, where the weaker party found a refuge and liberty of thought and action, and the enthusiast and adventurer a field for his [illegible] and Utopia.

During the 150 years, immediately prior to the declaration of independence, this Europe in ferment then overflowed the country occupied by the old Thirteen colonies, and filled their borders with cavaliers, churchmen, Catholics, Puritans, Baptists, Quakers and Methodists from England, the Scotch Covenanter and Jacobite, the Irish Presbyterian, the German Moravian, the Dutch Lutheran, the French Huguenot and others that by dissatisfaction, all anxious to escape from the restraints and limitations of the society of the old world and begin anew.

Some of these people settled in themselves [illegible] where their ideas of civil and religious polity had free play, and made a lasting mark on the succeeding state. Others, less numerous, formed neighborhoods or localities in the same [illegible] where the conflict and attrition necessarily resulting from their management of their common affairs, did much to drain and rub off their peculiarities and produce similarity or assimilation.

During the 25 years that have elapsed since the wave of immigration from Europe first broke on the eastern coast of the continent, the progress of population has steadily followed the course of the sun, across the Alleghanies, up the Mississippi, over the Rocky mountains and down to the shore of the Pacific. Here this European wave seems to have spent its force and reached its limit, to be confronted with a counter wave from Asia, with what result we [illegible] cannot [illegible].

The progress of immigration upon and across this continent has not been caused by the mere enlargement or growth of an original settlement, so as to constitute a solid and continuous empire from ocean to ocean, but rather by the successive formation and growth of distinct, though kindred communities, the younger being an outgrowth of the elder. Substantially, these communities spoke the English language and governed themselves as best they could after the parliamentary method of the mother country—by a deliberative body representing the whole people—and according to the traditions of the common law. Among the last additions to this aggregation of communities and union of states is the pioneer of the Pacific—the great state of Oregon. It was originally formed by the voluntary and independent immigration of families and individuals from the older communities on the Atlantic slope, while yet the territory was in the occupation of and claimed by Great Britain.

May we not say—

[illegible]

Notwithstanding the separate and independent existence of the earlier of those American communities there was from the beginning a tendency to federation and union. The origin of this tendency, which with favoring circumstances afterwards produced the national constitution and government, was the common origin, speech, law, polity and tradition of the greater number of the colonists, together with a certain degree of proximity, convenience and similarity of interest. Still in those days when time and space were not yet annihilated by steam and electricity, when a journey from New York to Charleston or Boston occupied much more time and was attended with far greater hardships and inconvenience than one between New York and Portland now, it is not probable that the colonies would have readily consented to the establishment of any central authority among them. There were so [illegible] points of difference and discord among them, growing out of differences in locality and interests, besides those which as Cavaliers, Puritans, Dutch and Huguenots they inherited from the strifes and contentions of the Old World. It [illegible] that the [illegible] w[illegible] up and mature within them [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] with[illegible] Under [illegible] the [illegible] appears an extensive [illegible], still [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] colonies of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas and New England were in the gristle of youth and before they had hardened into the bone of maturity. It was the attempt of the [illegible] in which the colonies were [illegible] represented [illegible] were directly concerned [illegible] essential rights [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] which [illegible] the colonies [illegible] the great [illegible] people were [illegible] brought with them from Great Britain [illegible] they [illegible] the king, but they [illegible] parliament by legislation [illegible] of parliament, which [illegible] to the [illegible] between these [illegible] the [illegible] of the part of the nation was [illegible] the expression of [illegible] No taxation [illegible] representation which [illegible] the watchword and battle cry of the [illegible] the water. As the [illegible] and representation, [illegible] it [illegible] the [illegible] part of the [illegible] the [illegible] Virginia [illegible] of [illegible] their [illegible].

[illegible] congress [illegible] in Philadelphia [illegible]. [illegible] Though [illegible] was [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the good people [illegible] was laid the foundation of that national government which has since preserved and extended the union from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and carried the yet unborn flag of the American republic in triumph around the globe.

The congress of 1774, though confining its [illegible], was nevertheless styled by the grantor "the guardian of our rights and liberties of the people of the colonies." Still, it was without any defined governmental functions. At most, it was a mere advisory body in which the colonies—each having one vote without regard to size, wealth or numbers—deliberated and expostulated with a view of restoring harmony between the mother country and themselves. Another congress was appointed in 1775, which from the necessity of the case soon became a revolutionary government. This body was a continuous one—vacancies therein being filled as they occurred by the local legislatures—and lasted until March 4, 1789—the meeting of the first congress under the present constitution of the United States. War, which was to last seven years, had then [illegible] the land in [illegible] of blood, was—without any formal declaration thereof, and while the colonies were professedly seeking only a redress of grievances already commenced by the unpremeditated and casual affairs of Lexington and Bunker Hill and the formal siege of Boston.

But as the controversy waxed warmer, the coming conflict of arms became more and more apparent.

[illegible]

Compelled by the necessities of the case, the congress assumed the powers of government and proceeded to create a continental currency and army.

On June 15, 1775 it appointed Colonel George Washington, one of the delegates in congress from Virginia, commander-in-chief of the Continental forces of "The United Colonies," for the defence of the "liberties of America." Events, all tending to produce a formal separation or subjugation of the colonies followed fast. The petition of congress to the king was refused a hearing in parliament, as coming from an illegal assembly in arms against their sovereign. An act of parliament prohibited trade and commerce with the colonies and subjected American vessels with their cargoes to capture and condemnation. Open preparations were made to reduce the refractory colonies to submission, with the odious aid of foreign mercenaries. On the other hand congress declared that the exercise of authority in the colonies under the British crown ought to be suppressed, and recommended to the people of the several colonies the establishment of local governments, independent thereof.

At last, that separation and independence to which all that had gone before was only the prelude, was actually declared. On June 7, 1776 Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, moved in congress, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally suppressed." On July 2d the resolution received the assent of all the colonies save Pennsylvania and Delaware and on July 4th, just one century and nine years ago to-day, the continental congress by the vote of every colony, adopted and published to the world that declaration of independence which has just been read in your hearing, and which has annually, ever since been re-proclaimed to the uttermost bounds of the republic and wherever the stars and stripes have floated.

The closing scene—the signing of the declaration which severed the political bonds that united the mother country and the colonies, is thus graphically described by Simpson, Oregon's most melodious poet:

[illegible] Independence Hall
The patriot chiefs are gathered all
[illegible] hundred years ago
[illegible] Hancock [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] where the [illegible]
[illegible] freshly dig
[illegible]
[illegible] lisping children [illegible]
[illegible]
And so this [illegible]
Honor [illegible]
[illegible] be blessed [illegible]
Honor to him and God bless all
Who sat in that famous Congress Hall
And pledged their lives and honor bright
To stand for freedom and the right

On this occasion the colonies were first designated as "the United *States* of America," and from that day the several communities that had only lately assumed to call themselves "United Colonies of Great Britain, have been known both at home and abroad by the significant title which they then assumed, "The United States of America." Long may they bear it and deserve it!

During the century that has just elapsed there has been a more or less active tendency to disintegration and separation. This tendency has proceeded from causes that are inherent in all nations and federations which extend over large areas, and include many and conflicting local interests. But the strong tendency to unity and the great utility of federation have hitherto prevailed to keep intact this political fabric of *the United States*—even at the cost of a gigantic war and the sacrifice of many lives.

But the continental congress having now assumed the right to levy war, make treaties and exercise all other powers belonging to a national government, there arose an urgent and logical necessity for some definite government of the United States, rather than a mere convention of delegates exercising such powers as they felt justified from time to time in assuming. To this end, congress commenced at once to deliberate upon a scheme of government. But such was the difficulty in agreeing upon any plan that the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States," as the scheme was called, were not settled and submitted to the states for ratification until November 15, 1777. In July of the following year the ratification was signed by the delegates from eight states, but the remaining five did not all give their adhesion until March, 1781, nearly five years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. On the next day congress convened under the articles of confederation, and from that day to this, there has been no government of the United States except in the shape of a written constitution made by the states or the people thereof, defining and prescribing its powers and duties.

But the government established by the articles of confederation was only one in name. In fact, it was only a mere league or compact between independent political communities. It had no power over individuals, and the execution of its measures depended upon the several states, whose action could not be constrained except by resort to arms, and that would have been civil war. But nevertheless the confederacy [illegible] a long step in the direction of [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] with the peace of 1783 the external [illegible] of the war for independence, that had [illegible] held the confederacy together was [illegible] that weak fabric commenced to give [illegible]. During the years [illegible] notwithstanding the [illegible] debt [illegible] to levy taxation [illegible]. The congress had dwindled down to a number of [illegible] indifferent persons, who, unable [illegible] government [illegible] states might [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] made [illegible] in which [illegible] Philadelphia on May [illegible] constitution for the United [illegible] in September 1787 [illegible] the people of the several states for their approval or rejection.

This [illegible] was a new departure in the [illegible] of [illegible] states and kingdoms had [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of the people [illegible] and [illegible] and the [illegible] for the whole.

By March 4, 1789, the new constitution was duly ratified by the states, and the government formed under it, successfully launched upon the ocean of experiment. Then the worn out confederacy, born of the early enthusiasm for independence and the throes and the necessities of the war for its attainment, was no more. But it had borne fruit. As the apostle to the Gentiles ... of the law, it was our schoolmaster to bring us unto the constitution. The feeble and inefficient confederacy gave place to "a more perfect Union," maintained by a national government, supreme within its sphere, over both states and people, and armed with all the powers necessary to uphold and enforce its lawful authority.

At the head of the new government was George Washington—the one man whom both contemporaries and posterity have united in pronouncing, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And still his is—

"The high aspiring name
Whose glory all the world has rung
[illegible]
[illegible] name, Washington."

To his ability, wisdom and valor, the country was largely indebted for the successful issue of the war for independence. By his force of character, sound judgment and admitted patriotism, the new government, in spite of the doubts and croakings of half hearted friends and the bitter opposition of open and concealed enemies, was inaugurated, upheld and firmly established. It is easy to believe, that God in his overruling providence, had specially endowed and raised up Washington to command the armies, preside over the deliberations and guide the councils of this country in its long struggle for independence and constitutional government. Wanting, it may be, in some of the poetical elements, which so easily captivate the multitude, he was, in the language of his best biographer, "singularly well balanced and eminently distinguished for prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation and overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice and magnanimity without alloy." The great defender of the constitution has well and truly said of him:

"His principle, it was to act right and to trust the people for support; his principle, it was not to follow the lead of sinister and selfish ends and to rely on the little arts of party delusion to obtain public sanction for such a course. Born for his country and the world, he did not give up to party what was meant for mankind. The consequence is that his fame is as durable as his principles, as lasting as truth and virtue themselves. While the hundreds whom party excitement and temporary circumstances and casual combinations have raised into transient notoriety, have sunk again, like thin bubbles, bursting and dissolving into the great ocean, Washington's fame is like the rock that bounds that ocean, and at whose feet its billows are destined to break harmlessly forever."

In the inauguration and administration of the new government, by the side of Washington stood his most tried and trusted friend, Alexander Hamilton. His comprehensive and active mind took in the whole fabric of civil society. The whole period of the revolution and the formation and establishment of the constitution "is marked by his wisdom and filled with his power." From the first he perceived the necessity of a national government for the colonies. So early as the year 1780 he sketched the outline of such a government which strongly resembled the one long afterwards established. In the congress of the confederacy his admirable exposition of the revenue system, the commercial power and the ratio of contribution, are justly thought to have saved the incipient Union from dissolution. He was the leading spirit in bringing about the convention of the states that formed the constitution. In the language of another, "He did more than any other public man of the time to lessen the force of state attachments, to create a national feeling, and to lead the public mind to a comprehension of the necessity of an efficient national government."

While the constitution was before the people of the states for ratification, he wrote: "A nation without a national government is an awful spectacle. The establishment of a constitution in a time of profound peace by the voluntary consent of the whole people, is a prodigy, to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety."

As secretary of the treasury he was specially charged with the management of the finances, commerce and navigation of the country. These subjects and everything pertaining to them were simply without form and void. The country was deeply in debt, without revenue or credit at home or abroad. How Hamilton, in spite of personal jealousy, conflicting interests and selfish ignorance, both in and out of congress, brought order and solvency out of this chaos and bankruptcy, has passed into history. In the language of another, "He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang to its feet. He smote the rock of national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth."

The record of his labors and achievements will ever remain a monument of his comprehensive patriotism, his freedom from sectional prejudices and his matchless ability as a statesman and jurist. No celebration of this day—no commemoration of these events—is just or complete without the grateful mention and remembrance of these two names—Washington and Hamilton—the two men who, more than any others, not only achieved the independence of the colonies, but saved them from subsequent anarchy and discord—gave them a constitutional and free government, equal to the exigencies of peace or war—and made them in fact as well as name—the United States of America, one and indivisible, let us hope, now and forever!

But between this day and the auspicious hour when the father of his country first vowed to "preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States," great changes have occurred. The king, lords and commons—Hancock and his patriot compeers of the continental congress—the sturdy Prussian soldier and his heavy Hessian contrade—the brave continental army and its gallant French allies—together with all the actors in this important and far-reaching drama, have long since been numbered with the dead. During the century, of which time is now marking the last days, the untried and almost unknown United States has become the great republic, under the broad aegis of whose constitution the people of all nations have been gathered, until the original sisterhood of states has been trebled and the population four times [illegible]. The new

[illegible] Coast Empire of the West

has long since disputed the supremacy of her sons with her elder wise and noble mother, and taken her place, in war and peace, in the front rank of the family of nations. To-day, within her far-reaching borders, fifty millions of people keep joyfully the anniversary of her independence, while in hamlet, town and city, throughout the civilized world, sympathizing and admiring friends join in the loud acclaim—"Hail Columbia, happy land!"

When the bell at Philadelphia rang out the Declaration of Independence in tones betokening the sacred nature of the [illegible] it [illegible] surface: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," the colonies were [illegible] its [illegible] the [illegible] first centennial of that [illegible].

[illegible]

To such a rich heritage of country and institutions have we of this generation succeeded. How different from the condition of those who ventured upon the experiment of independence and self government a hundred years ago. And yet who will say we are not upon the very threshold [illegible] of the [illegible] what will be the result [illegible] for the next [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the great [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] new [illegible] to the changed circumstances of their existence in the new world.

Let us, then show ourselves worthy of [illegible] by preserving and improving this heritage for those who come after us, to be by them [illegible] to their successors to the last syllable of recorded time. How shall we best do this is the question of the day. The answer is, by cherishing and encouraging that moral [illegible] and intelligence, without which any [illegible] is impossible, and preserving a [illegible] the circumstances of the times, the proper balance, proportion and harmony between the national government and those of the states—the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the Union.

Any form of government in which the people have any considerable share of power imperatively requires a corresponding amount of individual integrity and intelligence. The decay and downfall of popular governments have always arisen from and always will be the result of a lack of public virtue—a failure on the part of the majority of the people entrusted with power and influence, to exercise the same for the highest public good.

The nursery and seed plot of the civic virtues is the home government—the government of the neighborhood—the state. Here the mass—the people—participate with a large degree of directness in the management of public affairs, and by actual experience and observation of the [illegible] insight and wisdom [illegible] in the selection of their immediate rulers and representatives they are able to act upon a considerable observation and knowledge concerning the merits and fitness of the respective candidates. Then, out of these circumstances of contact and acquaintance, grows up a relation between officers and people—a personal trust and confidence, that is a surer guarantee against official negligence or misconduct than any pecuniary bond or pledge. Patriotism—that love of country which puts the common-weal before self, the people before the individual—that lofty and disinterested sentiment which led Curtius and Decius to devote themselves to certain death for the safety of Rome, that moved—

The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannockburn

And that impelled Arnold Winkelried to impale his body upon the hostile spears of the Austrian invaders and thus "make way for liberty," generally the growth of a limited and well defined locality—one having a marked natural boundary and identity or long established separate existence. When the city of Rome made itself mistress of the civilized world and extended the boasted privilege of Roman citizenship to the nations of the earth, the identity and individuality of the city was proportionally destroyed. The sentiment of patriotism diffused over a large and ill-defined a surface as the empire became too attenuated and indistinct, to be of any avail as a motive power or incentive to noble and disinterested action. So, however powerful and extended this American Union may become—and with a people sufficiently homogeneous and intelligent, it might well embrace the whole of North America—its beneficent duration must primarily rest on and depend upon the character of the local communities and governments out of which it is constituted, and upon which its arch, however expanded, can only safely rest. Whatever danger there may be or has been of the triumph of anarchy and disunion because of the comparative weakness of the central power—the national government—still it must never be forgotten, that this Union—the republic of the United States—is not and never was intended to be a Roman empire. No, it is not, and may it never become, a single, solid government, to which all political action and opinion must bow and conform. Let it rather remain an aggregation of local communities with a certain amount of autonomy or self-government, but still bound together and held in place by a central government, which, though supreme within its sphere, is itself subordinate to their combined wills and direction. Within these communities and governments, the great bulk of local interests and affairs, concerning which, the general government is usually neither directly concerned nor well advised, may be best promoted and administered. Among them will also be found more or less shelter, freedom and opportunity for those, who for conscience or other sake are excluded from the councils, honors or emoluments of the Union. This itself is a great safety valve for what might otherwise develop into sedition and rebellion. Besides, the very existence of these distinct communities or states, within the Union, provokes and promotes a healthy rivalry and emulation in the conduct of whatever pertains to their domestic or social affairs, which, though often attended by disappointment and failure, gradually increases the general stock of political knowledge and thereby improves the condition of the whole.

But were this vast country once subject to one great central government, without political division other than departments for the convenient administration of the laws and rescripts of the empire, instead of this local activity and emulation, producing self-respect, independence and patriotism in the citizen and educating him to a right understanding of his duties and privileges, we should have a dead level of political monotony over which the arbitrary breath of imperialism might sweep uninformed and uncontrolled by the light of local opinion or the force of local authority. The empire being the only source of power and fountain of honor, its capital or court would become to the rest of the country what Paris is to France. Thither the enterprise, ambition, wealth and culture of the departments would continually flow, in search of place, power and enjoyment, leaving the country at large—particularly the remoter and less opulent portions of it—with only the more ignorant and poorer sort to constitute its people and conduct its business and affairs.

Without the *state* the *Union* of states is impossible. Abolish the state or allow it to fall into contempt or become imbecile and you supplant the Union built upon autonomous states, with the empire, divided into administrative departments and ruled by a prefect or brigadier, responsible only to the central authority. It is absolutely necessary, then, to the preservation of the harmony and proportion of our admirable system of government, that the pillars of the Union—the states—be maintained in the position which the constitution has prescribed for them and long experience has proven necessary. For if they are ever destroyed or thrown out of line, the superincumbent arch of this glorious Union must become a ruin incapable of reconstruction.

But the maintenance of the state in all its integrity and usefulness depends upon the people thereof. As they are so will the state be.

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high minded men

[illegible]

These constitute a state,
And sovereign law, that state's collected will
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Oregon! The matchless land of snow-capped mountains and verdure clad valleys—of swelling rivers and placid lakes—of majestic forests and broad prairies—of rich harvests and luscious fruits—of fair women and brave men. Oregon—Our own loved land! The first American community on the Pacific coast—may she ever be such a state! A pillar of this Union, firm and unswerving as her everlasting hills. Upon her patriotic sons and daughters is devolved the duty of keeping this pillar in position. They must see to it that their state keeps step to the music of the Union—that she yields a willing obedience to the paramount authority of the national government as declared by the pre ordained and final arbiter between the state and nation—the Supreme Court of the Republic—and that she also contributes by her example and her representatives in the national councils, to maintain the Union in its sphere, undisabled by weakness, and untarnished by corruption.

The stream rises not higher than its fountain. The usefulness and perpetuity of the Union depend upon the strength and character of its foundations—the people of the several states. If the senators and representatives in congress from Oregon are honest and capable, [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] of that [illegible] the public good and the perpetuity of the Union. But we will not and [illegible] be represented unless the tone of political morality and the standard of public virtue in the state is sufficiently firm and elevated. Nothing tends to lower the character and qualifications of members of congress more than the too prevalent idea that he is the best member who, either by hook or crook, gets the most out of the national treasury or domain for his state or constituents. Pushed to its logical conclusion this theory would make congress a mere contrivance for the division and distribution of the revenues and assets of the Union among its members in proportion generally to their ability to get what they are not entitled to.

In aid in inculcating and maintaining a higher standard of public virtue is the bounden duty of every good citizen of Oregon. In the performance of this duty, it is of the first importance to commence at home. In the election of precinct justices and constables, you are helping to form the standard of public virtue which will obtain in the selection of governors, judges and members of congress. Remember, that a public position is a public trust, and remember also, that the elective franchise is not a personal right but a trust conferred upon you by law, with the implied understanding that you will only use it according to your best judgment, for the public good. [illegible] considering [illegible] a breach of his [illegible] and [illegible] abuse of the [illegible] always [illegible] so as [illegible] the [illegible] and virtue [illegible] and [illegible] public virtue cannot exist without private [illegible] the country the former is only the [illegible] In the long run the man who is [illegible] and dishonest in his private [illegible] will be so in his public one. Therefore let no man [illegible] any party or body of men ever [illegible] you to support a candidate however [illegible] you believe [illegible] be [illegible] individual. Insist upon a good character [illegible] the [illegible] qualification [illegible] and [illegible] your [illegible] will be [illegible]. It is the duty of every citizen to [illegible] the integrity and morality of our state and national governments.

The indifference of the public, to the character and conduct of those who make and administer the laws, is one of the most unfavorable symptoms of the time. Unless there is a change for the better in this respect, the time will come, when the property of the country will be compelled to seek shelter from popular misrule and confiscation in the empire or its equivalent. The gross robbery of the taxpayers of New York was perpetrated by Tweed and his accomplices under the form of popular government based upon universal suffrage. It was mainly accomplished [illegible]

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THE MIDDLE OF JUNE.

Alone at the seashore the middle of June!
Even the waves sing a doleful tune
"World without men, ah me!" they say
Sprinkling the rocks with their cold salt spray
And the winds in the pine-tops sigh and moan
"What is she doing here all alone?"

Oh! who cares for *rocks* when no 'rockers' are near?
Of what use is the sea where no yacht sails appear?
The river's a bore with its ebb and its flow
When there's never a man to take one out to row,
And who wants to look all alone, at the moon?
Oh! the seashore is dismal the middle of June!

There's the stage—a portmanteau—It must be a man!
Surely 't is n t? it can t be" It is and it can!
"On his way up the coast—mother wants place to board—
Thought I might have come early— (He *knew* it—the fraud
' Just stopped off for a day—the chance so opportune—
Solitude—a deuce—s charming the middle of June

—*M H G in Life*

THE LUCKY DRIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

PART II —CONCLUDED

Farrars was a man it seemed, who had been all over the world and, if he was to be believed had had in his own person all singular experiences, there was a certain verisimilitude in his statements which carried conviction to his listeners So when he darkly intimated to the men that the symbol had chosen for my mark upon the logs was a sign used by a race of South Sea Islanders as an invocation to Evil Powers when he declared that a tree falling in Dutch Guiana in a similar way to the fall of this tree always showed the axmen an imp sitting on the top of it and claiming it for his own, sure sign that it was devoted to the fires down below when he reminded them that every ship builder knew that the saw was never cast that could cut the log whose grain was twisted by the moon directed sap, so that it could turn even the edge of the sword of the Lord and Gideon—when he said all this, and much more to the same dismal purpose then the men, in turn, reminded him that we started against their wills into the woods on a Friday, that we had to go back for the forgotten cant dogs and picaroons always a disastrous thing to do that the first word uttered as we crossed the boundary line of the Old Cedars tract had happened to be the name of the Prince of Evil and a score of other confirmatory things of that sort

It is easily to be guessed that, in the coverts of the vast northern forest, with its unceasing susurrus attuning the thoughts to melancholy or to awe with its dark multitudinous spires, like the spears of an unknown and perhaps hostile force tapering off against the stars and into infinity, and with the spectered gleam of far reaching snows shining from depths of mystery one moment and gone again the mind was already in harmony with things beyond the limit of every day's thought and life in other regions, with the uncanny and the preternatural But going out one night at the sound of some disturbance with the cattle, a slight stir of the bough above lifted my eyes, and in the clear space overhead a single planet looked out of the vast violet depths With its sparkle a[t] at once a consciousness of unspeakable immensity and solemnity over came me! Some things were eternal and infinite—the stars, my love of Hester her love of me But what would happen in this forest on these lakes these rivers but what would happen on this whole wide sphere in all this length of life in worlds beyond and lives to come I should have time to repair wrong, and Hester would be my own Was fate to be bidden and controlled by the maundering of a parcel of barbarians? As I entered the camp and heard them still at their boding recitals and prognostications a mighty anger seized me, as if I had found worms playing at being divinities an anger that did not pass in a night When it did pass it had cleared the air like a thundergust and I succeeded by means of its effect in showing the men that I and not Farrars was master and by heartening them sufficiently with the breaking up of the ice to get the logs rafted and boomed in the river

But here the trouble grew more serious The river was a wild stream full of rapids and falls not a first fruitful of great vexation or delay but threatening to become so lower down However I surmounted one difficulty after another and felt that there was really nothing of moment between me and success till we reached the plantation called the Caribous Here the logs and the terrific current took things into their own hands and the swirling and pitching and rushing and standing up on end was more than the fiercest raftsmen could master the logs resembling nothing so much as demons frolicking in dark mythic lakes so swift and black the river ran to the fall

We had gone ashore at last tired out and half disheartened after a long day of vain attempt at breaking the jam and floating off the logs or any portion of them so nearly into stiller water below the falls They still towered in the pile where the sweeping waters had tossed them up and down and across a mass half the size of a meeting house but a meeting house that a tornado had lifted and trifled with and dropped

Narrow chance, lads I heard Farrars saying Never saw a worse jam on all the rivers I ve rafted! Those railroad fellows don t think a bridge of theirs isn t done till it has had a blood sprinkling So you mind we haven t had a broken leg nor an axe cut in all this cursed winter s work Not one finger lost yet in this unlucky drive Somebody s got to pay for this Somebody ll lose a soul you mark my words! The logs will never break this jam unless there s [illegible] spilled [illegible] the question was [illegible] to prophesy the loss of some of the [illegible] to morrow crushed between crushing logs I don t know

Farrars " said I joining him presently you re too much of a man to be misled by nonsense And you have altogether too much influence with the others to act in that way [illegible] lucky drive Why not join hands with me and make it a lucky drive

I can t [illegible] suddenly And when the moon [illegible] leading the tide and the [illegible] this drive will prove a lucky drive

It seemed as if the [illegible] the very settlement where [illegible] selves should be the home [illegible] Mandevele a so-called fortune teller [illegible] woods people of great reputation [illegible] sulted by many a raftsman and by [illegible] lermen far and wide Not one of [illegible] but knew at a day s journey away [illegible] nified their intentions concerning it [illegible] knew it too, and I made up my mind to turn the fact to advantage [illegible] instant it was dark enough I absented myself for a sufficient time to find the old woman having kept my ears well open since we had come ashore in order to learn her whereabouts

Well mother " I said, I am the boss of the drive as of course you know

I know " she said which she certainly did since I told her

Now continued I, ' this is business My men will all be after a word with you later if you happen to be down at Fletcher s, They will give you fifty cents apiece Well, I will give you $5 That is," said I more slowly, ' provided this is a lucky drive You have it in your power to make it so Do you understand?"

"Let me see the cards," said she

"No matter about the cards. Is this a lucky drive?'

"There never was a luckier! And I'll be at Fletcher's in half an hour she answered me as solemnly as if I had not just put a national bank note into her hands

' There is one man," I continued His name is Farrars Very tall, very dark black-bearded, a cut near his left eye a fine, handsome fellow Ask him for what he was arrested in Montreal six years ago and more Ask him where he threw a yellow canvas bag full of South African diamonds that day Tell him he will have those diamonds back again the day after these logs reach tide-water

All as you say, ' said she But all the same said she shaking her head ' there is blood on the face of the moon '

A half hour afterwards, as the men hung about the door or sat about the fire in Fletcher's, word went around between one and another of them, and evidently with strange thrills and shivers, that old Mother Mandevele was up stark

' Let her stay said [illegible] Who believes in fortune tellers now [illegible]

I do ' said Farrars [illegible]

You do, ' said I with [illegible] Then you ought to go and [illegible] her out of hand

I ll go if you ll go [illegible] matter I You ve got more to put to the proof than I have

You don t mean that you re afraid to go alone! I said

Afraid isn t the word to use to a Farrars But there s so much of the devil about us now I don t know why we should open the door for more She ll only tell us what we all know anyway

Come now I said, in good faith what can she tell us and how can that [illegible] thing?

Some folks can tell what s [illegible] and some can t Some in the drawers [illegible] don t And that s all I know about it Mother Mandevele s too well known from Old Cedars to the sea for anybody to begin at this day to deny —

I don t deny I don t affirm But I ll tell you what I'll go up and test her powers after you or if it suits you better have her down here and let us look [illegible] altogether " And before I could be gainsaid I had moved so actively in the matter the old woman with her pipe was sitting by the hearth where the blaze roared up the chimney and lighted the room in great flashes and was casting furtive glances about her from two little eyes that glowed like lights in a pit

' Come, Farrars said I I suppose this is the mother! Put your faith in the supernatural to the test

That s right Farrars That s the first thing Ask the old lady about the drive See what she has to say about the jam We will all have a scratch at the brimstone Blue blazes already Guess there s some half dollars left came a chorus from every side

I haven t the fifty cents ' said Farrars I came into camp dead broke

I had crossed the withered old palm with the coin for him in a moment and Farrars rose slowly and went as I sat down on the block before the old witch and submitted his face to her scrutiny

She bent forward and looked at him with her little piercing eyes for a long minute Then she took up her dirty cards and began to shuffle them up and down and then held them out to him to cut gazed at them abstractedly as he ran them over I d orter had a clean pack of cards for such a fortune this she murmured And then she brought her eyes back to him You never done no wrong she said after another long gaze You're just unlucky You ue but luck s goin to turn It s a goin to turn down to salt water Hm but there s one thing I don t understand [illegible] her she bent forward and whispered a few sentences Before [illegible] Farrars gave a sudden start and sprang to his feet Wait a minute said the good dame I ain t done yet I ve got more to say to you And after he had taken his [illegible] she had unfolded among the cards and taken a puff at her pipe she bent forward and whispered to him again

A great oath parted Farrars lips Hush hush murmured the old witch Would you break my spell and my power uttering names that compel the masters of spells?

I beg your pardon mother stammered Farrars

You d better said she And I ll give it provided you remember the old woman when you're down to tide water You ll be there safe enough no fear It s a lucky drive this is You ain t lost a finger nor broke a leg non of you since you went in to the woods and the boss when s the boss [illegible] long? The boss ll come out in this with money enough to start a bank This water ll fall before another raft gets down this river That s what the cards say anyway Shall I tell the cards for you later?" she said then looking up at me But at that moment the something resembling awe that had held the men silent broke into startled exclamations as Farrars fell off the block in a dead faint

By the Lord!" [illegible] when the fresh air they let in had after [illegible] him She told me things! If what she s promised is as true as what she s [illegible] we ve worried ourselves sick for nothing, boys

It was much the same story with such variations as suited the [illegible] that the mother told the rest of the men who pretty well overcome by the scene with Farrars were prepared to magnify [illegible] She said and full of superstition [illegible] of the [illegible] powers of their [illegible] for them

We turned in early Having a hard day s work ahead of us But waking after an hour or so I saw Farrars sitting over the embers and after surveying him awhile I arose and sat beside him

Farrars said I, I owe you a confession and I can t keep it in any longer All this winter a strange likeness has haunted me whenever I have looked at you It was only recently that it gathered into shape [illegible] overcoat pocket '

The exclamation [illegible] I advertised for you I kept the diamonds six years and over waiting for you That about gives me up

I was in prison said he [illegible] charge of murder [illegible] in the [illegible] South Africa I had just got home [illegible] the [illegible] I was running from the [illegible] the wall [illegible] derer But [illegible] six years of youth and strength [illegible] and nerve There are some people who have no right to live The while [illegible] goes against them [illegible] And so it is you that have the diamond, he said presently

' It was, I said ' but just now they're represented in these logs out there in the jam ' And I waited for his reply

It was slow in coming ' About as I thought it would turn out " said he at length, without glancing up ' I haven't counted on them. It wouldn't be in the line of my luck to get them! I couldn't claim them except by rough right."

"They're yours, Farrars, as much as ever they were," said. "Help me to get this drive down and they [illegible] next day I pledged them for means to start this logging If I don t get it down they re yours all the same but you ll have to wait till the woman who is to be my wife comes of age and gets her own money to redeem them Meanwhile and until then the drive s as much yours as mine in fact It s mortgaged to you for all it s worth and I sent Hester a letter the first time we struck a mail route after I recognized you telling her so Now do your best and help me get it down

This is the last chance for a jam isn t it? he said presently The last regular rouser?

Yes It s all plain current and tide streak below '

I ll get it down for you said he ' I ve broken worse jams than that in my day And he stood up and looked about him I don t say it for myself said he, for the world s been so against me that I ve no faith in my fortune But you ve had some dark hours yours ll this winter by means of my way of looking at things I ll tell you squarely I was born as well as you were and it has irked me to see how differently fortune has handed us But I ll make things even Tell your wife there s going to be that if I don t get down these diamonds or the worth of them [illegible] and I don t care if I don t

Nonsense You ll get down fast enough Now we ll strike hands on our bargain Perhaps we can go on being of use to each other when we get down So now to bed We need a double supply of sleep for to morrow work

[illegible] the jam [illegible] the first [illegible] And it was not till just as the [illegible] reddish light lay over the top of the forest and lit the lichens on the great rocks above the falls and between which the logs were jammed that Farrars came leisurely along with that easy stride of his The current set down the river here with a tremendous force and the succession of falls each of them some fifteen or twenty feet in height made at first a shining sheet of swiftness the color of dark green glass and then broke into a tumult of foam and spouting foam fountains

There the logs not yet lodged went whirling and plunging about and here the great mass of them thrown into all conceivable situations towered high and dry above the rocks and unless the key to the foundation of the whole thing were found the drive was over for this year and probably for all years to come As I saw the great dark mass lift itself against the yellowing sky with all its lines and angles and points and shadows it seemed the very counterpart of all the cross purposes of my life and the hard fates that had pursued me Perhaps it seemed the same to Farrars

He stood surveying it carefully a moment and then he called to the men who were running about like so many cats on the loose log that at the touch of a foot slipped and went under to come up more

It only needs one man said he And with the word his long hook in his hand he was bounding from the shore and springing up the corners of the dark mass of logs sounding it here and there as he went A moment he stood poised there near the top his eye keen as an eagle s searching for the one log that pinned the whole

I shall never forget the vision as he stood there that instant motionless and darkly outlined on the red and gold of the morning So some masterpiece of sculpture cast immovably in bronze would have struck the eye

Then all of a sudden from the [illegible] the [illegible] he sprang here and there all life [illegible] to [illegible] left and right and then [illegible] mighty heavy [illegible] thrust and [illegible] it was moving swaying bending breaking the dark waters were rising to meet the great logs were flying whirling swinging over the falls and the [illegible] its foam and a few hours later the angry mighty tide was [illegible] of [illegible] all ately boomed in still water

A lucky drive It had [illegible] its blood sprinkling at last for Farrars struck and caught by the [illegible] log [illegible] gone under to come up no more [illegible] this day neither Hester nor I [illegible] dollar of our income without [illegible] of the [illegible] of Farrars thrown over the [illegible] the [illegible] of the lucky drive [illegible] [Copy]righted 1885

WHICH IS THE MADMAN?

BY THE LATE EDMOND ABOUT

[illegible]

The doctor entered [illegible] him [illegible] Francois rose laid the book on the desk and explained the case with great volubility while [illegible] paced the room rapidly

Monsieur [illegible] this is my maternal uncle, whom I am about to intrust to your care You see before you [illegible] between [illegible] and [illegible] years of age inured to manual labor and to the privations of a laborious life More than this he comes from a family in which there has never been known a case of mental degeneration You will not [illegible] have to contend against a hereditary malady His is one of the most curious cases of monomania you have ever seen He possesses wonderful [illegible] [illegible] extreme joy to extreme sadness it is a most singular mixture of monomania [illegible] and melancholy

Has he entirely lost the use of reason?

No monsieur he is not demented he wanders only on one point and he belongs strictly to your specialty

What is the nature of his malady?

Alas! Monsieur [illegible] [illegible] times After working hard all his life he is a poor man My father [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] find my nephew

[illegible]

All the better [illegible] is more or less incurable Let me rouse him

Dr Auvray shook the sleeper gently by the shoulder and he straightened out his [illegible] His first move was to rub his eyes When he saw that his hands were bound and realized what had been done while he had been asleep he broke out into a hearty laugh

' That's a good joke!" cried he

Francois called the doctor aside "You see, now, in five minutes he will be furious "

"Let me alone I know how to take him." He smiled on the patient as on a child he was anxious to amuse My friend you wake up early have you had pleasant dreams?

' I—I ve not been dreaming I am laughing at being bound up like a bundle of faggots One would imagine that I am the insane man instead of Francois

' Here! ' said Francois

' Be good enough to unbind me doctor I will be better able to explain things when I am more comfortable '

My child I am going to unbind you but you must promise me you will be very good

Look here, doctor do you really mean to say that you take me for a lunatic? '

No my friend but you are sick We are going to nurse you to cure you See! Your hands are free now Don t abuse of them

' What the devil do you want me to do with them? I bring you my nephew

' Yes said the doctor 'we ll talk about that after a while I found you asleep, are you much given to sleeping in day time?

Never! it was that stupid book '

Oh! Oh! cried the author this is a bad case So you think your nephew is demented?

A fit subject for the strait jacket and the proof of it is that I had to bind his hands with this rope

But it was you whose hands were bound Did n t I just now [illegible]

It was [illegible] explain this matter

Ah my friend you are getting excited, your [illegible] I don t want to tire you [illegible]

[illegible]

Answer me frankly You don t want [illegible] do you?

Why not?

Because his fortune will then remain in your hands You want to be rich! You are displeased at having had to work so long without having acquired riches? You feel that it is now your turn?

Morlot made no reply His eyes were riveted to the floor He asked himself whether he was not suffering from the effects of a nightmare and he was trying to make out what there really was in this matter of being bound, this cross questioning at the hands of this unknown man who seemed to read his mind like an open book

Do [illegible] the sound of voices? asked the doctor

The poor uncle felt his hair rising on ends He thought of those persistent voices that whispered in his ear and urged him on to do what he had done and he replied mechanically

Sometimes

Ah! he is the victim of hallucinations

Not at all I am not sick! Let me out of here! I ll lose my head here Ask all my friends and they'll tell you that I am in full possession of my senses Feel my pulse you will see I have no fever

Poor uncle said Francois he doesn t know that insanity is a delirium without fever

My friend, said the doctor if we could only get our patients into a fever we could cure them all

Monsieur Morlot threw himself back into his chair His [illegible] continued to pace the doctor s floor

Monsieur " said Francois "I am deeply grieved at my uncle's misfortune but it is a great consolation to me to be able to intrust him to the care of such a man as you are I have read your admirable work [illegible] Monomania [illegible] the most remarkable thing written since the treatise on Mental Diseases by the great [illegible] [illegible] A few days ago I breakfasted at [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] Monsieur Fauvel [illegible]

I have heard him mention [illegible] promising young physician

[illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] commanding Monsieur Morlot to you As to his expenses I undertake to pay them [illegible]

He took the [illegible] from his pocket book and quietly laid it on the [illegible]

I shall have the honor of calling again during the week What are the hours for visiting the sick?

From 12 to 2 o'clock As for me I am always [illegible] Adieu mon [illegible]

Stop cried Uncle Morlot [illegible] [illegible] all [illegible]

Come [illegible] my dear uncle said [illegible] [illegible]

Morlot was going to run after his nephew but the doctor restrained him

What a fatality cried the poor man He did n t say a single thing that was disconnected If he had only [illegible] little we would have [illegible] that he is the patient and not I

Francois had his hand on the door knob He turned back as if he had forgotten something and walked straight to the door and said

Monsieur my uncle s ailment is not the only thing that brought me here

He has [illegible] murmured Morlot who began to [illegible] of hope The young man continued

You have a daughter?

At this [illegible] the poor uncle [illegible] [illegible] You have a daughter?

The doctor [illegible] Francois [illegible] replied Yes [illegible] You have a daughter, Mlle Claire Auvray?

[illegible] I told you so!" and the delighted uncle

Yes monsieur replied the doctor [illegible] months ago she was at the springs at [illegible] with his mother

I [illegible] Bravo yelled Morlot

[illegible] monsieur replied Dr Auvray [illegible]

[illegible]

Morlot [illegible] [illegible] continued

Monsieur I love your daughter I have one hope [illegible] [illegible] your hand!

It is [illegible] Monsieur Francois [illegible] that I have the honor of speaking

[illegible] not having [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] have been expected for a long time

"At this moment the doctor's [illegible] was attracted to Morlot who was [illegible] with a sort of rage [illegible] in the [illegible] station

Nothing, a thing I am overcoming [illegible]

What for?

[illegible] that [illegible] nothing [illegible] between the fingers [illegible] [illegible]

What do you [illegible]?

My nephew fortune [illegible] doctor! I m an honest man I wouldn t wrong anybody

While the doctor was listening to the ravings of Uncle Morlot a strange transformation was coming over Francois He grew pale he was cold his teeth chattered violently Dr Auvray turned to ask him what was the matter

Nothing he replied She is coming, I hear her, what a joy! But I am overcome Happiness falls upon me like a snow storm Winter will be severe on young lovers Doctor, see what's the matter with my head "

Morlot ran to him exclaiming, ''enough! I don t have any more I don t want you to be mad any more They will say that it was I that robbed you of your reason I am an honest man Doctor look at my hands feel my pockets send to my house in the rue de Charonne in the Faubourg Saint Antoine open all the drawers you will see that I have nothing belonging to my lady! '

The doctor was greatly troubled between these two patients when the door opened and Claire came to tell her father breakfast was ready

Francois rose as if propelled by a spring but it was only his will that hurried forward to meet Mlle Claire His body fell heavily upon the doctor s great chair It was with the greatest difficulty that he uttered the words

Claire! It is I! I love you! Will you —? He raised his hands to his forehead His pale face became livid his temples throbbed wildly he felt a severe compression over his eyes Claire half dead with fear took both his hands in hers His skin was dry and his pulse so fast that the poor girl was terrified I was not thus that she expected to meet him again In a few minutes a yellow tint spread itself over his nostrils, and soon followed and the doctor discovered symptoms of bilious fever

What a pity said the doctor 'that it is not the uncle who [illegible] the fever it would have cured him

He rang a bell The servant answered followed by Madame Auvray whom Francois scarcely recognized so great was his prostration The patient must be put to bed and that without delay Claire placed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] little infirmary

Whilst Francois was receiving these first [illegible] his uncle was walking around the room hindering the doctor embracing his nephew seizing Madame Auvray s hand and yelling with all his might Save him quick! I don t want him to die I shall do all I can to prevent it It is my duty to do so I am his uncle and his guardian If you don t cure him it will be said that I killed him You are all witnesses that I do not want to be his heir A glass of water please, to wash my hands in!

He was taken into the Sanitarium and there became so troublesome that he had to be put in a straight jacket, and the infirmarians took charge of him

Mme Auvray and her daughter nursed Francois with the greatest tenderness although the delicates were frequently anything but pleasant but the gentler sex always excels in heroism You will tell me, perhaps that these two women saw a husband and a son in law in their patient but I will tell you that it only requires the occasion to develop the sister of Charity in every rank of life

Night and day mother and daughter watched by the fevered pillow and spent their moments of repose in remembrance of the past and in hopes for the future They could not account for Francois long absence nor his sudden reappearance nor the strange circumstances that led up to the Avenue Montaigne If he really loved Claire why did he wait three months before letting them hear from him? Did he require the excuse of his uncle s sickness to bring him to Dr Auvray s? If he had forgot[ten] his love why did he not take his patient to some other doctor? There are plenty of them in Paris Might he not have thought his passion subdued until the presence of Claire fanned it into life again? But how could she tell when he had already obtained her hand before she came in?

Francois answered all these questions in his delirium, Claire hanging upon his lips drank in his slightest words with avidity He spoke of them to her mother and the doctor who was not slow to discover the truth [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the innocent cause of his uncle s derangement And now Mlle Auvray became the victim of a new series of fears [illegible] lost his mind Would the crisis [illegible] [illegible] consciously brought on cure the [illegible] The doctor maintained that the fever would control the insanity, yet this is not a [illegible] without an exception especially [illegible] If he did recover was there not danger of relapse? Would Dr Auvray consent to give his daughter in marriage to his patient?

As for me said Claire with [illegible] smile If [illegible] nothing [illegible] I am the cause of these misfortunes and should I not console him? After all Francois [illegible] comes down to [illegible] and he will have nothing [illegible] for the day I become his wife and we shall have nothing more to fear The poor fellow s affliction is due merely to an excess of love cure him well dear father but not too fast Let him be mad enough to love me as I love him

We shall see replied the doctor Wait until the fever passes off If he is ashamed or sorry for [illegible] [illegible] see him sad and dejected after his recovery I can promise nothing If on the contrary he remembers his sickness without shame or regret if he speaks with resignation [illegible] looks upon those who have nursed him without repugnance I have no fear of relapse

But father why should he be ashamed of having loved [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] weakness which [illegible] [illegible] narrow [illegible] And how could he dislike those who have nursed him Was it not ourselves?

Six days after his delirium the prompt perspiration carried off the fever and the patient became convalescent When he found himself in a strange room between Madame Auvray and her daughter his first thought was that he was at the hotel des Quatre Saisons at Ems His [illegible] his [illegible] hands and arms and the presence of a plaster cap awakened other thoughts He remembered but only vaguely The doctor came to his assistance He told him [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Today December 2[illegible] [illegible] o'clock in the morning I stole [illegible] my well beloved father whose [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I shall never forget [illegible] [illegible] you have [illegible] daughter [illegible] I saw her last summer at the springs at Ems with her mother I love her She [illegible] given me sufficient evidence that she loves me and if you are not afraid that I shall have any relapse I have the honor of asking you for her hand

The doctor only made a slight movement with his head and Claire slipped her arms around the neck of her patient and kissed him on the forehead I want no other reply should I ever make a similar request

The same day Morlot calmed down and liberated from the straight jacket got up at 8 o'clock in the morning! On leaving his bed he picked up his slippers and examined them carefully for some time, handed them to the infirmarian and asked him if they did not contain an income of thirty thousand francs. It was only after this that he would consent to put them on He combed his [illegible] for a good half hour saying I don t want any one to say that my nephew s fortune has got into my head He shook each separate piece of clothing out of the window turning up the smallest seam When dressed he asked for a pencil and wrote on the walls of his room

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor s goods

Then he began rubbing his hands with incredible rapidity to make sure that Francois fortune was not sticking to them He crossed his fingers with his pencil counting them from one to ten so fearful was he that he would forget one Dr Auvray paid him his daily visit He imagined himself before a magistrate and eagerly asked to be searched The doctor succeeded in convincing him who he was and informed him that Francois had recovered The poor man asked whether the money had been found Since my nephew is going to leave here he will want his money where is it? And he overturned his bed so quickly that no one could prevent him The doctor pressed his hand and left the room He rubbed that hand with scrupulous care He began to examine the napkin the glass the plate saying that he did not want to eat his nephew s fortune His breakfast over he washed his hands over and over again His fork is silver, what if some silver had stuck to my hands!

Dr Auvray does not despair of his recovery but it will take time It is in summer and autumn that doctors deal most successfully with insanity

"MISSING."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

PART I

When Walter Sefton and Ida Milworth parted a few days prior to their marriage they had no presentiment of trouble and the trouble was in store for them Sefton who was young handsome, well off and tremendously in love had been sent for to Ireland to arrange some rather important business there He remained five days in that ill fated country and arrived at Chester from which he wrote the following letter to his beloved

THE GROSVENOR, CHESTER, May 5

MY DARLING I reached here last night, and mean to leave to-morrow, but should anything happen to detain me I will of course telegraph I am going to see a house which it might be a good idea for us to rent for two or three months I know a certain little lady likes boating, which is very good here Besides, Chester itself is a wonderful old place with walls that you can walk on and many other good things There are a number of Americans, here arrived by the Britannic yesterday I shall come by the train leaving Chester at 1 40, reaching Euston at 5 45, so shall be in good time to accept your mother's invitation to dine I seem to have been away a long time Be as glad as you can to see your very much loving WALTER.

The next day came and 7 o clock came and Mrs Milworth and Ida sat in their prettily furnished drawing room fragrant with many flowers and watched and listened

I wish he would come! said Ida getting up and going into the balcony from which post she had a further range of observation She was a pretty girl with a light well shaped figure hair almost black and dark eyes that shone She had full red lips generally parted like those of a child She [illegible] as every pretty woman [illegible] She had a voice which made you think of spring and bright breezy places

Of the train now nearly punctual and, [illegible] it s a long way from Euston to Kensington and Mrs Milworth who had been trying to fix her attention on a particularly [illegible] novel

I know, replied the girl I am not [illegible] at all only [illegible] dull waiting [illegible] every heart [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] what [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Half past seven [illegible] announced by one stroke from the clock on the mantel piece Half past seven struck by four great shocks from the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Nothing would do now but to telegraph to the station master of Euston to know if the train leaving Chester at twenty minutes [illegible] had arrived The telegram was duly [illegible] [illegible] answer [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] There was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] further [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the two [illegible] [illegible] in the afternoon [illegible] the hotel and requested to see the manager

You have a gentleman by the name of Sefton staying here?" began Mrs Milworth

There was such a gentleman staying here returned the man but he went out yesterday and has not been back since though his place was booked in the 'bus to catch the forty minutes past one train He paid his bill before he went because he said he might be in a hurry at the last moment All his things are in his room '

How did he seem while here? ' asked Ida who was dreadfully pale Waiters and chambermaids, who had now clustered around, testified that the gentleman known to them as Mr Sefton and occupying room 14 had appeared to them to be in the best health and spirits. No one [illegible] [illegible]

' Had they heard of any accident?' [illegible] The manager of the hotel [illegible] this, and said he thought he had [illegible] something about a gentleman [illegible] down by a dray the day before [illegible] the hospital

"Thank you," said Ida, [illegible] there "

But Sefton was no more [illegible] than he was in the hotel, [illegible] men returned to make more [illegible] quiries Not only the [illegible] tel but many of the visitors [illegible] terested in this case of "[illegible] ance, ' especially a young, [illegible] dressed, rather good looking [illegible] begged for a few minutes private [illegible] tion This was readily granted [illegible]

I cannot help," he began, [illegible] unusual interest in your trouble, [illegible] have been through a trouble like [illegible] My own sister disappeared in a way [illegible] as unaccountable."

'And you found her?" cried [illegible] together

Yes I found her; but, I believe [illegible] through the instrumentality of a [illegible] was introduced to me by a friend [illegible] best kind of lawyer to employ for [illegible] end It is to give you his address [illegible] advise you to put the case into his [illegible] that I have ventured to intrude [illegible] you

He then handed them a card [illegible] he had written

MR. JOHN G. PORTER,
5 White Street, [illegible]
Introduced by William [illegible]

The women were profuse in their [illegible] sions of gratitude. They had to [illegible] night in Chester. The police [illegible] tioned They looked wise, [illegible] could throw no light on the matter. [illegible] had written to Ida of going to [illegible] which they might take for [illegible] questioned as to what house [illegible] let in the neighborhood, [illegible] of any house at all [illegible] scription She made her own [illegible] however, the next morning, [illegible]

So daughter and mother [illegible] don having made an appointment [illegible] Mr Porter that night. [illegible] for it seemed to her that [illegible] be one dreadful solution of the [illegible] She thought of the River Dee and [illegible] dered On the other hand, [illegible] least answering to the description of [illegible] had taken boat there. Had [illegible] ful to her? Carried away by the [illegible] ments of some guilty woman [illegible] ated the thought at once, and [illegible] remorse for having even so much [illegible] enter her heart By 8 o'clock that [illegible] they were inside Mr. Porter's office, [illegible] consisted of two dingy rooms on the [illegible] floor of a large house. In the [illegible] was a man busily writing, [illegible] ushered them into the back [illegible] had about it the fragrance of a [illegible] cigar

Mr Porter was a small, [illegible] chiefly very gray hair and very bright [illegible] He listened to what the ladies told him [illegible] then said in measured tones:

I have every hope that we shall [illegible] this missing young man. But I must [illegible] tell you my terms and conditions. [illegible] are simple enough. My terms are a [illegible] dred pounds down and a hundred [illegible] when the discovery has been effected. [illegible] conditions are that the strictest [illegible] observed and that the matter be left [illegible] hands absolutely. That is to say [illegible] shall not take counsel with any other [illegible] yer whomsoever. And that if the discovery be not made within two months I give [illegible] the case, which, subject to these terms [illegible] conditions I shall take up this very night"

It is needless to say that these terms [illegible] at once acceded to, and when Dr. [illegible] had again assured them that he had [illegible] Mrs Milworth and Ida returned to Ken[illegible]sington a little less hopeless, perhaps, [illegible] they had left it

Those days that followed were [illegible] days for poor Ida. Her senses, [illegible] fully alive, grew painfully aware of the [illegible] they had hardly noticed before. The [illegible] seemed to her that the people in the [illegible] spent their whole time in [illegible] calls She wondered if they never [illegible] at all or had not carriages. The Japanese ladies on the fans became sinister [illegible] to her The flowers with which the [illegible] was always furnished smelled of [illegible] On Sunday the church bells [illegible] her that Mrs Milworth [illegible] town from Saturday till Monday. [illegible] to their proceedings the ghastly [illegible] of a holiday They would have left [illegible] don altogether but for the necessity of [illegible] in constant communication with Mr. Porter from whom they heard sometimes [illegible] a day, and who would often send [illegible] requesting to see them. He had [illegible] for a photograph of Walter and [illegible] of his handwriting He had made [illegible] inquiries about his health and his [illegible] way of living He had asked to hear his voice as nearly as possible described [illegible] He had interviewed his tailor and [illegible] maker He had discovered the [illegible] brand of cigars, and where he [illegible] sherry and bitters before dinner. In the course of two weeks he had discovered everything about Mr. Sefton except [illegible] Sefton himself On the 15th of May [illegible] Milworth received this telegram:

From J. G. Porter, 5 White street, [illegible] Miss Milworth, 20 Harley square, [illegible] sington. Please come at once; important.

PART II.

It came just after breakfast, and you [illegible] be sure she lost no time in getting to [illegible] [illegible]

I am glad you have come so promptly [illegible] said the little man.

Have you news?" asked Ida.

I may have a clue, but I shall [illegible] ask you some painful questions, [illegible] of a most delicate kind, which I [illegible] spare you You have had cause to [illegible] to me the position in which you and [illegible] Sefton stand to one another. I must [illegible] ask you if he entirely suited you. If, [illegible] word you thought him quite frank [illegible] ways?

I believe him to have been absolutely frank with me"

Did you ever quarrel about any [illegible] woman?

Never I had no cause. [illegible]

' Did he ever mention to you a certain Miss Lee?'

No and there was surprise in the [illegible] uttering that little word.

Well then, I must. It appears that [illegible] quite recently in one of the small [illegible] northern suburb of London stood a [illegible] work shop, kept by Mrs. Lee and her [illegible] daughter, Kitty Lee. Besides the shop [illegible] rented three rooms above it, and [illegible] rooms Mr Sefton made pretty [illegible] visits About six weeks ago the Lees [illegible] up this shop and took one of the [illegible] in Chester to which I have [illegible] trace Mr Sefton on the evening of [illegible] and the morning of his disappearance [illegible]

Yes responded Ida "Will you [illegible] me a little water please? Thank you [illegible] what next?"

I am sorry to have pained you [illegible] the lawyer 'but I had to [illegible] know I fear we men are not the [illegible] set of people I can only say that [illegible] which I shall follow up.

You don't think anything [illegible] happened to him there, do you?" [illegible] with terror in her voice.

I trust not—I should think [illegible] likely but that point I shall ask [illegible] a few days And now I must [illegible] good morning, as my hands [illegible] business than they can hold." [illegible]

Poor Ida! She drove back [illegible] ton. Her heart came, [illegible] ing, but still, if this [illegible] had wiled him away from [illegible] the man who would [illegible] would not have hesitated [illegible] false telegram. [illegible]

"Oh, my God!" [illegible] hands together my God what [illegible] mean?

And for answer was the clamor of a piano and the cries of men vending wares The sunshine streamed in [illegible] leaning back in her carriage, and [illegible] who whirled by her on their way [illegible] water parties or [illegible] galleries [illegible] thought little of what a broken heart [illegible] man they had just passed To [illegible] knew her it seemed that she was [illegible] away with frightful rapidity [illegible] privacy had been enjoined they [illegible] mention the matter to any one, and [illegible] see friends and acquaintances, [illegible] them as much as possible

The days went by with no fresh [illegible] On the fourth day however came [illegible] dated Chester It was from Porter [illegible] that he was still following up the [illegible] had last spoken of She was not [illegible] spair though it was the most baffling [illegible] he had ever had to deal with

Mr Porter had taken up his quarters [illegible] Chester in a very obscure street, [illegible] for reasons best known to himself [illegible]

* * * * *

The night of the 20th of May was dark and very [illegible] Mr Porter [illegible] his window and smoked As the [illegible] struck ten [illegible] he admitted in the [illegible] policeman [illegible] the room

[illegible] [illegible] Porter, [illegible] thing arranged?

Every thing [illegible] men are all [illegible]

To [illegible]

To [illegible]

—I have no further instructions [illegible] then only do your work well

The detective took his leave and [illegible] way through the then deserted [illegible] Chester [illegible] save for the blaze which sometimes through a half-open tavern leaving the town behind him he [illegible] into the open country The night [illegible] were singing but as in a dream [illegible] way on which they sing on dark [illegible] But the detective had a soul above [illegible] gales and he passed on In time he [illegible] main road and passed down a long [illegible] the center of which stood a small [illegible] paused in front of the house [illegible] gleamed from any of its windows [illegible] a low whistle at the sound of which [illegible] garden gate moved back and three [illegible] men [illegible]

[illegible] the attacking party, are [illegible] inquired the detective

'We are [illegible] defending, part [illegible] side

[illegible] get to work [illegible]

In a dark room at the bottom [illegible] house gagged and [illegible] and lay the [illegible] man He heard the sound of a door opened He heard steps on the stairs [illegible] heard [illegible] the sound of a [illegible] he heard three or four reports [illegible] Was he about to be saved? [illegible] struggle seemed to cease Steps [illegible] the stairs At length they descended [illegible] door of his prison was unlocked, [illegible] light of a bull s eye flashed in [illegible] entered

What have we [illegible] cried one [illegible] other of the gang

'No said the other I have an [illegible] I believe it is the missing man " [illegible] kneeling down he removed the gag [illegible] said

"Your n[ame]

Walter Sefton " answered that [illegible] the victim of a vile plot

He then told his story which was [illegible] this On the boat crossing from Dublin [illegible] Holyhead he had got into talk with [illegible] seemingly plain people, a man and [illegible] man who took for man and wife [illegible] fact of his approaching marriage trans[illegible] He mentioned his wish to get a house [illegible] the neighborhood of Chester in a country [illegible] months [illegible] they knew of [illegible] [illegible] gladly look out for [illegible] each [illegible] wanted They [illegible] they knew [illegible] that they should meet at a particular [illegible] of Chester not far [illegible] the following is they wanted to look [illegible] They were to meet early so that they [illegible] have time to look at anything they [illegible] found before going to London The [illegible] pointment was duly kept by Sefton [illegible] was taken by his new acquaintances [illegible] present house. While examining the [illegible] cellar three or four men rushed in, [illegible] him to the ground before he could [illegible] strike a blow in self-defense gagged [illegible] bound him His valuable jewelry was [illegible] from him He was then placed in a [illegible] with two or three men The gag was [illegible] moved but he was informed that if he [illegible] tempted to call out he would be shot [illegible] otherwise he was not ill-treated From [illegible] went on he knew the house was being [illegible] plundered He was given food, but [illegible] much His feelings till the hour of his [illegible] one may be easily imagined

We suspected there was something wrong about the house, said police number on, so we ve been watching [illegible] lucky for you that we have It's not [illegible] to leave a furnished house in such a [illegible] part with no one in it It has been in [illegible] hands of a gang Fortunately we'd brought a good body of men Part of the gang [illegible] made off The fun is that they seemed [illegible] be playing at this kind of thing, for [illegible] of them were dressed up as detectives [illegible] fired There was only powder in their [illegible] Ida, though [illegible] beats me!'

Well " said a second man, "it won't [illegible] play for them now

Among those happily captured [illegible] recognized at once the man and woman [illegible] had decoyed him

'You ll find the head of us " said [illegible] man who had called that night on Porter [illegible] if you ll go to this address and say [illegible] want John Porter He s expecting me [illegible] this gentleman indicating Sefton [illegible] was to have found out all about him [illegible] night but the other fellows were to [illegible] escaped having [illegible] to get hold of [illegible] and by that we could have got fifty [illegible] pounds. I had a kind of feeling we should be found out this time To steal dogs [illegible] make people pay for getting them back [illegible] different thing from stealing men but [illegible] less always did like to play at being a [illegible] yer

The case was [illegible] now By a fortunate chance it had happened that at the [illegible] fixed for the sham fight between the [illegible] parties of the gang the police had been [illegible] the watch at hand and had effected the capture [illegible] was the [illegible] had been frustrated on the eve of its success

* * * * *

There was a train leaving Chester at [illegible] minutes [illegible] which deposited Walter Sefton on the platform of Euston Square [illegible] quarter past six [illegible] before seven he found himself at [illegible] Harley square

"Oh miss, miss, if you please it s [illegible] Sefton come back again

That was what Miss Milworth heard when her maid entered with her hot water [illegible] don t think it was long before those [illegible] young people met and were clasped in each other's arms

The Milworths returned to Chester [illegible] Sefton who [illegible] and Porter [illegible] William Clarke [illegible] a hundred [illegible] names as the man who had recommended Porter Clark had figured as the sham detective It is good to know that they [illegible] got their deserts Ida didn t forget to [illegible] Sefton about Kitty Lee and he laughed [illegible] big laugh and said

"Why you foolish child She s [illegible] daughter of [illegible] I ve known her ever since she was a little child and of course I went to chat with them sometimes Kitty is engaged to be married and is one of the quietest little girls going "

I think Ida was satisfied [Copy]righted 1885

One of the marvels of Dresden to American visitors is its cleanly streets. The [illegible] forbids them to be made dumps for refuse of any kind, even scraps of paper, and strange as it may seem, the police see [illegible] law is enforced

[illegible] highly concentrated curative power, makes [illegible] Sarsaparilla the best and cheapest [illegible] known.

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[illegible] No one could [illegible]

"[illegible] of any accident?"

[illegible] the hotel looked grave [illegible] thought he had heard [illegible] gentleman being [illegible] the day before and taken to the hospital.

"Thank you," said Ida, "we will drive [illegible]"

But Sefton was no more in the hospital [illegible] in the hotel, whither the [illegible] to make more unavailing inquiries. [illegible] the servants [illegible] of the visitors now [illegible] in this case of 'strange disappearance,' [illegible] young noticeably well dressed, rather good looking man, who begged for a few minutes private conversation. This was readily granted.

"I [illegible]," he began, "taking an unusual interest in your trouble, because I have been through a trouble like it myself. My own sister disappeared in a very quiet [illegible]"

"And you found her?" cried both women together.

"Yes, I found her, but I believe, only through the instrumentality of a man who was introduced to me by a friend as the best kind of lawyer to employ for such a [illegible]. [illegible] to give you his address and to [illegible] put the case into his hands [illegible] that I have ventured to intrude myself upon you."

He then handed them a card on which [illegible] written:

MR. JOHN G. PORTER,
9 White Street, Pimlico,
Introduced by William Clarke.

The women were profuse in their expressions of gratitude. They had to pass that night in Chester. The police were questioned. They looked wise, took notes, but could throw no light on the matter. Walter had written to Ida of going to see a house which they might take for some time. [illegible] questioned as to what houses there were to let in the neighborhood, but no one knew of any house at all answering to her description. She made her own researches, however, the next morning, but to no end.

So daughter and mother returned to London, having made an appointment to see Mr. Porter that night. Ida was hopeless, for it seemed to her that there could only be one dreadful solution of the mystery. She thought of the River Dee and shuddered. On the other hand, no one in the least answering to the description of Sefton had taken boat there. Had he been unfaithful to her? Carried away by the blandishments of some guilty woman? She repudiated the thought at once, and wept tears of remorse for having even so much as let it enter her heart. By 8 o'clock that evening they were inside Mr. Porter's office, which consisted of two dingy rooms on the second floor of a large house. In the front room was a man busily writing, who, rising, ushered them into the back room, which had about it the fragrance of a very good cigar.

Mr. Porter was a small man, who seemed chiefly very grey hair and very bright eyes. He listened to what the ladies told him and then said in assured tones:

"I have every hope that we shall recover this missing young man. But I must first tell you my terms and conditions. They are simple enough. My terms are a hundred pounds down and a hundred more when the discovery has been effected [illegible] that the strictest secrecy [illegible] observed and that the matter be left in my hands absolutely. That is to say, that [illegible] And that if the discovery be not made within two months I give [illegible]"

[illegible]

"[illegible] together—my God! what does it mean?"

And for answer was the clamor of a street [illegible] and the cries of men vending their [illegible]. The sunshine streamed in upon her [illegible] back in her carriage, and people [illegible] whirled by her on their way to picture [illegible] or water parties or what not [illegible] little of what a broken hearted woman [illegible] they had just passed. To those who [illegible] her it seemed that she was wasting away with frightful rapidity. As strict secrecy had been enjoined they could not mention the matter to any one, and had to [illegible] friends and acquaintances, avoiding [illegible] as much as possible.

The days went by with no fresh news. [illegible] the fourth day however came a letter [illegible] Chester. It was from Porter saying [illegible] he was still following up the clue he [illegible] spoken of. She was not to [illegible], though it was the most baffling [illegible] ever had to deal with.

Mr. Porter had taken up his [illegible] in a very obscure [illegible] for reasons best known to himself.

* * * * *

The night of the 20th of May was [illegible] and very sultry. Mr. Porter sat by [illegible] window and smoked. As the [illegible] ten a man habited in the garb of [illegible] entered the room.

"Good evening," said Porter. "Is everything arranged?"

"Everything. Our man is all the [illegible]"

"To a man?"

"To a man."

"I have no further instructions for you. [illegible] only do your work well."

The detective took his leave and went his way through the then deserted streets of [illegible] silent save for the buzz which came [illegible] through a half open tavern door [illegible] the town behind him he passed [illegible] the open country. The nightingales [illegible] singing, but as in a dream. It is the [illegible] which they sing on dark nights. [illegible] the detective had a stroll along nightingale [illegible] and he passed on. In time he left the [illegible] road and passed down a long lane in [illegible] center of which stood a small house. He [illegible] in front of the house. No light [illegible] from any of its windows. He gave [illegible] whistle at the sound of which the [illegible] gate moved back and three or four [illegible] came out.

"You are the attacking party [illegible]" said the detective.

"[illegible] are the defending party [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Your name?"

"Walter Sefton [illegible] the victim of a vile plot."

[illegible]

[illegible] the marvels of Dresden to American [illegible] is its cleanly streets. The law [illegible] them to be made dumps for refuse [illegible] kind, even scraps of paper, and, [illegible] as it may seem, the police see the [illegible] enforced.

[illegible] concentrated curative power, makes [illegible] the best and cheapest blood [illegible]

MYSTERIOUS MRS. WILKINSON.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

(Author of "Matrimony," "Mademoiselle de Mersac," [illegible])

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

I wonder whether a man ever really forgets a single incident of his life. Forget, I mean, beyond all possibility of recovery. I should be almost inclined to doubt it. I can't help fancying that all my personal experiences are stored up somewhere about me in short of ghostly record office, and that I might search the archives if only I knew the trick of discovering them. It so often happens that some chance association of ideas awakens the most unexpected echoes in our memories, restores to us our youth, our boyhood, our childhood, and not only enables us to recall something that took place in those far away days, but actually lifts us for a moment or two out of our present into our past selves, so that we feel as we once felt, and see as we once saw—until the vision fades and leaves us with a queer, painful sense of loss.

I suppose everybody experiences this sensation occasionally. It came upon me very strongly one evening when I was sitting in the house listening to Pole, who had embarked upon one of his deliberate attacks on the home secretary. Pole was humming and hawing a good deal, frequently he paused for some seconds, trying to find the word that he wanted, and more than once failing to find it, he went on quite cheerfully without it. He was not in the least embarrassed by his lack of eloquence. He had a general idea of what he meant to express, and that was enough for him; every now and again he looked at the speaker with a kindly reassuring smile, as who should say, "It's all right. Only give me time and I'll get through this thing somehow." I knew he would get through it somehow, and I also knew that there was a pitfall ahead of him into which he was morally bound to tumble. And, sure enough, he did tumble into it. He tumbled into it, so to speak, with a rush which provoked some derisive laughter from the opposite benches when upon the orator, who is always ready to do justice to a joke, even when he doesn't understand it, began to laugh, too, and then those about him were infected by his untimely merriment, and so by degrees the entire assemblage, without distinction of party, became convulsed.

It was at this moment that the house of commons suddenly disappeared from my sight and was replaced by another chamber and quite different occupants. It is a long, low room paneled with old black oak, its benches are [illegible] not by legislators but by schoolboys, of whom I am one. And a boy is standing up, book in hand, construing Homer. Mr. Speaker is represented by a gentleman in cap and gown, who is turning line after line of [illegible] into respectable English. This, I [illegible], is what he thinks he is doing, but [illegible] has got a little confused [illegible] and is taking the literal reading for granted, in a certain [illegible] way that he has so that the [illegible] translator has only to catch the words as they fall and repeat them [illegible] spared all personal trouble and responsibility.

"Thus he spoke, and [illegible]," [illegible] the master.

"[illegible]"

"Nor did he [illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"Well," said the master, [illegible] dawning suspicion, "who's that [illegible]"

"What's what, sir?"

"What's '[illegible]'?"

[illegible]

He always used to [illegible] Pole in those days. I believe the [illegible] who call him so still. At school [illegible] ever quite deceived [illegible] did n't take the trouble to learn his lessons [illegible] he was a boy, he learnt [illegible] to master the details [illegible] perfectly [illegible] that [illegible] about him, and as a [illegible] foolish. In later years I have known him, under pressure of emergency, show an ingenuity equal to that which he displayed in the invention of that amazing [illegible] and with happier results.

I returned to actualities from my brief excursion into the past just in time to see the right honorable gentleman, the secretary of state for the home department, rise to crush the honorable member for M[illegible]-Wessex. He could not order Pole to write out the lesson three times in Greek and English, but such punishment as he could inflict he did. His sarcasm was tremendous, his allusions to the extraordinary ignorance of the laws of the land which seemed to prevail amongst those who were liable to be called upon to administer the same were of a kind to make members of the unpaid magistracy blush for their order, and when in feeling accents he deprecated the wanton waste of public time entailed by such speeches as that to which the house had just listened, I am sure we all felt that the complaint was, for once, not ill founded one. And Pole sat with his hands in his pockets and smiled, and did not care two straws. If Pole can go on not caring like this, I shouldn't be surprised to hear of his obtaining an undersecretaryship one of these days. To be sure, he will have to make haste about it, for, alas! it is something more than a quarter of a century since the verb [illegible] was discovered.

Pole and I had been friends more or less [illegible]—all our lives. There had been long periods during which we had seen little or nothing of each other, and latterly we had met as a couple of middle-aged men do, who have each his own affairs to think about and have half forgotten that they were once boys together. But on that particular night I felt very kindly toward my old schoolfellow. He had unconsciously given me back a few moments out of the good days that I shall never see again, and I thought I should like to have a chat with him; and I was glad when he joined me later, and passing his arm through mine, said we would walk homeward together, as it was such a fine night.

It appeared afterwards that he had something to say to me, but I didn't know that at the time, and I began by reminding him of the [illegible] above narrated, whereat he [illegible] with laughter, and so we fell to talking about [illegible] the masters who ruled there in our time and about Spankie and Silly Billy (I can't help asking *où sont les neiges d'antan?* I know it is among the phrases which ought to be abandoned, but let me put it into a parenthesis just for this once only)—I say, we went on entertaining one another with reminiscences of persons and things profoundly interesting to us, but perhaps not equally so to the general public, until we reached [illegible] street, St. James, where I live when I am in London and Pole remembered that he had not followed me for mere purposes of gossip.

"I rather wanted to [illegible]," [illegible] Walmsley," he said. "Might I come in for a few minutes?"

Naturally, I made him welcome, and when I had provided him with a cigar and whisky, [illegible] thing to drink he confided to me that he was in trouble.

"What is it?" I asked. "It isn't money, I presume." Indeed, I knew it could hardly be that, for Pole is a wealthy man and has never been a specially extravagant one.

"No," he answered, "it isn't money."

"Then," said I, "of course it's—"

He replied, without giving me time to finish my sentence, "Yes, it's the other thing. I met her at a hotel in Switzerland last summer, and when you have seen her, I think you'll admit that, as far as looks and manners go, she is the equal of any woman in London. If I had only myself to consider, I shouldn't hesitate for a moment, but there are the children to be thought of, and then my people have been bothering me about it, and if there is one thing I hate more than another, it's having a row with my people."

Pole had been for some years a widower, and had two little girls, of whom his mother took the principal charge. It had always been expected that he would marry again some day, but I suppose old Mrs. Pole had a not unnatural wish that his second wife should be, as his first had been, a lady of rank.

"Well, who is she?" I inquired.

He said that she was a Mrs. Wilkinson and that she was a widow, after which he came to a standstill, as though there were no more to be told about her.

"Yes," said I, "and afterwards?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, that's just it; there's nothing afterwards. I know nothing more, and I can't find out anything more. And then, you know, my mother cuts up rough and begins to cry. Mrs. Wilkinson is in London, she has taken a house for the season—and a very pretty little house it is—and she seems to have lots of friends, only nobody can tell me her history."

"Pole," said I gravely, "you did well to come to me. You must not be allowed to [illegible] of yourself. May I ask whether you are very much in love with this widow?"

He looked a little sheepish, and answered with a laugh, "Oh, well—aren't we rather too old to talk about that sort of thing? I thought her awfully kind and pleasant, and I have always felt that as my girls grew up they would need somebody to look after them. That's how it began, and—"

I felt sure that it ought not to go on. I interrupted. "If your daughters are to be provided with a stepmother, she must be [illegible] known Wilkinson."

Well, perhaps not. But she may not be utterly unknown, after all. I thought I [illegible] you about it, because, in the first place, you're such a sober, sensible sort of chap, and also because Mrs. Wilkinson has a Miss Warde staying with her whom I expect you know. Her family live in your part of the world, and I dare say one could give you information. I didn't like to [illegible] her myself."

As the Wardes are neighbors of mine in the country it seemed possible that I should have no difficulty in finding out about Mrs. Wilkinson's antecedents from them; but my impression was that Pole was not [illegible] anxious that these should [illegible] satisfactory. Before he left me I was able to form a tolerably shrewd guess at his state of affairs. My poor friend had evidently fallen a victim to the [illegible] of the wily widow; he had gone further than he had intended, and now wished to withdraw only he did not see how an honorable withdrawal was to be accomplished. I [illegible] that I had some little knowledge of the world and of women and [illegible] that I had a [illegible] it would be [illegible] from the [illegible]

"[illegible]," I said. "Tomorrow I will [illegible] upon your mysterious [illegible] and whether she proves to be a suitable person or not, you may depend upon it that she shall not marry you against your will."

He demurred a little to this way of putting the case. "It wouldn't be exactly [illegible] my will, you know, Walmsley; only it is such a [illegible] to have family rows, but [illegible]"

I replied that it would be the first duty of a good citizen to avoid such calamities [illegible] that we parted.

One ought always to be upon one's guard against forming preconceived [illegible] of people. The result of finding them along their [illegible] what one had expected them to be [illegible] is that one is thrown off its balance, and [illegible] power of arriving at a really impartial [illegible] is lost. For some reason or other I had taken it into my head that Mrs. Wilkinson would be big and handsome; that she would have a good deal of manner; that she would still be in half mourning for her late husband; that she would not improbably wear about her neck a large [illegible] with the [illegible] of his remains incrusted upon it in diamonds, and finally, that she would be much pleased at [illegible] my [illegible] the [illegible] acquaintances. When, therefore, I was introduced on the following afternoon to an extremely [illegible] and rather demure looking little woman whose blue eyes had an expression of [illegible] innocence, and whose [illegible] [illegible] frock might [illegible], I must confess, somewhat taken aback. Moreover, although she received me very civilly, and did not look exactly surprised at seeing me, there was just something in her demeanor which suggested the query, "To what do I owe this pleasure?" and that suggestion is disconcerting. Pole was just the sort of man who would see anything in the way of [illegible] one of his friends [illegible] upon [illegible] with whom he was [illegible] the proceeding was [illegible] and I should never have been guilty of such an [illegible] had I not chosen to assume that Mrs. Wilkinson was a person with whom [illegible] was, I was glad to be able to explain [illegible] by saying that I knew Miss Warde's father [illegible] and hoped to have an opportunity [illegible] paying my respects to the young lady [illegible] [illegible] in London.

Miss Warde, however, had gone out [illegible] [illegible] a while [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible] Warde?" she asked. [illegible]

"Were you a [illegible] liberal?" I inquired, for I thought she might take [illegible]

"Those with whom I have lived have been liberals for the most part," she replied. "[illegible] you are a soldier first, and a conservative afterwards, isn't that so? You would let the radicals have their wicked will as regards a great many things, if only they would leave the army alone. I am sure you must be right. How can a civilian minister know anything of military matters? I read your speech the other day about the difficulty of getting good non commissioned officers, and ignorant as I am, I could not help seeing that your facts are unassailable. And is it really the case that our poor army is going from bad to worse?"

I said it was—and so it is. That is perfectly true. If I am asked for my opinion, of course I must give it; but I would not have it supposed that I am so simple as to be taken in by every lady who has found out my hobby, and chooses to simulate an interest in it. Very nearly all of them do this, and I hope I know their ways well enough to be aware that they act in a precisely similar manner when they have to deal with my friend Admiral [illegible], or with Drinkwater, the great temperance advocate, or indeed with any individual who happens to be more or less of a specialist. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to admit that flattery soothes me, even when I know it to be flattery, and that to be listened to with respect and every appearance of pleasure by a pretty woman is a great deal more agreeable to me than being contradicted, and pooh poohed, and snarled at, as I so often am by certain other hearers of mine. I certainly enjoyed my visit, and when Mrs. Wilkinson invited me to dine with her quietly on the following Thursday I accepted without hesitation. Why shouldn't I dine with her? She lived in a remarkably well appointed little house in South Kensington, and from the general look of her surroundings I judged that she would give me a good dinner. [illegible] she was very [illegible], and so I [illegible] walked away.

"But you know, my dear fellow," I told [illegible] is nothing to make friends with [illegible] pretty woman from whom no one knows where, and [illegible] the thing to marry her. If you will be advised by me, you won't drop her suddenly, but go on visiting her just as usual, until gradually let her see that you don't intend to propose. Then, if I know anything of women, she will drop you."

"That," said Pole, rubbing his head ruefully, "will be most satisfactory, no doubt."

Very evident it was to me that Pole stood in sore need of a staunch and determined friend to look after him. I suspected as much then and I was quite certain of it a few days later, when the little dinner to which I had been so hospitably invited took place. I [illegible] by the number of guests who sat down to it, it was a very little dinner, for it so consisted simply of Pole and myself. So long as we remained at table the conversation was general, and indeed could not very well have been anything else with only four people present. It was in the drawing room afterwards that I discovered how serious matters were. I found that I had to talk to Miss Warde (who is twenty-two years younger than I am and may possibly think me an old bore), while the other couple withdrew to a remote corner and conversed together in an undertone. Pole was sitting very close to his fair hostess. I saw him gazing at her with an immense admiration in those sleepy eyes of his. It was clear that he was no more able to escape than a mouse with whom a cat has begun to play. I can't say that Mrs. Wilkinson flirted vulgarly, nor, perhaps, was she flirting at all, in any offensive acceptation of the word; but I could not doubt that it was her purpose to change her maiden name for that of Pole, and I felt sure that if she were not interfered with she would do it, too.

Well, I didn't blame her. A cat may look at a king, or may play with a mouse, or [illegible] a Pole, without infringing any law human or divine. From her point of view, she was perfectly entitled to behave as she was doing; it was only from my point of view, and from that of my friend's relatives, that she was bound to give an account of herself first.

I was not long in arriving at the conclusion that no account of her was obtainable from Miss Warde. That young lady was so reticent, when casually questioned upon the subject, that I at first suspected her of having something to conceal, but I satisfied myself after a time that she only withheld particulars from me because she did not happen to be in possession of any. I elicited the fact that the Wardes had spent the previous summer in Switzerland, where it seemed tolerably safe to assume that they had picked up Mrs. Wilkinson; and that the latter should be [illegible] in such connection with people of such undoubted respectability was comprehensible enough.

"It was so very kind of her to ask me to stay with her," Miss Warde said gratefully. "I had [illegible] up my mind that was to have no season this year, for papa's gout has been so bad lately that he hated the idea of leaving home, and [illegible] would not consent to come up without [illegible]"

It struck me that both papa and mamma would have been more prudent if they had not consented to [illegible] young lady come up with [illegible] them; but that was just what might have been expected of the Wardes. They are a simple, innocent old pair, who followed the absurd rule of trusting every one who has not proved unworthy of trust, and I was not at all surprised that they should have confided their daughter to the chaperonage of a total stranger.

However, that was their affair, not mine. My business was to get up in Mrs. Wilkinson's [illegible] and I was [illegible] to its starting point. When I say that this was my business I mean that I had resolved, in poor Pole's interest, to make it so. He honestly avowed to me, after we had left the house, that he distrusted himself. "It's all very well to tell me that I'm thinking of doing an unfounded [illegible] thing," he said, "but between you and me, my dear fellow, I've been doing foolish things all my life long, and I suppose I shall keep up the same game to the end of the chapter, unless somebody is kind enough to knock me down and sit on my head until the temptation passes."

I assured him that he might rely upon me to do this service in a figurative sense, if necessary, and that I [illegible] at once set about making the [illegible] which the case appeared to call for.

I [illegible] a number of people knew Mrs. Wilkinson [illegible] only by my disappointment at the very [illegible] on that they were able to give me respecting her. Most of them had made her acquaintance through Mrs. Warde, and those who had not had been introduced to her by those who had. It seems to me that people have come to attach very little importance to credentials in these days. Here was a woman about whom absolutely nothing was known, except that she was pretty and agreeable, and tolerably well off; but that was quite enough for [illegible] easy going folks who partook of her hospitality and [illegible] her welcome to their [illegible] I have been the daughter of the [illegible] man hang and for anything that they care.

Of course I heard [illegible] about her. One well informed person declared that her husband had been an American [illegible] but her [illegible] [illegible] professed to have [illegible] covered that she had an interest in the firm of Wilkinson & Sumpter [illegible] in the city; while a third was sure that he had seen her upon the stage not so many years back. But all this was obviously pure conjecture. The only certain thing was that she did not belong to any family that one had ever heard of, and this negative conclusion was all that I could carry back to Pole at the end of ten days of diligent search.

During this time [illegible] I [illegible] Mrs. Wilkinson [illegible] more than once, and I must deny that the favorable impression which she had made upon me at the outset was increased by each visit that I paid to her. I was big [illegible] her adventures her quiet self possession, her [illegible] unconsciousness [illegible] everything [illegible] [illegible] impossible [illegible] any impropriety [illegible] dared I [illegible] to think of her as that [illegible] If he was in [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Pole, [illegible] as regards [illegible], that he had [illegible] Mrs. Wilkinson and [illegible]

[illegible] angry. "Why," she asked, "did you not go on at him until he told the truth?" I felt certain that he was not telling the truth, and I think you let him off far too easily. If I had been in your place I should have insisted upon his giving me some proof that those unfortunate regiments had not really been robbed of all their [illegible]"

I pointed out to her that such a course would have been inconsistent with parliamentary usage, but she rejoined that that only showed that parliamentary usage was one of the things which cried aloud for reform. "How can you be a conservative," she exclaimed, "when there is so much that requires to be improved or done away with? A conservative, I suppose, does not wish to see anything that is established altered, whether it is bad or good."

I deshibly she [illegible] made this preposterous assertion in order to give me an opportunity of expounding the [illegible] thing of conservatism. She may have guessed that that task would not be distasteful to me, and may have intended all along to declare—as she did the moment that I had made an end of speaking—that she now understood the dangers of the radical programme, and would never call herself so much as a whig again. It is not at all likely that her sudden conversion to patriotic principles was the result of my eloquence, but after all, a convert is a convert, and I imagine that there is joy among the missionaries over more than one ex-Pagan who has been brought into the fold by other incentives than those of pure conviction.

Pole, who chanced to be present when Mrs. Wilkinson made her new profession of faith, looked rather disgusted. "You never allowed me to convince you that you had taken up with the wrong side," he said reproachfully.

"[illegible]," she [illegible] "[illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] was talking about [illegible]"

"Well, but that was [illegible] so [illegible] the [illegible]," was it?"

"I am afraid [illegible] was very near the truth, indeed, but there are some truths which it is polite and politic to ignore. Col. Walmsley, you see, was kind enough to treat me as if I were a rational being."

"And he has his reward," muttered Pole, with as near an approach to ill temper as his nature was capable of.

In truth, my friend showed little gratitude for the trouble that I was taking on his behalf. The next time that we were alone together he assumed so dissatisfied an air [illegible] that I thought I had better come to some sort of understanding with him. I did not deem it wise to reveal my plan to him in all its crudity, but I gave him a general idea of what I was about. "It's for your sake, my dear fellow," said I, "that I am trying to make myself agreeable to Mrs. Wilkinson. I want to create a diversion in order to cover your retreat, and I believe I shall manage it, if you don't put spokes in my wheels."

He was so good as to say that he supposed I meant well. "But is it necessary to be so—so infernally agreeable?" he asked.

I replied that it was, and that I hoped he would eventually appreciate the sacrifice that I was making in giving up my afternoon rubber of whist for the sake of drinking tea daily with a lady of whom I did not happen to be enamored. I was not so unreasonable as to expect that he would thank me at the time. So he [illegible] been out, and I was not at all surprised to find that his attentions to Mrs. Wilkinson increased after this, and kept step with my own. There was no longer so much reason why he should not be attentive to her if he liked. My impression was that she had taken his measure, and that she considered me far more likely to make her an offer of marriage than he. She treated him very kindly in the main, only every now and allowing herself a little smiling feminine [illegible], under which [illegible] but it was for me that all her favors were reserved.

I never saw a man more bewildered than Pole was by this abrupt change of front. I, who have long since ceased to be astonished at the fickleness of woman's vision, [illegible] hardly [illegible] he speedy success, and my [illegible] friend evidently could not make head or tail of it. Sometimes I seemed inclined to accept the situation and would absent himself for two or three days together, but he always came back at the end of that time, looking like a schoolboy who has been playing truant, and bringing his humble peace offering, a box of French bonbons of which Mrs. Wilkinson was excessively fond.

It was after one of these penitential returns to his allegiance that he invited us—that is to say, Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Warde and myself—to dine with him quietly at Richmond. He remarked [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Wilkinson said [illegible] at Richmond, though [illegible] that excuse. Only I don't know—is it quite proper [illegible] I have lived so much out of England that I am afraid I have forgotten what is permissible and what isn't. Colonel Walmsley, would it be right for me to take Miss Warde to an entertainment in the suburbs with two gentlemen?"

"Perfectly right in the present instance," I answered. "It all depends upon who the two gentlemen are."

She had taken it lately to appealing to me in this way, and really I rather liked it. I suppose that no man would find it altogether objectionable to be appointed director of a charming woman's conscience, and I was glad—for Pole's sake—that she should thus openly show how much importance she attached to my good opinion. For Pole's sake, too, I betook myself cheerfully to Richmond on the day named. As a general thing, I don't see much fun in going such a long way for one's dinner, but when one has made up one's mind to do a good turn to a friend, one must not stop at small sacrifices. I say I accompanied my friends to the Star and Garter with a smiling countenance, and as the dinner proved fairly good and the evening was a lovely one, I may add that I enjoyed myself.

To all appearance Mrs. Wilkinson also enjoyed herself. As to the remaining two members of the quartet, they doubtless had their respective reasons for looking somewhat sad. I should have mentioned before this that Miss Warde had an admirer, a young man of fortune, Seymour by name, whom I often met at Mrs. Wilkinson's, and who received a good deal of friendly encouragement from that lady. The willingness of Mr. and Mrs. Warde to let their daughter appear through a whole season under the wing of a chance acquaintance was perhaps not wholly unconnected with Mr. Seymour's presence in London. By an oversight, Pole had not asked him to join our little party, and this, I suppose, accounted for Miss Warde's grave looks, which both I and our host noticed. The latter took me aside just before dinner and whispered his regret at this unfortunate omission.

"Awfully stupid of me," he said. "What a duffer I am! I at one can't think of everything," he added, sighing.

There are some things which one had much better not think of at all," I returned, somewhat severely, for I could not approve of the [illegible] into which Pole had fallen of drawing [illegible] and the [illegible] glances at Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Don't," he groaned. "I wish you would let [illegible]. What is the use of going on at a fellow like that, when he is trying all he can to run straight?"

I don't know whether he devoted himself so assiduously to Miss Ward after this because he felt that the least he could do was to endeavor to divert the poor girl whom he had unintentionally disappointed, or because he wished, as he said, to "run straight," or because Mrs. Wilkinson declined to have anything to say to him; but whatever might have been the motive of his conduct, the effect of it was that the fair widow and I were left to entertain one another throughout the evening. After dinner we went out onto the terrace, and seating ourselves there while the sun sank in the west, surveyed that pleasant landscape which is associated with the digestive process in the minds of so many hundreds of persons. For me it has other associations—a great many others. I am no longer young; I have dined at Richmond I should be sorry to say how often and in that familiar twilight ghosts from the past began to float before me and drift away like the smoke of the cigar which Mrs. Wilkinson had kindly permitted me to light. I was in a soft and sentimental mood and so, I imagine, was she. We had remained silent for some time when she said, in that low, gentle voice of hers, which always sounded to me as if it could only belong to a well-bred woman.

"Col. Walmsley, I wonder whether you would give me a little advice if I asked you?"

"I shall be delighted," answered I. "Advice is emphatically one of the things which it is more blessed to give than to receive. Never in my life have I sent any one who has begged me for it empty away."

I adopted this rather flippant tone because the fact of being in a sentimental mode always puts me on my guard upon the alert against surprises.

I could see that she looked hurt. She turned her head away, saying, "After all, I don't know that I will trouble you. You would not be interested in what I was going to ask you about; it only referred to myself."

"Then," said I, more seriously, "you may be sure that it will interest me very much indeed." And this was no more than the truth. Could she, I wondered, be going to consult me as to Pole's intentions?

But it soon appeared that no such [illegible] [illegible] before me. What Mrs. Wilkinson wanted to know was whether I could recommend her to take up her residence in London permanently or not. She had thought a great deal about it, she said, and was quite unable to arrive at a decision. "It has so happened that I have lived almost entirely abroad until lately, and perhaps I should be happier in some ways if I were to go abroad again. Yet—there would be objections to that, would there not? Don't people often say unkind things about women who live out of their own country?"

She turned to me with one of her half-timid, half confiding glances, and I replied: "People say unkind things everywhere and about everyone, Mrs. Wilkinson, but it doesn't matter much, so long as they are not repeated to the person of whom they are said. I know one humble individual who won't be able to help saying unkind things of you, if you go away and leave us. You ought not to have consulted me about this matter. How can you expect me to give you a disinterested opinion?"

"I did not expect you to answer me in that way," she said, with more of sadness than reproach in her tone. I thought—perhaps I had no business to think so—but I thought you were inclined to be my friend, and that if I asked you what it would be best for me to do you would tell me. You have always been friendly until now."

Certainly, as she spoke these last words, she had *les os* [illegible] *dans la voix*. I know that this effective sound can be produced by a trick which is easily learnt, and I also know that when a woman desires to make a fool of you, she almost invariably begins with a display of helplessness; but really suspicion must have limits—and I do possess a heart—a somewhat tough and battered one, it may be—still quite serviceable and ready to beat with generous emotion upon cause shown. I did not believe that poor little Mrs. Wilkinson was trying to impose upon me; but in any case it would have been impossible to reply to her otherwise than as I did reply. I begged her pardon, I assured her that I was indeed her friend, and I added a few pretty phrases, such as I take it that any one circumstanced as I was would have uttered. She was easily conciliated, poor little soul! She told me all her doubts and fears, and very natural they were. People in London had been kind to her, but then she had heard that people in London often were kind to strangers for a time, and afterward dropped them. She did not think she would be able to bear being dropped. She confessed that she was fond of society, and perhaps she was more dependent upon it than others, because she was so lonely. Other people had their relations to fall back upon.

"And have you none?" I ventured to inquire.

She shook her head mournfully. "They are all dead. I should think no one is more utterly alone in the world than I am."

"But at least you have friends," I urged. "Miss Warde, for instance—I suppose you have known her for a long time, have you not?"

Perhaps this question was not in the best possible taste, but I never allowed such opportunities to slip, and not the least puzzling thing about Mrs. Wilkinson was the perfectly easy and unconscious manner in which she avoided giving a direct reply.

"Charlotte Warde is a great friend of mine, of course," she answered, "but Charlotte will marry some day—indeed, I should not wonder if she would marry very soon; and marriage annuls [illegible] friendships, you know. I don't [illegible] that she will drop me, but I shall certainly see less of her."

"And are there no others besides Miss Warde?"

"None, I think. I don't make friends easily, though I get on quickly enough with acquaintances."

She paused for a moment, and then added, with a rather tremulous little laugh: "Do you know, I think you are the only other friend that I have—and I am not at all sure that you care to accept my friendship."

"Dear Mrs. Wilkinson," I exclaimed, "how can you doubt me so? Pray, never doubt me again. There is nothing in the world that I prize more than your friendship, and no privilege that I should consider greater than that of being allowed to serve you."

I protest that I said this with the most perfect sincerity. I was carried away by my feelings. I had entirely forgotten for the moment that I was engaged in an intrigue which had for its aim the defeat of another intrigue. So completely, indeed, had I forgotten what I was about that I ended by taking her hand, which was resting upon the arm of her chair, and raising it to my lips.

She started and got up at once. "Thank you, Col. Walmsley," she said, in her hurried [illegible]. "I [illegible] you can [illegible] you say. Ought [illegible] to go in, do you [illegible]?"

[illegible] [illegible] we had our [illegible] thoughts, and in the case of some of us these may have been more engrossing than explicable. [illegible] looked as solemn as a judge and hardly opened his lips the whole time. When we had seen the ladies home, and were walking away arm in arm, he began to remonstrate with me.

"[illegible] I think you rather overdid it this."

"Not in the least," I replied decisively. "You can't overdo a thing of this kind. I have an object before me, and I pursue that object. You ought to be admiring my thoroughness, instead of perpetually grumbling." And then as I did not wish to prolong the discussion, I hailed a passing hansom and said "Good-night."

The fact of the matter was that Pole's warning was only too justifiable. I was conscious that I was indeed overdoing it—nay, that I had already overdone it and had committed myself to a line of conduct of which the possible consequences were too painful to contemplate. I suppose a good many readers will smile when they hear what it was that caused me to spend an almost sleepless night. Well, I can't help it; they must smile. All I can say is that if they had been in my place, the same conviction would have been forced upon them that was forced upon me. I have stated before that, in forming my little stratagem, I had no thought of inspiring a lady with sentiments which I was unable to reciprocate, nor any suspicion that so lamentable a result would occur. Yet, of course, it might occur and remembering Mrs. Wilkinson's agitation on the terrace at Richmond, I feared—I greatly feared—that it actually had occurred. This is what I thought about during the silent watches of the night, and I must say that it made me dreadfully unhappy.

I went to call upon her the next day, and my worst apprehensions were at once confirmed. The slight pressure of the hand with which she welcomed me, her questioning glance, her somewhat forced gaiety, the vibration of her voice—all, all combined to tell the same sad tale, and to show me beyond the possibility of a doubt that, in trying to extricate my friend from an awkward predicament, I had got into a far more awkward one myself. Far more awkward because I was now convinced that Mrs. Wilkinson had never been in love with Pole. She would have consented to marry him, perhaps, on account of her loneliness, but at the worst it was only her pride that would have suffered by his desertion of her. Pole must surely have been able to see that much for himself; yet he had felt very strongly, and still continued to feel, that after having paid Mrs. Wilkinson marked attention, he was bound in honor to propose to her. And if he was bound to take that course, what, in the name of gracious goodness, was I bound to do? "I do not," said a certain pompous radical politician speaking in the house about this time, upon, I forget what question, connected with army matters—"I do not envy the feelings with which the honorable member from Weehampton must recall at night the reiterated misrepresentations of which he has been guilty during the day."

I was unable to join in the laughter that greeted this burst of censure. "I dare say you don't," thought I, "and you would envy them still less if you only knew what they were."

I prefer not to dwell upon the truly wretched period of three weeks, during which I was tossed upon the ocean of fate and driven hither and thither by baffling winds. Like the unfortunate persons described by Byron, "the magnet of my course was gone, or only pointed in vain the shore to which my shiver'd sail should never stretch again." (I allude to the quiet shore of celibacy.) Ah yes! I knew, though I tried not to know, whither I was drifting. I couldn't see my way out of it. I can't help becoming more and more love-like in my manner towards Mrs. Wilkinson. I couldn't help stammering and looking guilty when Pole roundly accused me of being his rival. To carry on the novel [illegible] with which I began this paragraph, I may say that I had given up all attempt at scientific navigation, and that probably no man was ever more hopelessly out of his reckoning since St. Paul's celebrated Mediterranean cruise.

"Pole," I said one day to my friend, with dismal jocularity, "can you take an observation?"

"No," he said, "I can't. But I can make an observation—and I will!"

"Pray don't," I interrupted. "You needn't—it's quite unnecessary. I know what you want to say, and you are perfectly right. I have been madly, criminally rash, and I have come to howling grief. But at least it doesn't lie in your mouth to blame me."

"Doesn't it?" said he. "I am not so sure of that." And he walked off, with his hands in his pockets and his head bent.

Well, after all, light dawned upon me at last, and I was able to shape a course. Somehow or other, in the midst of all my misery, I had not been quite so miserable as by rights I ought to have been, and this struck me as a singular phenomenon, which might repay investigation. I sat me down, looked things in the face, and said to myself, why not? What if Mrs. Wilkinson's husband had been a pork butcher, or her father a swindler? What if she had no father at all, to speak of? She herself was charming—I found her more charming every day—and my case was not like Pole's. I am not a county magnate, I have not a pedigree yards long. I am not blessed with a couple of daughters, nor do I possess a mother imbued with aristocratic prejudices. And then all of a sudden it flashed across me that I not only should not mind marrying Mrs. Wilkinson, but that it would distress me beyond measure if she married any one else.

I despair of conveying any notion of the effect that this delightful discovery produced upon me. I can only compare my sensations to those of the man who has dreampt that he was about to be hung, and who wakes to find a letter by his bedside informing him that he had succeeded to a fortune. No sooner had I realized what my wishes were than I tore off impetuously to give effect to them, and the first thing that Mrs. Wilkinson said on seeing me was:

"How beaming you look! One would think that you had heard the good news already!"

"What good news?" I inquired.

"The news of Charlotte Warde's engagement to Mr. Seymour. I am so very glad about it, and they are both so happy."

"Oh, that!" I answered, rather unsympathetically. "I have known for ever so long that that was coming off sooner or later. But I came here to say—to ask—to tell you—oh, Mrs. Wilkinson, I am sure you must understand what I mean. Can you—will you make me as happy as Miss Warde has made Mr. Seymour?"

She did not answer, and on looking up I saw that she was pressing her handkerchief tightly against her lips, and that her features were convulsed by some powerful emotion. That was all very well, but it gave me rather a shock to discover presently that it was laughter, not tears that she was trying to subdue. "Well," she said quietly when she could control her voice, "I am glad that is over. I swore to myself that you should propose to me before the season was at an end, and I have kept my vow."

"Mrs. Wilkinson!" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Oh, yes," she said, calmly; "and perhaps I may claim some credit for having accomplished what you have considered a sheer impossibility not many weeks ago. I think you will understand now that, if I had wished to marry your friend Mr. Pole, I could have done so without much difficulty. Do you really imagine that I didn't see through you the very first day that you came here? Do you imagine that there were not plenty of people kind enough to tell me of the inquiries that you set on foot about my parentage and history? My dear Colonel Walmsley, I am willing to believe that you stand without a rival in your knowledge of military statistics, but may I tell you that you don't know a very great deal about women? You had much better not try to outwit us in future. You see, if I had been what you were so flattering as to think me, you would have rued this day to the end of your life. Will you please tell Mr. Pole that he need not think himself called upon to follow your noble example? I quite understand that he would feel as if he had done the proper thing after proposing to me and being refused, but it will save trouble if you will consider that performance as having been gone through."

I hardly know how I got out of the house. I did make some feeble effort to convince Mrs. Wilkinson that I was at all events sincere in my professions of attachment now, whatever I might have been at an earlier stage of our acquaintance; but I felt that it was too much to expect of her that she should believe me, and, as a matter of fact, she did not believe me.

"I assure you you are not in love with me," she said. "My humble little triumph is that I have made you propose to me without doing so."

I went straight off to Pole and told him exactly what had happened. "This has been a most unfortunate business for me," I said, "but there is some consolation in the thought that you couldn't have got out of it better if I had been completely successful."

"I don't know whether you call this getting out of it well," returned Pole gloomily, "but I don't— What must she think of me? I'll tell you what it is, old chap, I don't doubt that your intentions were good, but I wish to heaven you hadn't interfered with me."

I suppose he must have forgotten that it was he who had asked me to interfere. I made no [illegible] and he went on to say that he had resolved to set family at defiance. He loved Mrs. Wilkinson, and he was going to tell her so, be the consequences what they might.

"Very well," I returned, "go and tell her, then, since you can't be contented to let well alone. She may refuse you; she says she will, but I wouldn't answer for her. I am sure you know that I speak without any personal feeling of bitterness; but she is quite the most perfect adept at deception that I ever met in my life."

The next time that I saw Pole he informed me briefly that Mrs. Wilkinson had dismissed him. "I don't want to talk about it," he said. "I've had a regular facer, and I suppose I have only myself to thank for it. All the same, I believe she would have accepted me if it hadn't been for you."

Well, that was quite possible; but I could not get Pole to see that all had fallen out for the best, and the whole affair brought about a coolness between us which I am sorry to say has not yet passed away. Down in the country the other day I chanced to encounter Miss Warde, who is shortly about to become Mrs. Seymour, and of course I could do no less than inquire after our common friend, Mrs. Wilkinson.

Miss Warde replied that she was quite well, and then looked at me with a peculiar smile.

"I see," said I, "that you are in possession of certain secrets, and I dare say you have a worse opinion of me than I deserve. I consider that I was more sinned against than sinning, but never mind. And now that it is all over, will you tell me one thing? What was the mystery about Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"There never was any mystery at all," she replied. "It was only you who chose to imagine that there must be one. If you had asked my parents, they would have told you that her husband was a naturalized Austrian subject and a distinguished officer, and that she herself belongs to a good old family. I believe she married General Wilkinson, who was much older than herself, to please her father. Naturally, she was not well known in London, having lived abroad for so many years, but there are people enough in different parts of England who could have proved to you that she was quite entitled by birth and position to marry Mr. Pole."

"And pray, why did you not tell me this before?" I asked, with some indignation.

"Because Mrs. Wilkinson would not let me. She was very angry with you, and I think she had some reason to be angry. Of course she was angry with Mr. Pole, too; but I believe she understood all along that he was not responsible for your outrageous behavior."

I didn't mind being accused of outrageous behavior, for in truth I had not seemed to behave well; but I was really sorry on Pole's account that I had been misled, and I said so.

"Do not reproach yourself too bitterly," replied Miss Warde, laughing. "He and Mrs. Wilkinson have met again, and I believe there have been explanations, and I shouldn't wonder if she were to forgive him. Yes, I think she will forgive him; but if you ask me my candid opinion I doubt whether she will ever forgive you."

—Copyright, 1885.

Red Flannel Flags.

"I don't know how to account for it. I do verily [illegible]"

"Have you?" Well all things must have a beginning. [illegible] in the shoulder to the ankle, in the knee, in the elbow, in the back, in the wrists or fingers. That's all it is now. By and by it will be rheumatism with its red flannel rags hoisted its weakness, [illegible]. You don't want it? Of course you [illegible] in the bud then. How? These people will tell you.

"Benson's Capcine Plasters cured me of rheumatism in the back."—J. D. Bowles, 139 Morgan street, St. Louis.

Rheumatic pains vanish before Benson's Capcine Plasters.—John Burns, Kansas City, Mo.

Everybody should know how good Benson's Capcine Plasters are for rheumatism.—Peter J. Constant, 156 State street, Chicago.

Benson's Capcine Plasters cured me of rheumatism between the shoulders.—R. W. Stafford, 438 Austin avenue, Chicago.

"For all rheumatic troubles Benson's Capcine Plasters are the best. I speak from experience."—E. H. Cleaver, 127 Randolph street, Chicago.

I have no complaint except rheumatism and Benson's Capcine Plasters relieve me of that."—F. E. Banks, 65 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

For rheumatic pains between the shoulders Benson's Capcine Plasters are very efficacious.—J. D. Phillips, 1821 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.

Put me down as saying that Benson's Capcine Plasters are superior to all others for rheumatism."—Eugene Argellea, 769 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

[illegible] the Three Red Seals. Imitations of Benson's Plaster are sold under similar names. When buying Benson's examine the plaster yourself before it is wrapped up. The genuine has the Three Red Seals trademark on its face. Look for the Three Red Seals.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE EAST.

California Again at the Front at the Chicago Races.

PHALLAS DEFEATS MAXEY COBB

Tammany Hall Celebrates the Fourth—A Six Year Old Boy Kills and Buries his Infant Brother—The Day's Doings.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Fully 30,000 people witnessed the racing at Washington park to-day. The weather was sultry, with indications of rain, and just prior to the races being started for the first event a light shower fell, scarcely enough to lay the dust, however. Betting was very heavy and the Californians were again in high feather. The track was in excellent condition, as is shown by the time made in the various events.

First race, three-quarters of a mile, for maidens, two-year olds—Starters, Cuban Queen, H. G. Bruce, Farrell, Miss Howles, Willie Martin, Flora L., Pat Sheedy, Estella and Pure Rye. Cuban Queen and Pat Sheedy, getting away in the lead, cut out the running to the head of the stretch, where Estella was a close third. A furlong from the wire Estella challenged the leaders, as also did Flora L. The former, drawing away, easily won by a length and a half, Flora L second, and Farrell third. Time, 1:16. The winner is a bay filly by Rutherford, out of Sister Anne, and is the property of Lucky Baldwin, the California millionaire. Paris mutuals paid $10 70.

A TERRIFIC CONTEST.

Second race—Columbia stakes, for all ages, mile and three-quarters. Starters Freda, Verano, Modesty, Tom Martin, April Fool, Kosciusko, Bennette and Bob Miles. Pools: Modesty barred, Baldwin's entries, Freda and Verano, $200, Kosciusko $100, Tom Martin $80, Binnette $70, field $50. Verano started off to make the running, followed by Modesty, April Fool and the bunch. Passing the stand, Verano was first by four lengths, Kosciusko second, a nose in front of April Fool third, with Modesty at his throat latch, and the field well bunched. Modesty ran into third place at the home turn. The pace was now terrific, positions of the leaders remaining unchanged. Entering the stretch, Verano led by a short length only, Modesty being second, Binnette third. A furlong from home Modesty drew to the front, followed by Binnette. A terrific finish followed, Modesty winning by a nose, with Binnette second, a length in front of Verano third. Time, 3:03¼. Paris mutuals paid $1 90. The winner is a chestnut mare, four years old, by War Dance out of Ballet, and the property of Edward Corrigan, of Kansas City. As a three old she won the American Derby over the same track.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA VICTORY.

Third race—Sheridan stakes, for three-year-olds, one mile and a quarter. Starters Volante, Alf Estell, Falconer, Goldbar, Troubadour, Alta and Vola. Pools: Volante $200, Alf Estell $[illegible], Goldbar $81. Goldbar made the running for a mile, at the end of which she led by two lengths, with Alta and Estell neck and neck in second place, and Falconer a length farther away. Estell fell back on the stable turn, and entering the stretch Alta was first by half a length, Volante second and Alf Estell third. A furlong from home Volante challenged Alta, and the pair ran neck and neck to within a hundred feet of the wire, when Alta drew away again and won a grand race by a length from Volante, Troubadour third, two lengths away. Time, 2:09¾. Mutuals paid $50 80. The winner is a bay colt, by Norfolk out of Ballinette, and the property of P. P. Ashe, a San Francisco lawyer. This is his second appearance this side of the Rockies, he starting in an American Derby on the opening day, and running unplaced.

Fourth race—Selling allowances, all ages, one mile and a furlong. Starters Ed Butts, Handy Andy, Virgie, Hearne, Irish Pat, The Ute, Mary Hamilton, Musk, Villeseo and Athene. Handy Andy led for over half the way, when Irish Pat headed him, followed by Musk. A driving finish followed, Irish Pat winning by three parts of a length, with Musk second, a half length in advance of Ute third. Time, 2:09¼. Paris mutuals paid $9 70.

OTHER EVENTS.

Fifth race—Three quarter mile heats, best three in five. Starters Grismer, Effie H., Keokuk and Our Friend. First heat: Keokuk was first by a neck, Our Friend second, Grismer third; time, 1:16½. Second heat: Grismer won by two lengths, Keokuk second and Effie H third; time, 1:17¼. Third heat: Our Friend first, Keokuk second and Effie H. third; time, 1:18. Fourth heat: Grismer first, Our Friend second and Keokuk third; time, 1:20¼. Fifth heat: Grismer first, two lengths ahead of Our Friend second; time, 1:25. The winner is a chestnut gelding, five years old, by Grinstead out of Jennie D., and is a full brother of Verano. He is the property of E. J. Baldwin of Los Angeles, California, and his owner is said to have beaten the bookmakers out of $21,000 on the result.

Steeplechase, full course—Starters Slocum, Bagdad, Guy and Major Pickett. Slocum and Guy made the running, with Pickett in close attendance. Pickett took the lead entering the track, and won handily by eight lengths from Slocum. Time, 5:00. Paris mutuals paid $3 40.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

BRIGHTON BEACH, July 4.—Attendance 5000; weather wet, track sticky. Three-quarters mile maiden, three year-olds and upwards—Parade won, Bakerescon second, Mocking Bird third; time, 1:18¾.

Seven-eighths mile—Lucy Levers won, Baron Favorite second, Tank third; time, 1:31.

Seven eighths mile—Shelby Barnes won, Tattle second, Eva K. third; time, 1:31.

Three quarters mile, three-year-olds—Sterrett won, Three Cheers second, Bahama third; time, 1:18.

Mile and one-eighth, all ages—Exile won, Annie L second, Florence M third; time, 1:58¼.

Mile and a quarter, all ages—King Fan won, John Sullivan second, Dizzy Blonde third; time, 2:12.

Steeplechase, full course—Only two starters: Quebec won, Revenge second; time, 5:22½.

PHALLAS DEFEATS MAXEY COBB.

CLEVELAND, July 4.—Phallas won the $15,000 race with Maxey Cobb to-day, in three straight heats. Cobb never showed his nose in front during the entire race. Time 2:14, 2:15¾, 2:20¼. Fourteen thousand people were present. The track and weather could not have been better. John Murphy drove Maxey Cobb, and E. O. Bether sat behind Phallas. Pools started even, but before the first heat Phallas brought $60 to Cobb's $45. Four attempts were made to start at the beginning. Cobb had the pole, but when the word was given he was three-quarters of a length in the rear. After the quarter post was passed Phallas was two lengths ahead. Murphy tried the whip, but it did no good. The second and third heats were uninteresting.

KILLED AND BURIED HIS BABY BROTHER.

NEW YORK, July 4.—A telegram from Wilson, North Carolina, says: Willie Sams, 6-year old son of a farmer living near here, to-day murdered his infant brother, of whom he had been given charge. Some time ago he was taken to a child's funeral, and manifested great interest in its burial, which he did not seem to understand. He has frequently prattled about it, and asked many questions as to how the child was got into the coffin, and when it would come out. To-day he took his little brother to a graveyard which was near his father's home, and after scooping out a grave in the sand by a small brook, he placed the little infant in a box which he had previously carried there, nailed down the top and buried it, going through the form of delivering a prayer and singing a hymn after he had filled the tiny grave he stamped on it, and then went back home and told his mother of his deed, of which he seemed very proud. He said it was just like Mrs. Arthur's little baby's funeral. The terrified mother hastened to the spot, the grave was reopened and the infant found dead, with the right arm broken and the skull crushed.

MR. HAY'S RESIGNATION.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—Mr. Hay, who yesterday resigned his office of first assistant postmaster general, has struggled manfully to fulfill the duties of his office, but has not been able to attend to the duties more than a day at a time and some time past not that long, so the work has got somewhat behind hand, especially as to changes of fourth-class postmasters. While General Hay has served the number of fourth-class postmasters appointed has not averaged over fifteen or twenty a day. Every one has had the greatest sympathy for the effort Mr. Hay has made to keep up, but as has been repeatedly predicted, he has at last had to succumb. He did not go down to the department yesterday, nor did he send any information as to his future movements. Ex-Congressman Mitchell of Pennsylvania was seriously considered as Hay's successor, and it is said would have received the appointment had it not been for the fact that Mr. Jenks of the same state had just been appointed assistant secretary of the interior.

KELLEY HAS AN ENEMY.

BOSTON, July 4.—A Washington special to the *Traveler* says that it has transpired that one Rogenski, a relative of Mrs. Kelley and who has sought Kelley's political ambition for years, stirred the trouble in Vienna, having gone there for that purpose. The dispatch adds that the present minister, Francis, is working with Rogenski to prevent the recognition of Kelley, and that it is worth $1000 per month to Francis to remain in office.

DALY'S COMPANY COMING TO THE COAST.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Mr. Augustin Daly starts from Chicago to-morrow with his entire company of comedians, for San Francisco. They travel in special cars and go direct to the Pacific, and will make no stops whatever on the road, either going or on the return trip. They open in San Francisco next Monday evening, in "Love on Crutches," and will play there four weeks and return to New York for their vacation about the 10th of August.

TAMMANY HALL.

It Celebrates the Day, and Receives a Letter from the President.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Tammany celebrated the day by gathering at Tammany hall, where speeches were made by prominent braves. Grand Sachem Dugro made an address of welcome. The Declaration of Independence was then read, after which Orlando P. Potter delivered the "Long Talk," choosing as his topic "The Declaration of Independence." Other speakers were Richelieu Robinson, Eugene S. Ives, H. B. Tappan and Dennis McMahon. Among the letters read was the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 1.—Hon. P. Henry Dugro, Grand Sachem: Dear Sir—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to join the society of Tammany in its ninety-seventh celebration of the 4th of July, the birthday of the republic. I regret that pressure of official duties and engagements prevent acceptance of this kind invitation. For the purposes sought to be accomplished by the people in their choice of a chief magistrate, recently referred to in your note of invitation, I am seriously mindful. In order that the hopes of the people be fully realized, every member of the party in power should yield a cordial support to all efforts on the part of the administration to restore pure, free and just government. The statement contained in your note, that "the church that so should so discharge all its functions as to [illegible] not only the approbation of the people, but at the same time insure a harmonious party united in Jeffersonian democracy," meets my approval, although my conception of the true purposes and the mission of my party convinces me that if the present administration merits the intelligent approval of the people this result of itself certainly should ensure a harmonious party united in Jeffersonian democracy, while the coming celebration will revive and keep alive the memory of patriotic devotion and sacrifice for the sake of free institutions. No occasion is more propitious for a renewal of our pledges to a true and progressive democracy, so essential to our country and safety and prosperity. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

A repast followed.

THE HILLSBORO RACES.

Lady May Wins the Half Mile Dash. Almonette and Maggie Arnold the Winning Trotters.

Only a moderate crowd was attracted by the races at Hillsboro yesterday, although the managers had reduced the admission fee, and no charge was made for use of the grand stand. The reason assigned is too many local celebrations at various points in the county.

The weather was warm, the sky was almost cloudless, and the track was hard and dusty.

The first event was a half mile dash, with the following starters: G. W. Scoggins' Jim Merritt, Stewart's Lady May and Headlight, R. E. Bybee's Why Not, and T. H. Tongue's Howard. In the pools Jim Merritt was hot favorite, with second choice alternating between Lady May and Headlight, and fourth choice falling about equally upon Why Not and Howard.

The horses were started pretty fairly, considering that four of the five were youngsters, but Merritt's rider misunderstood the directions and pulled his horse slightly and looked back at the starter. Meanwhile the colts were improving their opportunity, headed by Lady May, and before Merritt could recover from his check he was far to the rear. They ran in this position to the head of the stretch, when Merritt made a dash for first place. But the odds were too great, and although Lady May checked her speed the horse never got to the front. Lady May won by half a length, Merritt second, Why Not third, Headlight fourth, Howard last. Time, 51.

TROTTING—BEST THREE IN FIVE.

The next event was a trotting race for the 2:40 class, best three in five heats, for which there were two starters, E. L. Hallett's Almonette and Thomas Tongue's Fred Hamilton. Betting was spiritless, Almonette being the favorite five to two.

Hamilton won the pole, and a good start was secured at once. At the turn the horse made a bad skip, and the mare at once took the lead and increased it until the half mile was reached, in 1:20, when Hamilton began slowly to close up the gap. Coming down the stretch Hamilton again broke badly, and Almonette came in an easy winner. Time, 2:41.

Second heat—The mare took the lead, trotting beautifully, but the horse again broke at the turn, and Almonette maintained the lead to the finish, winning in a jog. Time: half 1:26, mile 2:51½.

Third heat—In this heat the best start of the race was made, and Fred Hamilton surprised the crowd by making the turn without a skip. Almonette took the lead, and the trot to the last turn was absolutely perfect. Here the horse made a slight break, but quickly recovered, and a pretty finish followed, Almonette winning the heat and race by a length. Time, 2:41.

Both horses are 4-year-olds. Mr. Hallett's Almonette promises to make a splendid record. Her trotting is absolutely perfect, she trotting the three straight heats without a skip.

BEST TWO IN THREE.

The day's races closed with a trot for the 2:40 class, the starters being J. Beach's Maggie Arnold and J. Pender's Night Shade, an eastern Oregon mare. Night Shade won the pole, and a beautiful start was made. The eastern Oregon mare broke at the turn, and Maggie Arnold took the lead, maintaining it to the finish, and winning by a length in 2:44.

Second heat—Maggie Arnold won the heat and race in 2:39½. She took the lead soon after the start, and held it to the finish, Night Shade breaking on the homestretch.

Messrs. Richard Perkins, J. T. Apperson and W. W. Baker were the judges.

No accident happened to mar the day's pleasures. In the evening a ball was given in the town.

Owing to the lateness of the hour Altamont did not trot against time, as was intended.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Hall street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school 12:15 P. M. Free seats.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Third and Washington streets—Preaching morning and evening by P. of J. A. Wyckoff of Albany.

First Congregational church, corner Second and Jefferson—Divine services morning and evening, Rev. J. H. Acton officiating. Sunday school at the usual hour.

United Presbyterian church, cor. Sixth and Montgomery streets, Wm. R. Stevenson pastor. Services at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. The service will be omitted.

South Portland M. E. mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets. Sunday school 3 P. M. Gospel meeting 8 P. M. Address by E. C. Frost, general secretary Y. M. C. A.

South Portland chapel (Unitarian), Porter street, west of First—Sunday school at 3 P. M. Service at 7:45 in the evening, conducted by Rev. T. L. Eliot. The public in the vicinity cordially invited.

First Baptist church, corner Fourth and Alder—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock by Rev. Professor Bailey of Eugene. Seats free. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Church—Classes at 10 A. M. and 12 M. Sunday school at 12:15. Young people's praise meeting 6:30 P. M. At 11 A. M. sacrament of Lord's supper. The pastor will preach at 7:30 P. M.

German Methodist church, corner North Eighth and D streets. The pastor, Rev. [illegible] will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school commences at 9:30 A. M.

Unitarian church, corner Yamhill and Seventh streets. [illegible] T. L. Eliot minister. Service of baptism for children at 10 A. M. Morning service at 11, followed by the communion service at 12. Sunday school at 12:30. The evening service is omitted.

First Christian church, Hamilton and Park streets—J. W. Webb, pastor. Preaching every Lord's day at the usual hours. Sunday school at 12:15. Social singing on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:45 P. M. Everybody most cordially invited.

St. Stephen's chapel, corner Fifth and Jefferson streets—Divine service, with the administration of the holy communion, will be held in the chapel this morning at 11 o'clock, the right reverend the bishop officiating. Also evening prayer at 4 o'clock. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner Taylor and Eleventh—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Caswell, at 11 A. M. In the evening a Sunday school missionary concert will be given, commencing at 7:45 o'clock. Sunday school at 12:15, J. K. Gill, superintendent. Prayer service Thursday evening. Seats free.

OUR FLAG INSULTED.

Mormons Place the American Colors at Half Mast.

LOYAL CITIZENS TO THE RESCUE

Bloodshed Threatened for a While but Patriotism Triumphs and the Stars and Stripes are Again Flung to the Breeze.

SALT LAKE, July 4.—When the sun rose this morning the national flag hung at half-mast on the city hall, county court house, *Deseret News* office, Mormon tabernacle, church tithing office, John Taylor's residence, the Mormon church offices and the Salt Lake theater. [illegible] was put at half mast [illegible] present an [illegible] of the [illegible] hung out [illegible] committee composed of United States Marshal Ireland, Col. Hamer, Major Wilkes and Captain Evans, the last two named ex-confederates, [illegible] City Marshal Phillips said it was the result of his personal whim. The committee demanded that the flag be raised to full mast, which demand was met with a denial, whereupon Captain Evans jumped up and started out to raise it himself, but the door was shut and locked. [illegible] policemen [illegible] rush for Evans [illegible] Constable Charles Crow raised his club to strike and drew his pistol while other threats reached far. [illegible] Quiet was restored by the United States marshal and the conference went on.

THE MORMONS' EXPLANATION.

The city officials said the 4th of July was [illegible] Mormons [illegible] law and [illegible] the flag over [illegible] hall did not belong to anything [illegible] any man who undertook to hoist the flag at half mast would be [illegible].

The officers and the committee of [illegible] then went into the street, where a small crowd had gathered, numbers of whom wanted to raise the flag at all hazards, but were threatened by the police not to attempt it. [illegible] United States Marshal Ireland the city marshal ordered [illegible] it full mast or to take it down within thirty minutes, while, at the same time, Constable Crow had mustered a small squad [illegible] The [illegible] result [illegible] Mayor Sharp, who was attending the Mormon [illegible] meeting, and in less than thirty minutes the flag was up [illegible] the [illegible] cheers of the city officials.

SOME OF THE FLAGS [illegible].

The G. A. R. post celebrating [illegible] the city were informed of the difficulty, and [illegible] after passing resolutions to run the flags to their proper places. They met a crowd of loyal angry citizens at the Walker house, and the crowd wanted to go and by force put the flags where they belonged, but the counsel of Governor Murray prevailed, and finally a committee of five was sent to demand of the mayor that it should be done. A few minutes later the flag at the city hall was run up to the masthead.

The citizens committee made a demand on Sheriff Groesbeck, and hoisted the flag at the county court house from half to full mast, without demurring. The flag at the co-operative store was also run from half to full mast at about 6 o'clock this evening, but the others hung out in defiance till sundown, and are yet at half mast. All who are immediately responsible for this treasonable piece of business disclaim knowing anything about it, but it has leaked out that the order to thus insult the nation at large and the government in this came direct from the heads of the church.

CALIFORNIA.

THE FOURTH AT SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 4.—To-day was fitly celebrated here. It was ushered in by salutes from the different forts in the harbor. Later there was a procession through the public streets, which marched to Golden Gate park, where the leading feature of the day, the unveiling of the Garfield monument, occurred. D. A. McDonald presided during the ceremony, and Horace Davis delivered the address. Many thousand people were present. The weather was all that could be desired. On the bay there were boat races and regattas. The evening literary exercises were held at the Mechanics' pavilion, with W. W. Morrow as orator.

Although many alarms of fire rang out at intervals during the entire day, none of any great consequence took place, nor were there any serious accidents reported. Reports from different parts show that the celebration was universally well observed, and almost with an entire absence of the usual casualties of this day's observance.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived—Bark Coren, Cook's inlet; barkentine Webfoot, Columbia river; schooner R [illegible], Columbia river. Sailed—Bark [illegible], Port Townsend.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

The signal service night bulletin predicts fair weather for the next twenty-four hours, all along the coast.

STATE DISPATCHES.

TERRIBLY MANGLED.

INDEPENDENCE, July 4.—Yesterday, while the twelve year old grandson of Joshua Brown was driving a mowing machine on his farm near the Luckiamute, the horses ran away, throwing the boy under the machine in such a manner that nearly the whole of his genitals were torn from him, leaving a hole as large as a man's fist. Doctors Lee and Davidson were called and are doing all in their power to save him, but have very little hopes of his recovery.

THE EAST SIDE.

SAD CASE OF INSANITY.

At half-past 10 o'clock yesterday boisterous and frantic shouts attracted neighbors and passers by to the residence of Mr. W. B. Stevenson on the south side of I street, between Eighth and Ninth. Those who hastened there to ascertain the cause found that an invalid son named Harry, aged 19 years, had become maniacal, and that his mother with a babe had fled with terror from the house, the father being absent. By dint of great effort he was finally secured and held down on a lounge while a physician was sent for. Upon the arrival of the latter he prescribed an opiate pending the arrival of the attending physician, who resides in Portland, and departed. Soon after his departure the boy broke from his guards and rushed into the street, still continuing his ravings, and for some time paraded the sidewalk to the alarm and terror of those who witnessed him. A number of persons, however, hastily stationed themselves at either end of the block, and prevented his going beyond its limits. In course of time the attending physician, accompanied by the boy's father, approached, and upon the boy seeing his father coming toward him he hastened back to the house, where he was again secured and put under treatment by the doctor, by which he finally became subdued, but it is feared he will have to be committed to the asylum. It transpires the boy was thrown from a horse when quite young, the injuries he received resulting in one side becoming permanently paralyzed and rendering him subject to epileptic fits. For several days past he has been laid up with an internal derangement and had been sleeping about twelve hours immediately previous to his present spell, which commenced as soon as he was awakened.

ACCIDENT ON A FARM.

A man named Leonard, the lessee of Mr. [illegible] Sutherland's farm in Columbia slough, met with a serious accident Friday while driving a hay rake. The horse running away, he was thrown under the machine, which passed over him, fracturing his collar bone, partially dislocated his right shoulder and also injured him internally. He was conveyed to the house in an unconscious condition, and remained so for about two hours. He received proper medical attendance from this city.

Mr. Lee St[illegible], an estimable young man of Batesville, Arkansas, accompanied Mrs. W. H. Weld[illegible] on her return home recently. He is well pleased with this country, and may remain.

Mr. [illegible] McLain, formerly constantly city surveyor here, has returned after an absence of over a year, most of which time he has spent in California. He is now connected with a Portland firm and will remain here for the present.

Mr. J. [illegible] McSur, who had several ribs broken recently by a fall while working on a building on I street, was out yesterday for the first time since the accident.

The [illegible] company are to be congratulated on the spirit and patriotism of Pioneer's hose team. In their handsome new uniforms yesterday they were the cynosure of all, and their successful run is cause for pride and encouragement.

What has the democratic administration done with that surplus of $100,000,000? It hasn't succeeded in finding out that any of it was stolen by republican administration; perhaps it has stolen it itself.

THE FOURTH.

(Continued from Fifth page.)

by the votes of a large number of indigent and ignorant or unscrupulous and careless electors who voted either as they were bought or bidden. The celebration of the Fourth of July, however proper, will not of itself produce honest government and good laws. The people must be educated not intellectually alone, but morally and industrially as well. The test of right and wrong must not be mere [illegible] convenience. A living not truly and honestly [illegible] is a [illegible]. Our [illegible] gift of freedom must be kept within the safeguards of God's righteous law. The decalogue and the sermon on the mount must once more furnish the standard of morals [illegible] public and private life. [illegible]

[illegible]

Yes, America, land of Washington and Hamilton [illegible] of the west. The youngest daughter of Time. Thy history is not in the past, but the future. Thy [illegible] and the fame of thy greatest and [illegible] shall fill the world and endure forever. Then

[illegible]
The clouds are parting [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

The oration was listened to throughout with [illegible] Judge Lovely spoke with unusual [illegible] was lost to the [illegible] ear, so clear was his voice and so distinct his enunciation. His thought, learning and [illegible] polish the oration speaks for itself. From the opening to the closing sentence it was listened to with unflagging interest and attention, and frequently and warmly applauded.

Drake's Address to the American Flag was then recited by Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith. It is but an act of simple justice to say it was a magnificent elocutionary effort. Mrs. Smith appeared appropriately attired as the Goddess of Liberty, which greatly heightened the effect of the recitation. In voice, gesture, finish, feeling and expression she was superb. When she turned, and, pointing to the stars and stripes which were proudly floating high over the court house, repeated the lines of the poet:

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home!

The effect was dramatic and thrilling, and flashed through the crowd like a touch of electricity. The lady was roundly applauded, and when she ended with the well known words:

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

Three cheers for the old flag were proposed by President Dodd and given with a gusto that made the welkin ring.

"America" was then rendered in a very spirited style by the band, when the benediction was pronounced and the immense crowd dispersed in all directions.

THE DAY'S SPORTS AND CONTESTS.

THE BLACKBIRD SHOOTING.

The glass shooting at Peoria blackbirds for a handsome silver cup, and nine other cash prizes aggregating $180, brought out a large number of sportsmen. There were thirty two entries, each man to shoot at fifteen birds. The shooting began shortly after 2 o'clock, and was prolonged over four hours. Nearly 200 people managed to plod along under the burning sun and through suffocating dust to the range in South Portland, but most of them deserted and went back a quarter of a mile to see the competitive military drill on the cricket grounds, which seemed to offer superior attractions. The contest was without incident worthy of mention. Following is the score:

Names			Total
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

F. W. Moore being a member of company G, and having to drill, the rules were suspended in his behalf so that he was allowed to shoot his second and third sets of five at the same time. Wherefore when he returned from drill every body else had finished shooting and 1 turn's score of 14 was the best by two that had been made. Thus it was possible for Moore to beat Thorn by making an even score. What few spectators remained became quickly interested, and some of them quite heavily in the result. Moore shot his second string without an error. But the next bird thrown from the trap did not "fly" well and was missed. This made it only possible to tie Thorn, which it is claimed Moore might easily have done, but the score of 13 was vacant and entitled the person who should make it to the second prize of $40. Moore hit the next two birds and then missed the last, making the identical 13, probably preferring the certainty of $40 to the possibility of getting beaten in the tie contest for the cup.

For the second money $[illegible], Messrs. Miller and Stewart [illegible] three birds while Stewart missed the second.

Messrs. Howe [illegible] having each scored 11 divided the third money, $30.

The fourth money, $[illegible], was contested for by Messrs. Clark, Woodman, Chapman, Curry and McDonald, each having a score of 10, and Woodman winning after shooting five birds in order to defeat McDonald.

The fifth money, $20, was taken by Spencer, who "tallied" three birds in shooting off the tie.

Uncle Davy Monastes took the sixth prize, $15, defeating on the tie shoot Messrs. Cluyes, Curtin and Burell.

For the seventh prize, $10, Messrs. Hughes, Campion, Davis, Whalley, Nichell and Beilby were tied. Davis winning in shooting off.

Tenbert and Raub divided the next prize of $[illegible] and also Messrs. Hendee and Rucker the consolation prize of $5, they each killing two birds only.

[illegible] CONTESTED SAIL [illegible].

Three prizes were offered by the committee of arrangements for sailing boats, as follows: To the first boat $[illegible], for the second $[illegible] and for the third $10. The following boats were entered and started in the order in which their names are given: The Unknown, Paragon, Tidal Wave, Nonesuch, Wide Awake, Kitsie, Fleetwing, Fly Away and Emma Baker. An excellent and harmonious start was had. According to the arrangement rules adopted the Unknown had forty seconds the start of the Paragon, the Tidal Wave and Pastime started together eight seconds after the Paragon, the Nonesuch followed these in eight seconds, the Wide Awake after twenty seconds more, the Kitsie in four seconds after her, the Fleetwing had to wait fifty-two seconds before starting, the Fly Away followed in four seconds and after her the Emma Baker in eight seconds.

The Paragon and Wide Awake hugged each other over the whole course, but the Kitsie got the lead and rounded the flag buoy at the island mills seven minutes ahead of them. The Pastime, Nonesuch and Tidal Wave followed, in the order named.

The breeze freshened and the run up to Ross island [illegible] was the [illegible] cross [illegible] but the Kitsie kept the lead, [illegible] judges' stand at [illegible] having gone over the entire course in two hours and five minutes. The Wide Awake passed the stand eleven minutes afterwards, and the Paragon eight seconds later. The Pastime came by at 4:15 p.m.

CAPTAIN OF THE PARAGON.

Mr. Jesse Hapman entered a protest against the Wide Awake, sailed by Captain Howes, which, after patient and careful and impartial hearing of all the testimony allowed by the rules of the club, called forth the following written decision: After listening to the testimony of the captains of the Wide Awake and the Paragon, also the testimony of the man in charge of the flag boat at Ross island, and the statements of one man from each of these two boats, it is the opinion of the subscribers that the Wide Awake was responsible for the foul claimed. E. S. Stubbs, F. E. Beach, R. W. Beyer.

This decision ruled the Wide Awake out and gave the third prize to the Pastime. Of course the committee fell the greatest [illegible] in making [illegible] as [illegible] regretted [illegible] Wide Awake the second prize [illegible] [illegible] the boat that passed the [illegible] second [illegible] The race was, indeed, very closely contested [illegible] the points.

The Kitsie was sailed by Captain Patt[illegible].

THE FOUR-OARED RACES.

After taking time in the dust, heat and noise of the city during the day the crowd seemed glad of the opportunity to stroll toward the river, where seated in the shade at the landings along the river, which had been appointed for the boat race, they settled down to rest a half hour. Here they enjoyed the quiet of the evening while watching the race, which proved to be one of the most exciting features of the day's sport.

Two crews came to the starting post. The strangers entered did not appear, and the contest lay between the two city clubs. The P. R. A. will drew one of its crews, and was represented by Mr. Henderson stroke, Dr. Bryan No. 3, [illegible] and Mr. Wilt, captain, bow. The Willamette Rowing club crew was composed of Messrs. John Gill stroke, C. McAlpin No. 3, [illegible] and A. W. Graham captain, bow. Mr. Graham, an old member of the W. R. C., who had come down expressly to pull, was unfortunately called away by telegram during the afternoon, and the crew suffered from the disadvantage of being obliged to substitute another man for him at the last moment. Messrs. R. McQuarrie, H. G. Mayfield and E. G. Buford acted as judges and the arrangements of the course had been carefully attended to.

The boats were out promptly on time, and after a few minutes preliminary discussion took their positions and started well together. The P. R. A. boat took the lead, which they maintained, both boats pulling fast to the turning buoys. The Willamettes made an excellent turn and from this point held the end back to the bridge piers on the return. Both boats were pulling a slower stroke than is usual, and the P. R. A. crew were apparently reserving themselves for the final spurt. At the piers the Willamettes were half a length in advance and the captains of the boats called on their men for the final dash, which was promptly responded to on both sides. The stroke was set up to about 40, both crews evidently straining every nerve on the home stretch, and the finish would have been a close one had not the seat of one of the Willamettes slipped off the slide when a short distance from the piers, from which point the P. R. A. boat shot ahead and won by about three lengths. The time was not officially taken, but was stated to be about fourteen minutes. The winners are to be congratulated on acquiring for their club a prize which will do a great deal for the advancement of rowing, and at their regatta on the last Saturday of next month the new single shell will probably have its qualities well tested against the hate to it which they now possess.

THE MILITARY DRILL.

Although the Fourth of July committee advertised that three entries would be necessary in the military drill in order to get the money offered in prizes, $250, this was reconsidered when it was known that only two companies had entered, company G and company E, O. N. G., and it was decided to divide the money into two prizes—$150 to first and $100 to second. Both the above-mentioned companies were on hand promptly at the time designated and both presented a fine appearance, though it was evident to all the spectators that company G was the best drilled.

The judges were Major D. W. Burke of the Fourteenth infantry and Lieutenants J. P. Wisser and W. B. Reynolds.

The drill of both companies occupied over two hours and was undoubtedly the most severe test of proficiency to which either has ever been subjected. Following is the official decision:

	Company G	Company E
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Inspection	[illegible]	[illegible]
Manual of arms	[illegible]	[illegible]
Loading and firing	[illegible]	[illegible]
Execution of movements	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

THE FIREWORKS.

The day's celebration ended with a grand display of fireworks on the vacant ground at the corner of Eleventh and Montgomery streets, under charge of Professor George Hughes. They were witnessed by an immense number of people, and were a grand success. There were twenty seven fixed pieces, many of them very beautiful and drawing forth a chorus of suppressed ah-h-h's from the beholders. Among them were a center piece, union and liberty, pillar of state, Japanese sun, Don Quixote's wind mill, Promethean vase, star and cross, the battery, devil's dance, Maltese cross, caprice, Aztec fountain, Mexican jets, floral shells, several large bomb batteries, Napoleon's pyramid, vertical wheels, Gatling battery of rockets, parachute rockets, serpentine rockets, and rockets of all kinds and colors.

The display terminated a few minutes before 10 o'clock. Thousands remained waiting to see if the illumination at Mount Hood would be visible. But the grand old mountain was hidden behind a cloud too dense for the red light to penetrate. All the available vehicles in the city could not accommodate any appreciable portion of the spectators, who straggled wearily homeward glad that the affair was over, and not likely to occur again for a year.

FIREMEN'S RACE.

Only one company entered for the firemen's contest, which took place shortly after 1 o'clock. It was a team of twelve from No. One's company, East Portland, and a fine looking set of young fellows they were in their new uniforms, consisting of white knit shirts, navy blue knee breeches, red stockings, blue caps and brown canvas shoes. Their cart was not a racing vehicle, but the one used for actual service, and weighed 1150 pounds. They ran 300 yards down an easy grade, laid 300 feet of hose, made an attachment to the hydrant at Seventh and Montgomery and got water in one minute and five seconds. This time, however, does not do them justice, because they had the hose laid and the nozzle on at least three seconds before the water came, which was delayed for want of sufficient pressure. So the actual time was one minute and two seconds, which everything considered was excellent.

OUT OF TOWN.

AT ASTORIA.

In the procession to-day the most beautiful of all was the ship of state, drawn by six fine horses. The ship contained little girls representing the states of the union, beautifully dressed in white, with red, white and blue ribbons. The ship was tastefully decorated and all along the line of march was frequently cheered.

At the park hundreds of people from the country and a small delegation from Portland had gathered and were waiting patiently for the procession to arrive. The Fourteenth Infantry band opened with a fine patriotic selection, followed by prayer by Rev. Frank M. Robertson. At this point the president, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, in a few brief but telling remarks, set the ball rolling. Then followed a fine local selection by local talent, led by Mr. Patterson, which was applauded. The new Declaration of Independence was then read in innocent style by Mrs. H. De Vore Johnson of Oregon City. It seemed a queer product when placed beside the grand old bill of rights which, on this occasion, for the first time in our life, took a back seat, giving way to the child of the new dispensation. We believe Mrs. Duniway is the author of it. The oration was long, able and well delivered. It had many good words for the cause of equal rights. Following this Mr. Patterson's glee club gave a fine selection. To close the exercises of the day, the Star Spangled Banner was sung by Miss Foster, holding the staff of the starry banner of the free in her right hand. The audience roundly applauded, but when closing on two verses of course the encore came and she gave one more verse.

The grand stand was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. Above the heads of the singers and back was to be seen the great picture which Mrs. Duniway had made in Chicago, "The Coronation of Womanhood." This picture cost Mrs. Duniway a great deal of time, labor and money, and she has succeeded in this grand as she has in her fight for woman suffrage in Washington territory.

AT FOSTER'S.

The patriotism of the good people of Foster's, Clackamas county, found expression in an excellent and well managed celebration. Mr. F. [illegible] was master of ceremonies and the following programme of exercises were faithfully and well carried out:

[illegible]

The oration of Judge Adams occupied an hour and forty minutes in delivery, and was both able and eloquent, enlisting close attention and exciting general admiration.

Various exercises of a physical nature followed the delivery of the above programme, and refreshments were served [illegible].

AT [illegible].

[illegible]

SCOTTISH GAMES.

The Caledonian club held its fourth annual gathering and games at City View park yesterday. The attendance was very fair, and a very pleasant time was passed.

The handsome banner presented to the society by the president, Mr. Donald Macleay, was displayed from the judges' stand, while up and down in front of it the pipers, Charles McLeod and W. W. Miller clad in the plaid, [illegible] old Scot and [illegible] the [illegible] to the hearts of every Scot [illegible] several members of the club appeared in full Highland costume and their bright tartans, glittering brooches and buckles made them [illegible]

Following is a list of the winners of the various prizes:

Best dressed man in Highland costume—[illegible] McDonald.

Putting heavy stone—A. R. McInnis, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; D. M. McInnis, [illegible] feet 7 inches; A. M. [illegible], [illegible] feet [illegible] inches.

Running high jump—A. M. Donaldson, [illegible] feet; J. W. Geogan, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; James S. Dunbar, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches.

[illegible] James S. Dunbar, [illegible]

Standing high jump—A. M. Donaldson; [illegible] W. Muirhead, [illegible] inches; J. Reid, [illegible] inches.

Best dressed boy in Highland costume—A. M. McIntosh.

Throwing heavy hammer—A. R. McInnis, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; J. Reid, [illegible] feet [illegible] inch; D. McInnis, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches.

Running long jump—J. W. Geogan, 18 feet [illegible] inches; James S. Dunbar, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; A. M. Donaldson, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches.

Three legged race—A. M. Donaldson and James S. Dunbar; J. Reid and J. W. Geogan; D. McInnis and A. McInnis.

Hop, step and jump—J. W. Geogan, 40 feet [illegible] inches; A. M. Donaldson, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; James S. Dunbar, [illegible] feet 4 inches.

Ladies' race—Sadie McMannan, Bell Alexander, A. Walker.

Hurdle race, 200 yards—J. W. Geogan, B. Hurch, A. M. Donaldson.

Tug of war—Won by single men.

Members' wives race—Mrs. McGilvera, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. McInnis.

Putting light stone—D. M. McInnis, 31 feet [illegible] inches; A. R. McInnis, [illegible] feet; A. M. Donaldson, [illegible] feet 11 inches.

Highland fling—C. McDonald, J. Reid.

Girls race, under twelve years—C. Dusenberry, M. Budd, M. Bate.

Hitch and kick—A. M. Donaldson, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; J. W. Geogan, [illegible] feet; J. Reid, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches.

Half mile race—F. E. Merrill, J. W. Geogan, W. Martin.

Sword dance—C. McDonald, F. Reid.

Vaulting with pole—A. M. Donaldson, [illegible] feet; J. Reid, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; J. W. Geogan, [illegible] feet [illegible] inch.

Boys race—A. Frishborn, G. Brown, J. Gatens.

Sack race—James S. Dunbar, D. Dunbar, P. Pettinger.

One Mile Race—James S. Dunbar, J. Reid, A. M. Donaldson.

Tossing caber—A. McInnis, [illegible] feet [illegible] inches; D. McInnis, [illegible] feet.

Old Men's Race—T. Galvin, W. Ormsby, W. Steel.

Members Race, 100 Yards—T. Crawford, A. Moorhead, William Larkhill.

The party arrived back a little before 8 o'clock, and with flags flying and pipes playing the society marched to the hall on Morrison street. After singing Auld Lang Syne they separated well pleased with the day's sports.

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

[illegible]

Mrs M [illegible] Cochran, Miss [illegible] Coyfall, Mrs [illegible] & [illegible], Mrs M J Aminick, Mrs C Miller, Mrs Griffin, A [illegible] and [illegible], N [illegible] Ryder, [illegible], Mr Waite and wife, [illegible] Sargent, Miss [illegible], Fred [illegible], Rev James Agnew, [illegible], [illegible], Miss N Deyes, [illegible], Miss Bogle, [illegible], [illegible] Smith and wife, [illegible], Miss N Pesener, [illegible], Miss D Pesener, [illegible], W H McCollas, [illegible], [illegible] Taylor, [illegible], [illegible] W [illegible], [illegible] D [illegible], Miss Bose Aikens, W W [illegible], Frank Winters, [illegible], M C [illegible]child, [illegible], Chas H Clark, [illegible], [illegible], Mrs [illegible] & [illegible], [illegible] and wife, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] and wife, Mr Judge Dorris, A B Mall and wife, [illegible], Miss N [illegible], [illegible], Mrs Win [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] and wife, Miss Crippen, Mrs Pillings and daughter, W McE [illegible], J A Whiting, [illegible], [illegible] Sturges, [illegible] and forty steerage.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

[illegible]



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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. WM. T. COLEMAN & CO., Agts. San Francisco.

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SARSAPARILLA (extracted from the root of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla) is its base, and its powers are enhanced by the extracts of Yellow Dock and Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other potent ingredients.

IS your blood vitiated by derangements of the digestive and assimilatory functions? is it tainted by Scrofula? or does it contain the poison of Mercury or Contagious Disease?

THE leading physicians of the United States, who know the composition of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, say that nothing else so good for the purification of the blood is within the range of pharmacy.

ONLY by the use of this remedy is it possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the destructive taint to posterity.

THOROUGHLY effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.

RELIABLE witnesses, all over the world, testify that this work is better accomplished by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA than by any other remedy.

BLOOD that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PURIFYING the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA more speedily than from anything else.

MEDICINE for which like effects are falsely claimed, is abundant in the market, under many names, but the only preparation that has stood the test of time, and proved worthy of the world's confidence, is

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Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

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—THE—

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WILHOIT SPRINGS!

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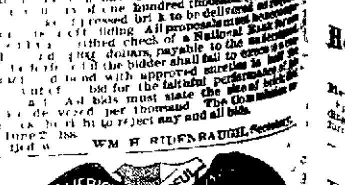
HOUSE RENOVATED AND PLACED IN THOROUGH repair. New features added for the amusement and comfort of guests. Our aim will be to cater to wants of patrons. [illegible] market affords. The pure air [illegible] the qualities of the water make this the most desirable health resort on the coast. [illegible] Provisions, cigars, tobacco, etc., at the [illegible], reasonable terms. Stage will leave Oregon City daily, connecting with the train Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and with steamer [illegible] Thursdays and Saturdays. [illegible] WILHOIT SPRINGS CO. FRANK McLERAN, or McLERAN BROS., Portland.

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.

JOHN SLAVICH, THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR, [illegible] his large, elegant and well-appointed [illegible] at First st. bet. Morrison and Yamhill. [illegible] to be obtained at all hours, day or night. A number of fine rooms have been added to the [illegible].

NOTICE TO BRICKMAKERS.

THE COMMISSION FOR THE ERECTION OF a Capitol Building at Boise City, Idaho, will receive proposals at their office in Boise City until [illegible] noon Wednesday, July [illegible], for [illegible] eight hundred thousand, more or less, to be delivered [illegible] in Boise City, at the rate of [illegible] fifty [illegible] thousand per day on or before the [illegible] day of August next, [illegible] one hundred thousand [illegible] to be delivered [illegible] All proposals must be accompanied by a certified check of a National Bank for [illegible] dollars, payable to the [illegible] shall fail to [illegible] with approved sureties [illegible] bid for the faithful performance of [illegible]. All bids must state the price of brick per thousand. The Commission reserves the right to reject any and all bids. [illegible] WM. H. RIDENBAUGH, Secretary.



The reason that Thousands cannot get cured of SPERMATORRHEA, LOSS OF MANHOOD and the result of abuse, [illegible] is owing to a complication called PROSTATORRHEA [illegible] DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR [illegible] the ONLY cure for PROSTATORRHEA. [illegible] per package, 6 packages [illegible] Health and Self-Analysis sent free. [illegible] DR. LIEBIG DISPENSARY for Diseases of Men, 400 Geary St., San Francisco.

VOL. 2[illegible] NO. 7[illegible]

BANKS.

London and San Francisco Bank, LIMITED.

Capital and Reserve [illegible]

Head Office, 22 Old Broad st. [illegible]

This Bank transacts a general Banking [illegible] changes [illegible] makes loans, discounts [illegible] commercial and travelers credits [illegible] any city in the world.

Portland Branch, 48 First [illegible] W. MACKINTOSH [illegible]

Manager, J. P. MARSH[illegible]

L. H. AINSWORTH & [illegible] BANKERS, Third and Oak [illegible]

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING [illegible]

A Safe Deposit Department connected with the Bank.

SAFES RENTED on easy terms. Superior facilities for the safe keeping [illegible] deposits.

Bank of British Columbia. Incorporated by Royal Charter. Paid up Capital and Reserve [illegible]

Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London. Branches—Portland, San Francisco [illegible]

This Bank transacts a General Banking [illegible] change business. Loans made, Bills Discounted, Commercial Credits granted. Deposits [illegible] current account, subject to check, also on [illegible] certificate. FRED R. TOWNSEND [illegible]

D. P. THOMPSON, President. F. DEKUM, Vice Pres't. [illegible]

The Portland Savings Bank OF PORTLAND, OR.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Transacts a general Banking Business, [illegible] accounts subject to check, and sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco and all principal [illegible]

Directors: D. P. Thompson, J. W. Brazee, M. S[illegible], Frank Dekum, F. J. Jeffery, W. [illegible], E. S. Kearney, R. M. Wade, W. [illegible], S. Hirsch, Geo. B. Durham.

Union Block, cor. Second and St[illegible]

Willamette Savings [illegible] OF PORTLAND, OR.

TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING B[illegible]

ACCOUNTS kept subject to check. SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and [illegible] MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms. PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DE[illegible]

Directors: President, James Steel; Vice President, [illegible]; Cashier, J. A. Macrum; J. Loewenberg [illegible] H. L. Hoyt, J. F. Watson, J. K. Gill, [illegible]

NO RISK

PORTLAND MORTGAGE [illegible]

7 and 8 per cent GUARANTEED [illegible]

NEGOTIATED FOR LENDERS [illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE

Is solicited and every information and facility [illegible] examination will be furnished by applying to WILLIAM REID, Pr[illegible]

OREGON AND WASHINGTON Mortgage Savings B[illegible]

51 First street, Portland, Or.

Rates of Interest on Deposits: Three months 4 per cent, Six months 5, Nine months 5½, One Year 6.

LOANED ON MORTGAGE $7,357,603 in 10½ Years.

THE PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK.

TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

ACCOUNTS kept subject to check. SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and N[illegible] MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms. LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in the Eastern States.

Metropolitan Savings B[illegible]

N. E. Cor. First and Stark sts, Portland. Transacts a General Banking Business. Allows [illegible] on deposits as follows: On 3 months certificates 4 per cent; On 6 months certificates 5 per cent; On 12 months certificates 6 per cent.

Directors: W. W. Thayer, R. W. Scott, Ira F. P[illegible], E. D. Shattuck, R. W. Monastes, C. H. Do[illegible], C. [illegible], F. Smith, R. Willi[illegible], Val. F. [illegible]

Ladd & Tilton, Bankers.

Transact a General Banking Business. INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits. COLLECTIONS made at all points on [illegible] terms. LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in the Eastern States. SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and principal points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin [illegible] and Hongkong.

First National Bank OF PORTLAND.

President HENRY F[illegible]; Vice President H. W. CO[illegible]; Cashier G. E. WITH[illegible]

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in the Eastern States. SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis [illegible] Francisco. SIGHT and SIXTY DAY BILLS drawn in [illegible] on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hongkong. COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at accessible points.

MARKETS

O'SHEA BROS.

Wholesale Butchers & Packers, And Retail Dealers in all kinds of Meats. Special attention given to supplying ships. Stalls 22, 23 and 24 Central Market, Po[illegible]

A. H. JOHNSON,

CENTRAL MARKET,

Wholesale Butcher and Packer. Special attention paid to supplying [illegible] Highest cash price paid for all kinds of fa[illegible]

PACIFIC MARKET.

E. E. SPAULDING. THOS. PAPWORTH.

SPAULDING & PAPWORTH, BUTCHERS AND PACKERS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS, Corner Third and Ash Streets.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

THE MERCHANT HOTEL

Cor. Third and D sts, Portland, O[illegible]

HAS BEEN WELL FURNISHED, WELL VENTILATED [illegible] rooms, en suite and single [illegible] Passenger Elevator, Telephone and all [illegible] conveniences. Private Dining-rooms for Families and P[illegible] KELLOGG, DAVIS & CO., Prop[illegible]

MADAME DROUILHAT'S Holton House Restaurant.

[illegible] AND ALTERATIONS [illegible] Meals with half bottle of Claret [illegible] PRIVATE [illegible]

THE ESMOND RESTAURANT

Front, bet. Alder and Morrison.

[illegible] Departments. A separate [illegible] Ladies.

H. MULLER, Prop.

SOMETHING NEW

ARE SUPERIOR WHITEFISH AND [illegible] every day for breakfast and dinner AT THE BALDWIN RESTAURANT

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